



the

TARGET

WHITE STREAK

★ THE CADET ★

CHAMELEON

October



10¢

TARGET

T
A
R
G
E
T

HARRISON

With unleashed fury, Kit Carter, the
Cadet, leaps up on the parachuting spy!

Vol. 2 No. 8



WEB COMIC
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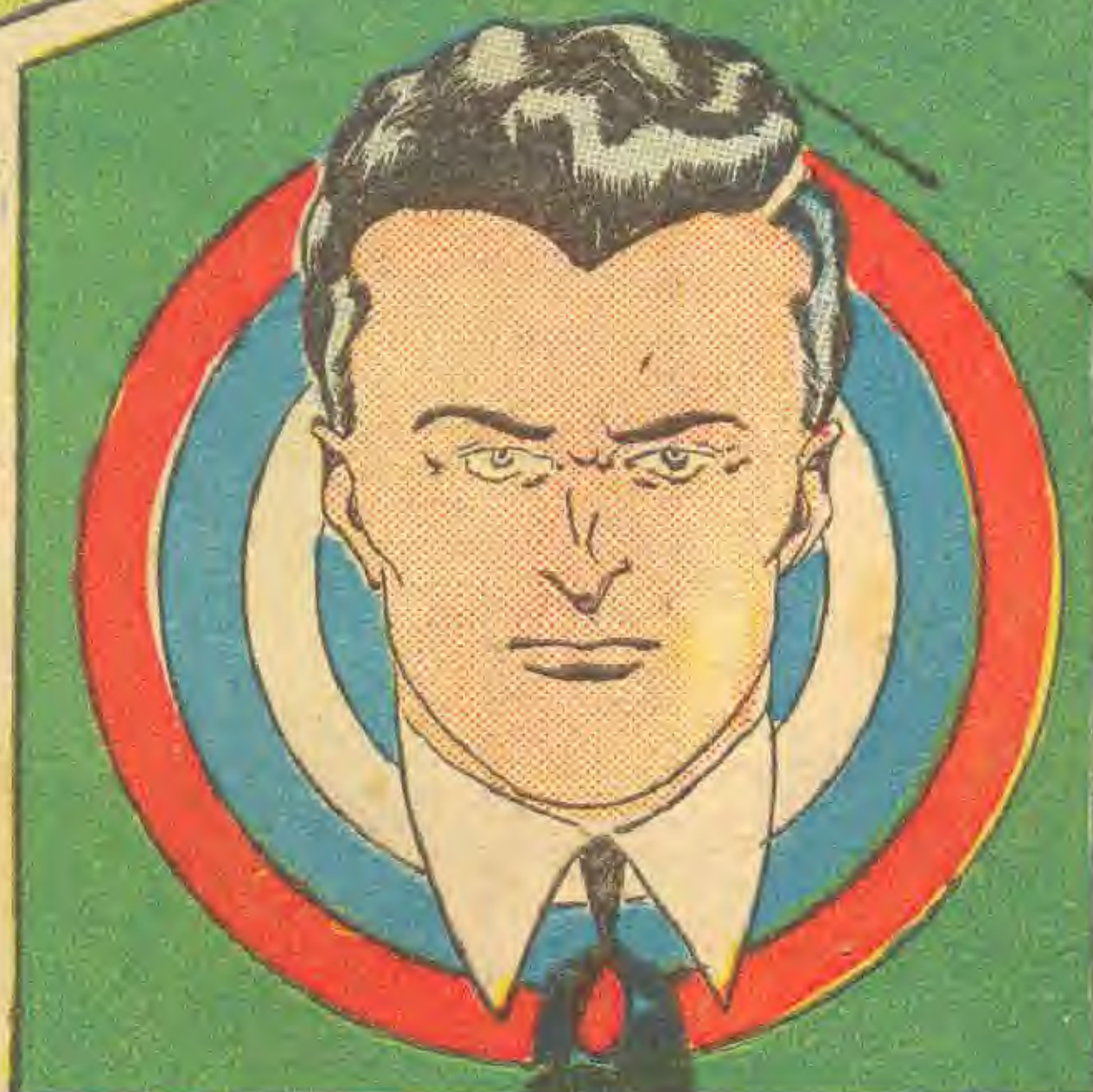
THE TARGET and the



by SID GREENE

NILES REED, WHO IS IN REALITY THE **TARGET**, CONTINUES IN HIS CAMPAIGN TO DESTROY EVERYTHING THAT HAS TO DO WITH BAD OR EVIL. RELENTLESSLY TRACKING DOWN THE MOST BAFFLING CRIMES, HE TACKLES, WITH HIS FAITHFUL FOLLOWERS, THE **TARGETEERS** —

THE CASE OF THE BROKEN NECKS!



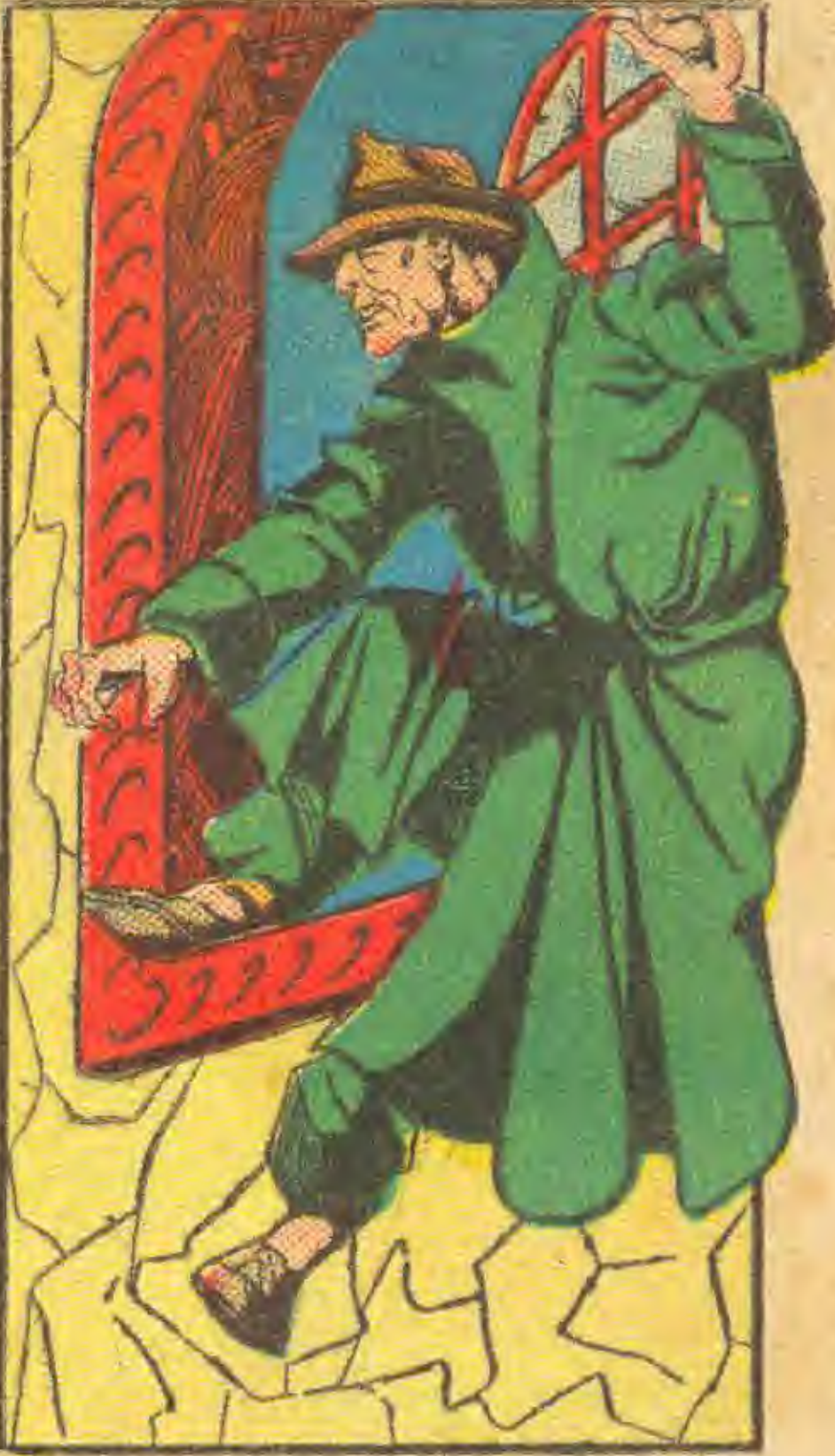
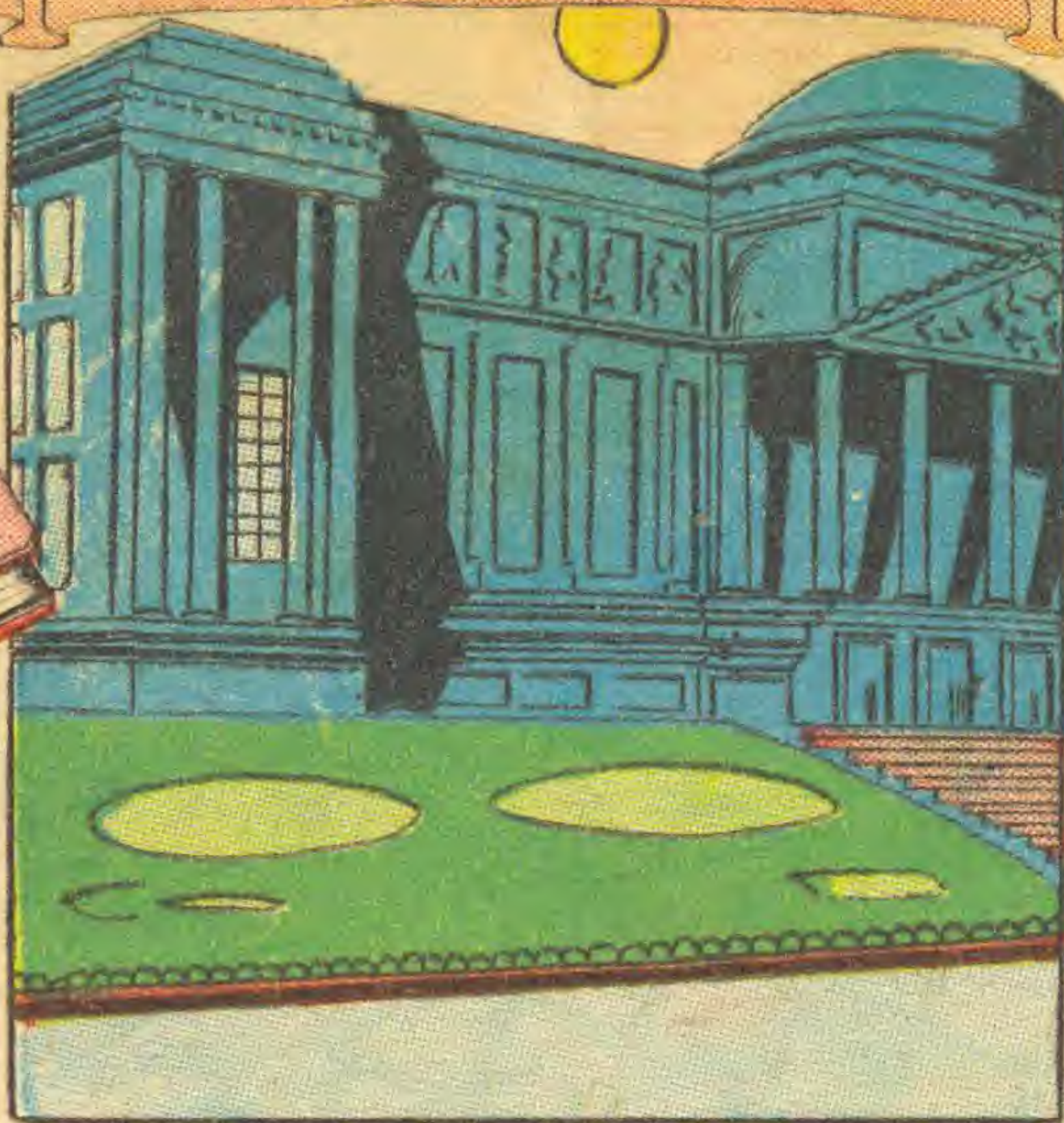
NILES REED.

TARGETEERS

A SERIES OF STRANGE CRIMES HAVE BROKEN OUT IN THE WORLD'S GREATEST CITY. MUSEUMS, LIBRARIES AND MANY PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS HAVE BEEN ROBBED OF VALUABLE, ARTISTIC OBJECTS. IN EACH CASE, WATCHMEN HAVE BEEN FOUND DEAD WITH THEIR NECKS BROKEN.

A QUIET, COLD OCTOBER MOON REVEALS THE GREAT CITY MUSEUM WHERE A CRIME IS ABOUT TO BE COMMITTED.

A SINISTER FIGURE CLIMBS THROUGH A WINDOW OF THE MUSEUM.



HA-HEH-HEH-HEH! JUST WHAT I WANTED! THE SOLID GOLD TRINKETS, STUDDED WITH EMERALDS, AND WORN BY THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS!



WHAT'S THAT? SOMEONE'S COMING!

THE WATCHMAN GOES TO INVESTIGATE THE NOISE

I'M SURE I HEARD THE CRASH OF BROKEN GLASS



TWISTING AND TURNING, THE MADMAN BREAKS THE NECK OF THE WATCHMAN.



NO ONE CAN STOP ME! I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE! I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE! HA-HA-HA!



CHIEF RAFFERTY, I'VE TAKEN MY EMERALDS OUT OF THE MUSEUM. THEY'RE NOT SAFE THERE. I WANT SOME POLICE TO GUARD MY HOME, TONIGHT. YOU MUST! UNDERSTAND?

BUT WHY MR. VAN DANN? I CAN'T SPREAD MY POLICE FORCE ALL OVER THE CITY!

WE'RE GUARDING ALL MUSEUMS! WHY DIDN'T YOU LEAVE YOUR EMERALDS THERE?

THEY'RE NOT SAFE THERE! I WANT PROTECTION!

ALL RIGHT MR. VAN DANN! AS A PRIVATE CITIZEN, YOU CAN DEMAND PROTECTION! BUT I CAN ONLY SPARE TWO OFFICERS FOR YOUR HOME! THERE'S NO TELLING WHERE THIS MANIAC WILL STRIKE NEXT! NOW GOODBYE!

BUT CHIEF, YOU CAN'T SEND ONLY TWO MEN TO GUARD HIS HOME! YOU NEED.....

.... YOU STILL HERE REED? GET OUT! GO HOME! GO WRITE YOUR BOOK! C'WAN, SCRAM!

THAT FELLOW REED SURE GETS IN MY HAIR!

IN A DARK, DAMP CELLAR OF AN OLD TENEMENT HOUSE.

HA! HA! HA! HEH-HEH! SO I SEE BY THE PAPER, THAT MY FRIEND, VAN DANN, HAS ASKED FOR PROTECTION! I'LL VISIT HIM ANYWAY TONIGHT!

THAT NIGHT AT THE HOME OF NILES REED.

WELL BOYS, NOW THAT WE'VE GOT OUR SUITS ON, WE'RE OFF TO THE VAN DANN MANSION.

RIGHT! LET'S GO!

-AND I HOPE THERE'S ACTION!

ATER, AT THE VAN DANN MANSION.

WE CAN SEE ANY ONE WHO ENTERS THE HOUSE, FROM THIS ROOF!

THAT'S RIGHT, THERE'RE THE TWO COPS.

DOWN NEAR THE HOUSE

AW, NOTHING 'LL HAPPEN HERE TONIGHT, STEVE.

- CAN NEVER TELL, MIKE.



NILES! NILES, LOOK! THEY'R AT THE REAR OF THE HOUSE!

YEP, THAT'S OUR MAN! HE'S SNEAKING IN THROUGH THE CELLAR.



THE MANIAC ENTERS THE HOUSE, UNSEEN BY THE TWO POLICEMEN.



HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET ACROSS, NILES?

YEAH, WE DON'T WANT THE POLICE TO SEE US.

I'LL SHOW YOU. GET THAT CLOTHES LINE ROPE, OVER THERE.



MAKING A LASSO OUT OF THE ROPE, THE TARGET CATCHES HOLD OF A PIPE ON THE VAN DANN HOUSE.



ONE BY ONE, THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS CROSS



WHEW! MADE IT. NOW TO GET INTO THE HOUSE!



MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE HOUSE



AH! THERE'S MY FRIEND, MISTER VAN DANN.



HELLO HUBERT! REMEMBER ME? REMEMBER?

WHAT-? WHO? NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE! YOU'RE DEAD! YOU'RE DEAD!



VAN DANN! I WANT THE ATLANTIS EMERALDS. GIVE THEM TO ME OR I'LL KILL YOU!



N-N-NO! NO! I W-WON'T! YOU CAN'T MAKE ME!

THOSE EMERALDS WERE MINE TWENTY YEARS AGO! I'LL KILL YOU IF I DON'T GET THEM!

SUDDENLY, VAN DANN'S DAUGHTER ENTERS THE ROOM...



DADDY! WHAT'S WRONG - OH!

BUT ON THE BALCONY WATCHING ALL THAT TRANSPIRES

DON'T YOU THINK WE BETTER GO IN NOW, NILES?

NO, I WANT TO HEAR SOME-MORE.

MARCIA! MARCIA! CALL THE POLICE!

MARCIA?! YOU'VE EVEN STOLEN MY DAUGHTER!

THE TARGET CRASHES INTO THE ROOM....



.... AND LACES INTO THE MADMAN.

DUCK! VAN DANN!

WHAT HIT ME?

I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL KILL YOU!

THE TARGET FINDS HE HAS A TOUGH OPPONENT.



AS THE POWERFUL MANIAC CATCHES HIM ON THE POINT OF THE CHIN WITH A TERRIFIC BLOW.....

WOW! THAT GUY SURE PACKS A WALLOP!

NOW I'LL FINISH YOU OFF! SEE IF YOU CAN STOP COLD STEEL!

THE TARGET'S BULLET-PROOF COSTUME CAUSES THE DAGGER TO BEND OUT OF SHAPE AS IT STRIKES HIM.



WH-WHAT HAPPENED?





THIS'LL STOP YOU!
I'LL BASH YOUR
BRAINS OUT!



HA-HA-HA
HA-HA-HA!

POW



DADDY, HE'LL
MURDER HIM!
IF WE CAN ONLY
CALL THE
POLICE!

NO, DON'T!
HE'LL KILL
YOU IF HE
SEES YOU!



THIS IS WHERE
WE COME IN, DAVE!

RIGHT!



THAT'S ONE FOR
ME! NOW YOU
TAKE HIM!

O.K. COME
TO PAPA!



THE TWO OFFICERS,
ATTRACTED BY THE NOISE,
RACE INTO THE ROOM.

SAY, WHAT'S
GOIN' - LOOK,
THE TARGET!

- AND
WHO'S THE
SCREW-
BALL?



DON'T GET NEAR HIM!
HE'S AS STRONG AS AN OX.
THE TARGETEERS 'LL
STOP HIM!



A FINAL TELLING BLOW
STOPS THE MADMAN...



NOW TALK!
WHAT'S THIS
ALL ABOUT?

ALL RIGHT,
I'LL TELL
ALL!

THE MADMAN THEN BEGINS TO RELATE A STRANGE, FANTASTIC TALE....

TWENTY YEARS AGO, I AND HUBERT VAN DANN WERE SENT ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE ARCTIC-



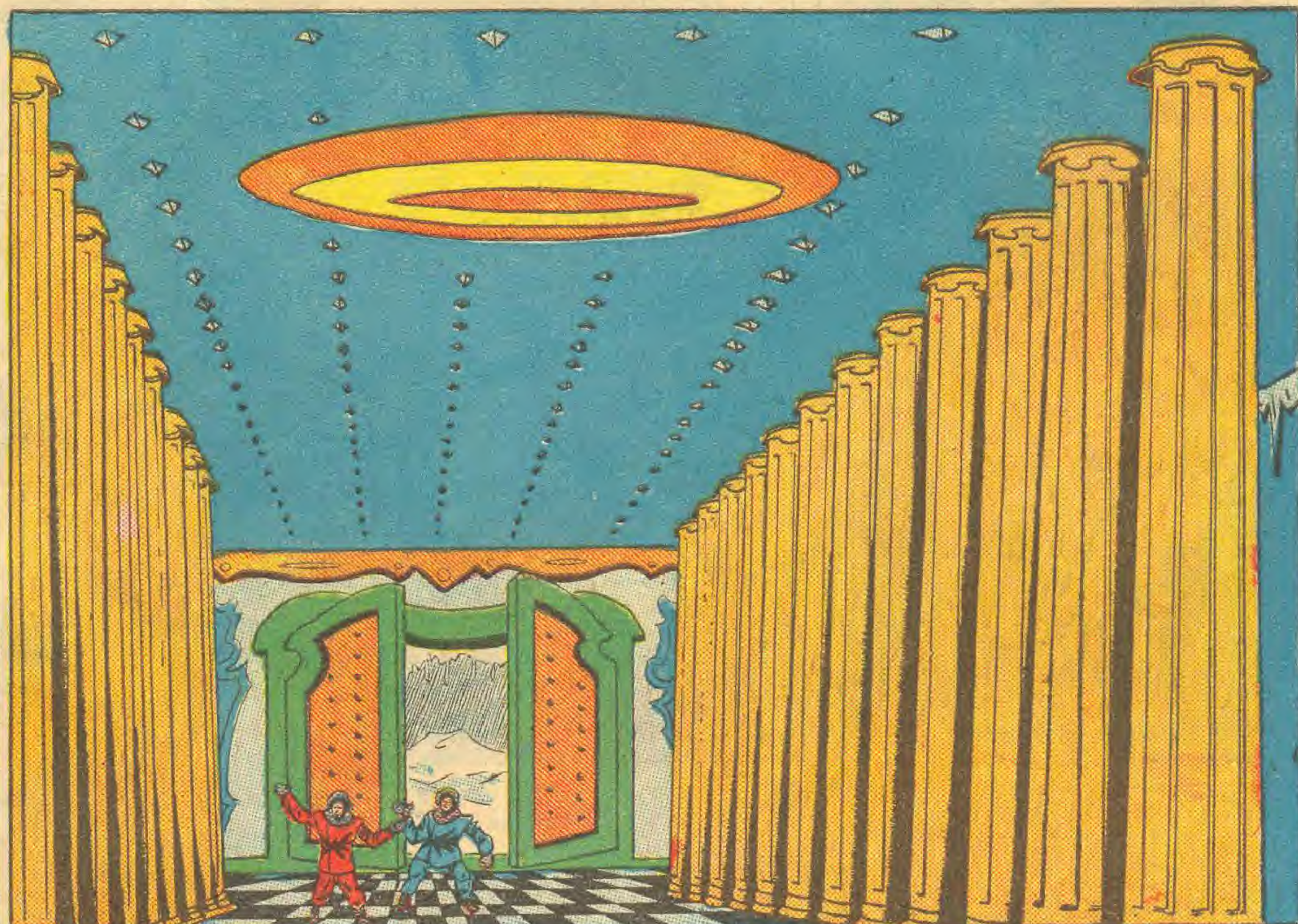
"WE WERE YOUNG AND ENTHUSIASTIC TO BE AT THE HEAD OF A GREAT EXPEDITION.



"IT WAS ABOUT NINETY MILES FROM THE NORTH POLE THAT WE CAME UPON THE DISCOVERY THAT MADE VAN DANN RICH AND FAMOUS.....



JUST IMAGINE OUR GLEE. WE HAD DISCOVERED PART OF THE REMAINS OF THE LOST CITY OF ATLANTIS, SO WE BELIEVED. WE STUFFED OUR POCKETS WITH THE PRECIOUS DIAMONDS AND EMERALDS THAT ONCE BELONGED TO THE ANCIENT ATLANTANS. IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL SPECTACLE. GOLD PILLARS RAN UP TO A DIAMOND-STUDDED CEILING, AND ALL THIS WAS IN A CAVE OF ICE.



BUT OUR JOYOUS SHOUTS AS WE LEFT, CREATED AN AVALANCHE WHICH SEALED THE ENTRANCE.

I WAS CAUGHT BENEATH THE ICE, BUT VAN DANN LUCKILY ESCAPED.



"VAN DANN THEN CAME TOWARD ME. NOT WITH THE INTENTION OF HELPING ME-NO! HE BEAT ME OVER THE HEAD WITH A HEAVY CAKE OF ICE, UNTIL HE THOUGHT I WAS DEAD. THEN HE TOOK THE VALUABLE GEMS I HAD AND LEFT ME TO DIE."





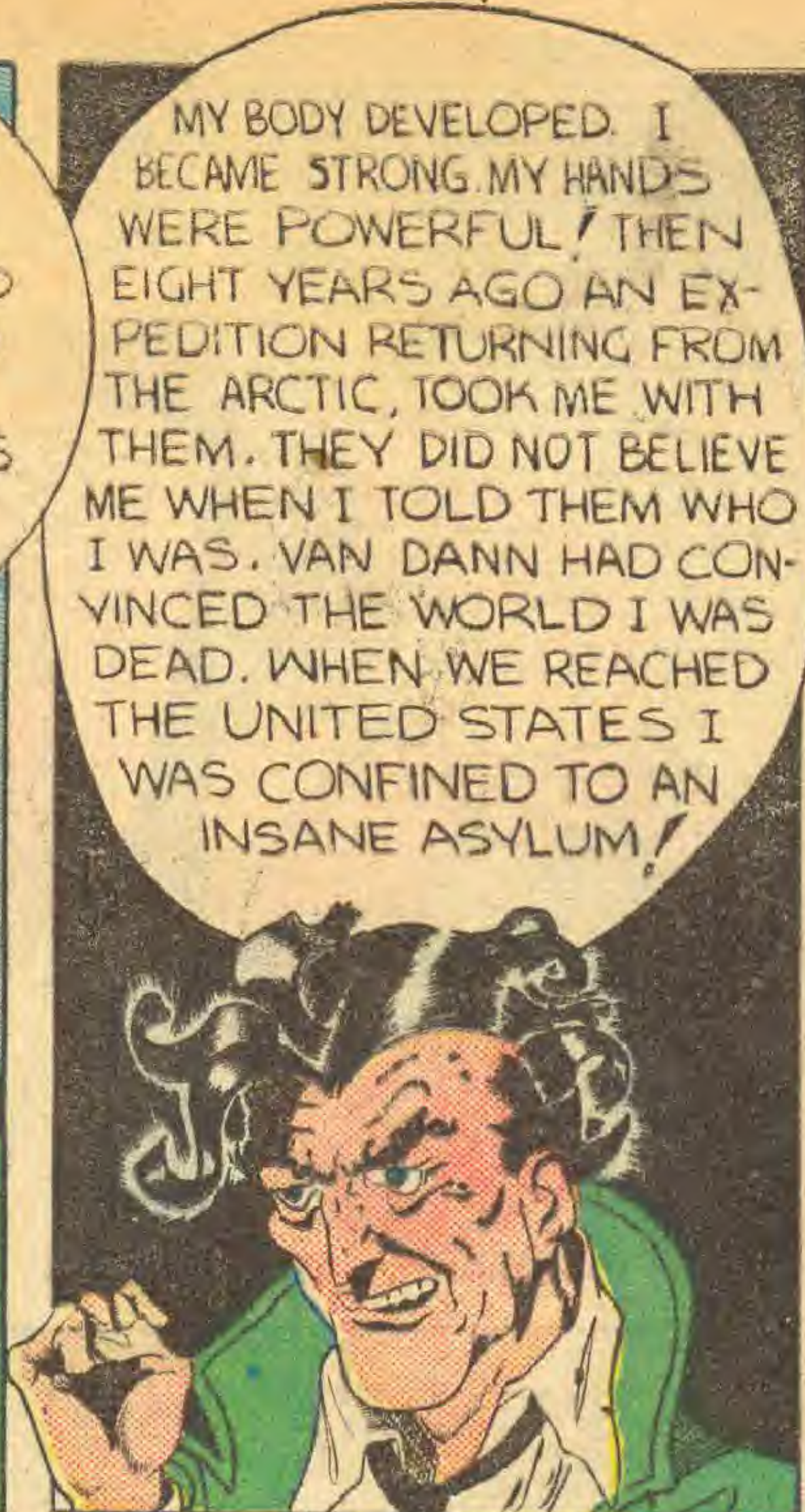
IS ALL THIS TRUE, VAN DANN?

YES, YES, OH, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS! WHY I EVER DID IT I DON'T KNOW!



GO ON WITH YOUR STORY!

YOU KNOW NOW, WHO I AM—I'M ROGER ST CLAIR. THERE'S NOT MUCH MORE TO TELL I WAS RESCUED BY ESKIMOS AND FOR TWELVE YEARS I WORKED WITH THEM.



MY BODY DEVELOPED. I BECAME STRONG. MY HANDS WERE POWERFUL! THEN EIGHT YEARS AGO AN EXPEDITION RETURNING FROM THE ARCTIC, TOOK ME WITH THEM. THEY DID NOT BELIEVE ME WHEN I TOLD THEM WHO I WAS. VAN DANN HAD CONVINCED THE WORLD I WAS DEAD. WHEN WE REACHED THE UNITED STATES I WAS CONFINED TO AN INSANE ASYLUM!



DURING THE EIGHT YEARS I WAS IN THE ASYLUM, I LEARNED THAT VAN DANN HAD ADOPTED MY BABY GIRL SO THAT HE COULD CLAIM ALL MY WEALTH! I RESOLVED TO BECOME RICH BY ANY MEANS. I ESCAPED FROM THE INSANE ASYLUM. THE REST YOU ALL KNOW!



O.K. BOYS YOU HEARD THEIR CONFESSIONS! GET GOING.

RIGHT, TARGET! GET CHIEF RAFFERTY, MIKE.

THE NEXT DAY



THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS
ARE PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE NEWSREEL IN THE NEXT ISSUE! ACTION...CAMERA!

The CADET

FEATURING
**KIT
CARTER**

IN THE
BOMBING ATTACK ON DAUNTON!

THE THUNDER OF CANNON AND THE EERIE SCREECH OF HIGH EXPLOSIVE BOMBS, ONCE MORE ARE HEARD AROUND THE WORLD. THE STREETS WHICH ONCE ECHOED THE HAPPY LAUGHTER OF CHILDREN, HEAR ONLY THE MOAN OF THE WOUNDED AND --- THE OMINOUS TRAMP TRAMP OF THE GOOSE-STEPPING LEGIONS OF THE CONQUEROR. COUNTRY AFTER COUNTRY IS LEFT IN RUINS, BUT THE HUNGER OF THE WAR-GOD SEEMS NEVER SATISFIED!

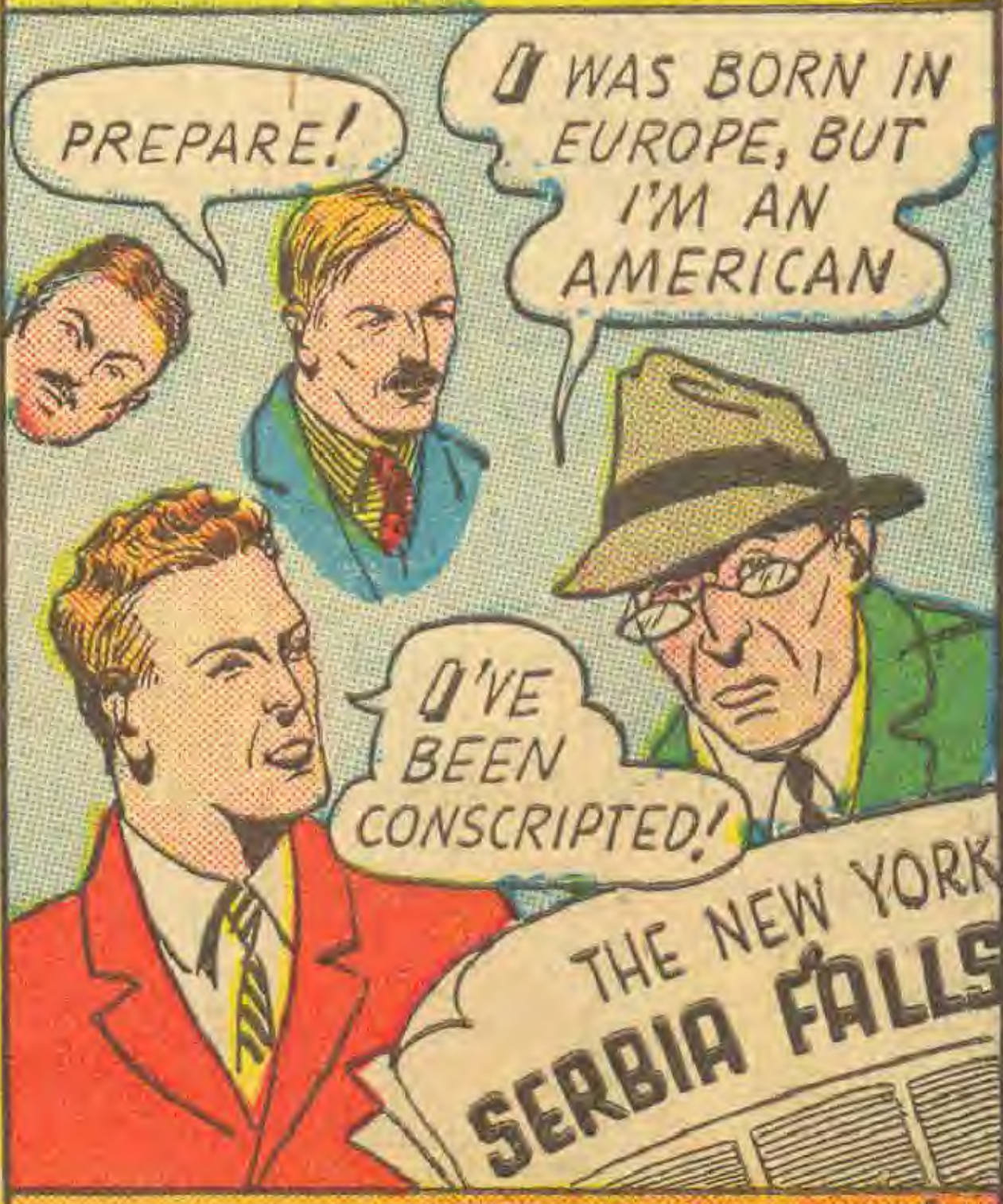
CONGRESS HAS AUTHORIZED US TO BUILD FIFTY THOUSAND PLANES A YEAR. WE MUST HAVE MEN TO FLY THEM!

I HOPE THEY HAVE NOT REALIZED OUR DANGER TOO LATE SIR!



WASHINGTON D.C.

EVEN AS THE CAPTAIN UTTERS HIS FERVENT WISH, IN EUROPE, THE DREAD DIVE BOMBERS OF THE CONQUEROR ARE METHODICALLY EMPLOYED AT THEIR DEVASTATING WORK. THEN----



IN ALL PARTS OF AMERICA!

IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE CONQUEROR, AMERICA'S ATTITUDE HAS NOT GONE UNCHALLENGED!!

BUT WHAT OF OUR COUNTRYMEN, WHO NOW LIVE IN AMERICA?

YOU FORGET, THEY FLED FROM HERE BECAUSE OF PERSECUTION!

THEN, THE SECRET POLICE MUST SEND VON KUKLER TO DISRUPT THEIR DEFENSE PREPARATIONS!!

SO-- FOR THE SECOND TIME-- DISGUISED AS A TOURIST, THE MAN WHOSE STING IS EVEN MORE DREADED THAN THE TANK AND DIVEBOMBER, FINDS HIS WAY INTO OUR LAND-- VON KUKLER!

AH! AMERICA. THIS IS MY SECOND VISIT. IT'S BEEN 25 YEARS-- I FAILED BEFORE-- BUT ACH--- I WAS YOUNG AND FOOLISH. THIS TIME--- I SHALL SUCCEED!

WE'LL BE TYING 'ER UP SIR IN LESS THAN AN 'OUR--- YOU'D JOLLY WELL BETTER GET YOUR PASSPORT READY!

THANKS--MY GOOD MAN.... OH! SAY!....

WILL YOU BE SO KIND AS TO STEP INTO MY STATE-ROOM FOR A MOMENT, MR. CONNOR.

MINUTES LATER IN THE STATE-ROOM OF THE SECRET AGENT.

QUICKLY VON KUCKLER CHANGES CLOTHES WITH HIS VICTIM!!

AH-HAH!! IT'S GOOD TO BE RID OF THE EYE GLASSES!! WHY I'M THE SPITTING IMAGE OF HIM! NOW, TO GET ASHORE UNNOTICED.

OH! MR. CONNER, HERE'S A LETTER. IT WAS WAITING FOR US WHEN WE DOCKED--- MUST 'AVE COME BY CLIPPER.

OH THANK YOU LADDIE! H'IT'S A LONG WAY FROM 'OME EH!

and Will is dear. Our little boy asks for his daddy every day. Oh-- we will be so glad to have you home again. Each day we will watch for your ship to arrive.

Your loving wife,
Rose

ACH-- SENTIMENTAL TOMMYROT!

AND THUS---
THE DREADED,
HATED AND FEAR-
ED VON KUKLER
ARRIVES IN
NEW YORK.

WELL, HERE I
AM IN THE BIG
CITY! THAT
WAS EASIER
THAN I EXPECT-
ED.

IT IS NOT LONG BEFORE HE ASSERTS
HIMSELF AS HEAD OF HIS COUNTRY'S
SUBVERSIVE ACTIVITIES IN AMERICA.

AND OUR JOB IS TO
DESTROY AS MANY
OF THE DEFENSE
PLANTS AS POSSIBLE.

IT WILL BE
A PLEASURE!

IN THE WEEKS THAT
FOLLOW, BLAST AFTER
BLAST CREATES HAVOC IN
OUR DEFENSE INDUSTRIES.

POW!!!

BAM

IN FEAR OF THEIR LIVES,
WORKERS QUIT THEIR
JOBS, RATHER THAN RISK
THE FURY OF THE SABOTEURS!

BE GORRA,
I'LL NOT WORK IN
THIS PLACE ANOTHER
DAY---WE MIGHT BE
NEXT!

BUT WHAT HAS
WITH KIT CARTER ??
PLANNED THEIR MEETING YEARS BEFORE KIT'S BIRTH!

PAUL VON KUKLER TO DO
IT SEEMS THAT DESTINY
PLANNED THEIR MEETING YEARS BEFORE KIT'S BIRTH!

IT WAS IN 1917

VON KUKLER---ON
EVIDENCE PRODUCED
BY CAPTAIN TILGHMAN,
THIS COURT FINDS YOU
GUILTY OF ESPIONAGE.

LATER, IN VON KUKLER'S
CELL IN A FEDERAL
PRISON.

SOME DAY, CAP-
TAIN, WE WILL
MEET AGAIN.



MANY YEARS PASS---
CAPTAIN TILGH-
MAN, WHOSE EV-
IDENCE SENT VON
KUKLER TO
PRISON, IS NOW
COLONEL TILGH-
MAN, HEAD OF
DAUNTON MILI-
TARY ACADEMY---
ALL DAUNTON IS
NOW TALKING
ABOUT WHO IS
GOING TO BE THE
NEW CADET MAJOR!

AND TODAY, BACK AT DAUNTON
MILITARY SCHOOL, WHERE KIT
CARTER IS ENROLLED AS A CADET...

WE WILL SELECT
THE CADET MAJOR
IN A FEW DAYS.

MY VOTE WILL
BE FOR KIT--
COLONEL
TILGHMAN!

WITH SUMMER VACATION OVER, THE CADETS HAVE
SETTLED DOWN TO A RIGID SCHEDULE AND THE
AIR IS FILLED WITH OMINOUS TENSION----

I JUST GOT THE
WORD---WE START
MANEUVERS TOMORROW.

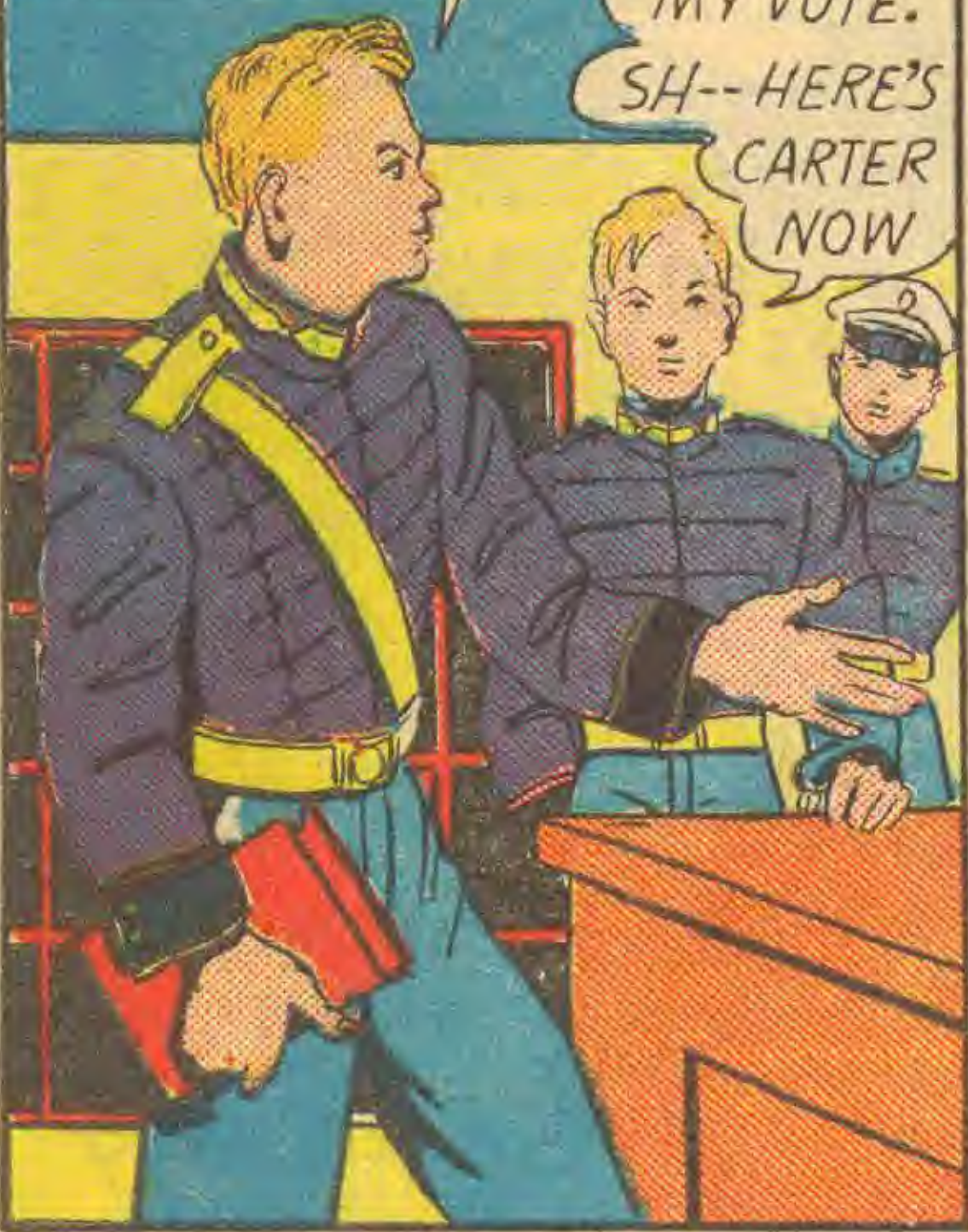
GOSH! THEY'RE GO-
ING TO USE REAL
PLANES!! EH?

ARMY

YALE

NAW! LEWIS ISN'T HERE YET! THEY ARE WAITING FOR HIM TO GET HERE, BEFORE SELECTING A CADET-MAJOR.

OH, KIT CARTER WILL BE ELECTED, ANYHOW- HE GETS MY VOTE. SH-- HERE'S CARTER NOW



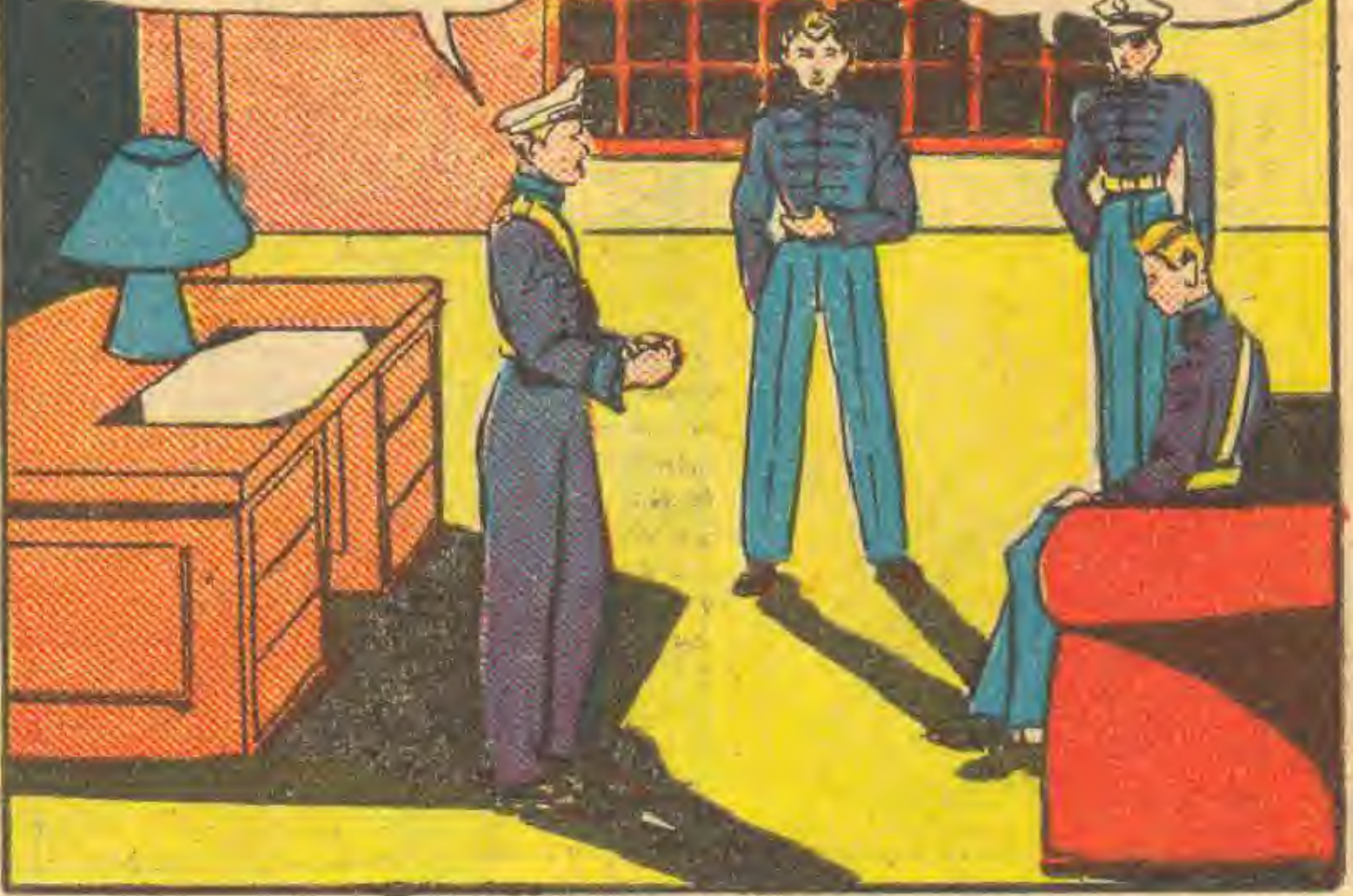
ALTHOUGH A NEWCOMER AT DAUNTON, KIT CARTER HAS EARNED THE RESPECT AND FRIENDSHIP OF HIS FELLOW STUDENTS.

SAY FELLOWS! DID YOU HEAR THE NEWS?



COLONEL TILGHMAN TOLD ME, IN MANEUVERS TOMORROW, WE ARE USING ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS. BUT INSTEAD OF FIRING SHELLS, WE WILL HAVE A CAMERA ATTACHMENT THAT WILL TELL HOW ACCURATE OUR AIM IS!

YEP! WE HEARD ABOUT IT, AND THE PLANES WILL DROP BAGS OF FLOUR, SO THEY CAN PRACTICE BOMBING.



SOON--THE DEAFENING ROAR OF PLANES IS HEARD OVER HEAD!!!

THE NEXT DAY---ON THE SCHOOL PARADE GROUNDS!

I'VE BEEN EXPECTING OUR NEW INSTRUCTOR, CAPTAIN LEWIS, BUT AS HE HAS NOT YET ARRIVED, WE WILL BEGIN OUR OPERATIONS AT ONCE, WITHOUT HIM.



HERE THEY COME!

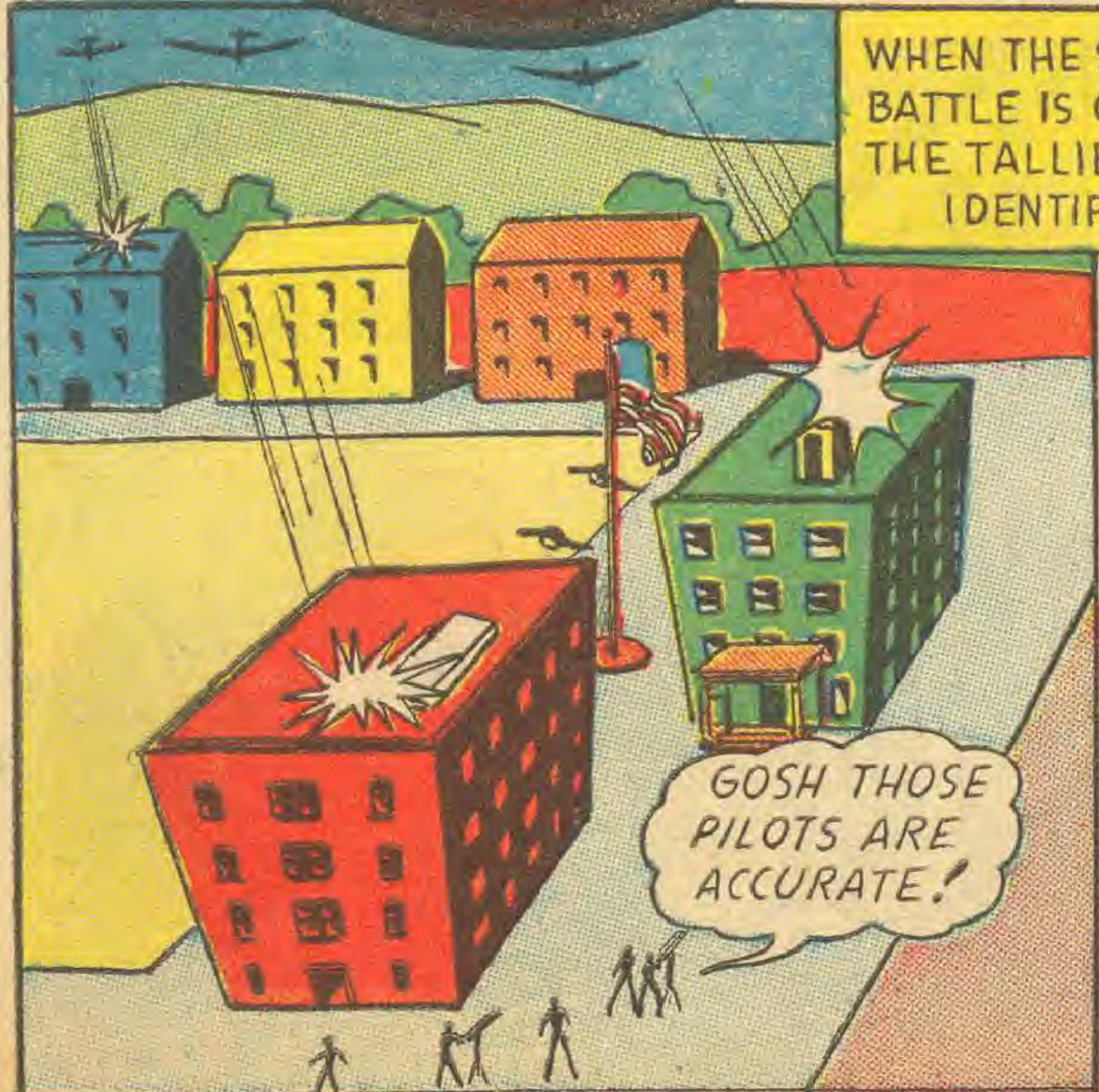
METHODICALLY, THE ARMY ACES DROP THEIR HARMLESS MISSILES ON THEIR OBJECTIVES BELOW---



AND, AT THEIR ANTI-AIRCRAFT STATIONS, THE CADETS SIGHT THEIR CAMERAS ON THE PLANES ABOVE.



WHEN THE SHAM BATTLE IS OVER--THE TALLIES ARE IDENTIFIED.



THE PHOTOS ARE DEVELOPED BY THE CADETS!!

MEANWHILE--SUPER AGENT KUKLER HAS READ OF PLANS FOR THE UNIQUE BATTLE, AND UNSEEN BY THE CADETS, WITNESSES THE FRAY!

COL. TILGHMAN, AGAIN WE MEET!





OUR NEXT JOB WILL BE TO DESTROY THE ARMORY OF THIS SCHOOL.



BUT WHY, BOSS?--WE'RE BIG TIMERS, MUNITION FACTORIES AND RAILROADS. WHY BOTHER WITH A BOYS' SCHOOL?



FOOL! HOW OFTEN MUST I TELL YOU NOT TO QUESTION MY MOTIVES!



THAT NIGHT, IN THE STUDY OF THE HEAD MASTER, COLONEL TILGHMAN.

DING-A-LING!



OH YES! CAPTAIN LEWIS--I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU! YES, I'LL SEND A CADET OVER RIGHT AWAY!



A FEW MINUTES LATER---KIT CARTER IS ON HIS WAY TO THE AIRPORT, TO PICK UP CAPTAIN LEWIS! ON THE COLONEL'S ORDER.

GOSH!--CAPTAIN LEWIS IS A FAMOUS PILOT.

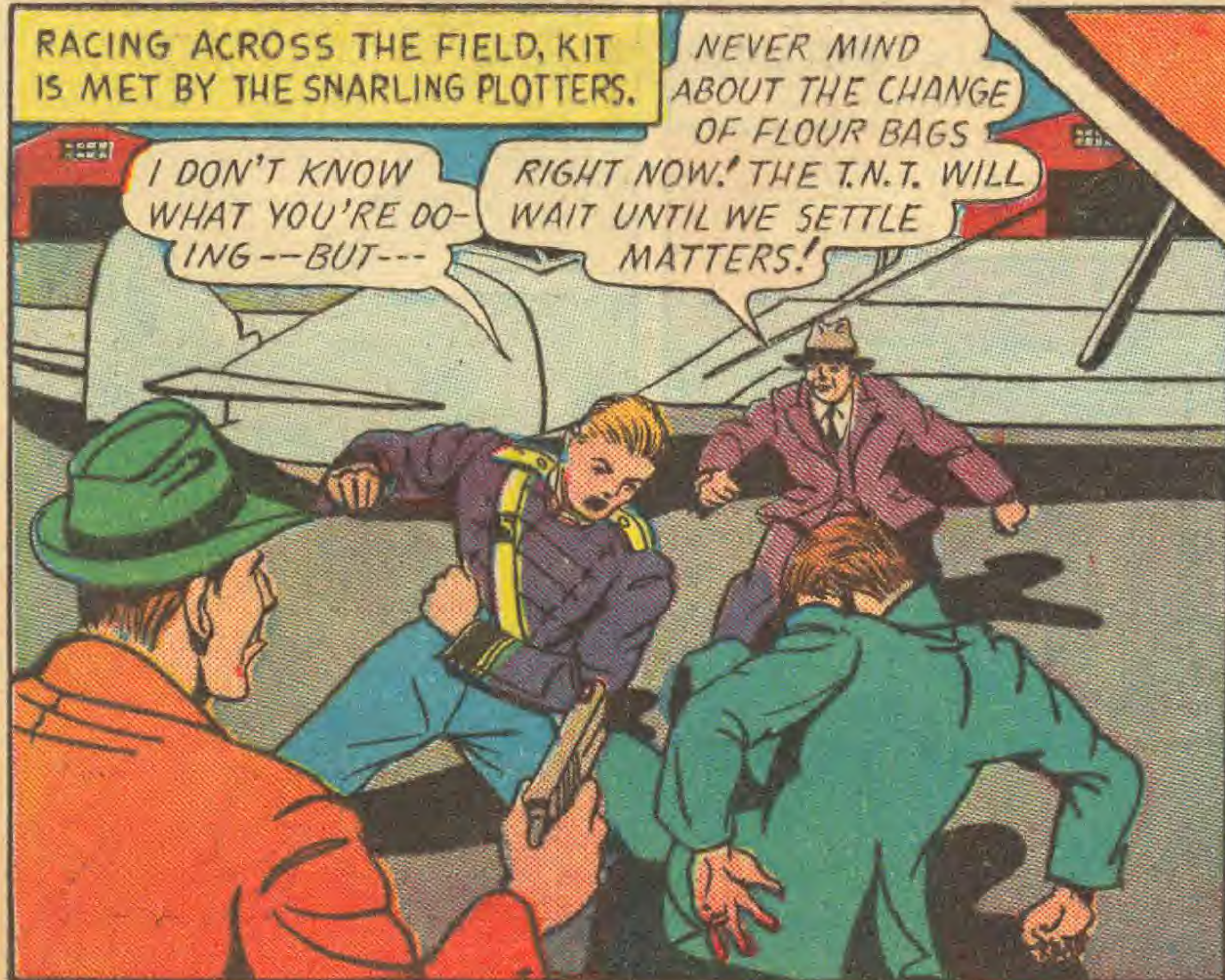


ARRIVING AT THE AIRPORT ENTRANCE, A STRANGE SIGHT MEETS KIT'S EYE!

THOSE MEN ARE DOING SOMETHING WITH THAT PLANE---AND THEY AREN'T ARMY MEN!

THIS PLANE JUST CAME IN. IT MUST BE ONE OF THE PLANES WHICH WILL BE IN THE MANEUVERS TOMORROW

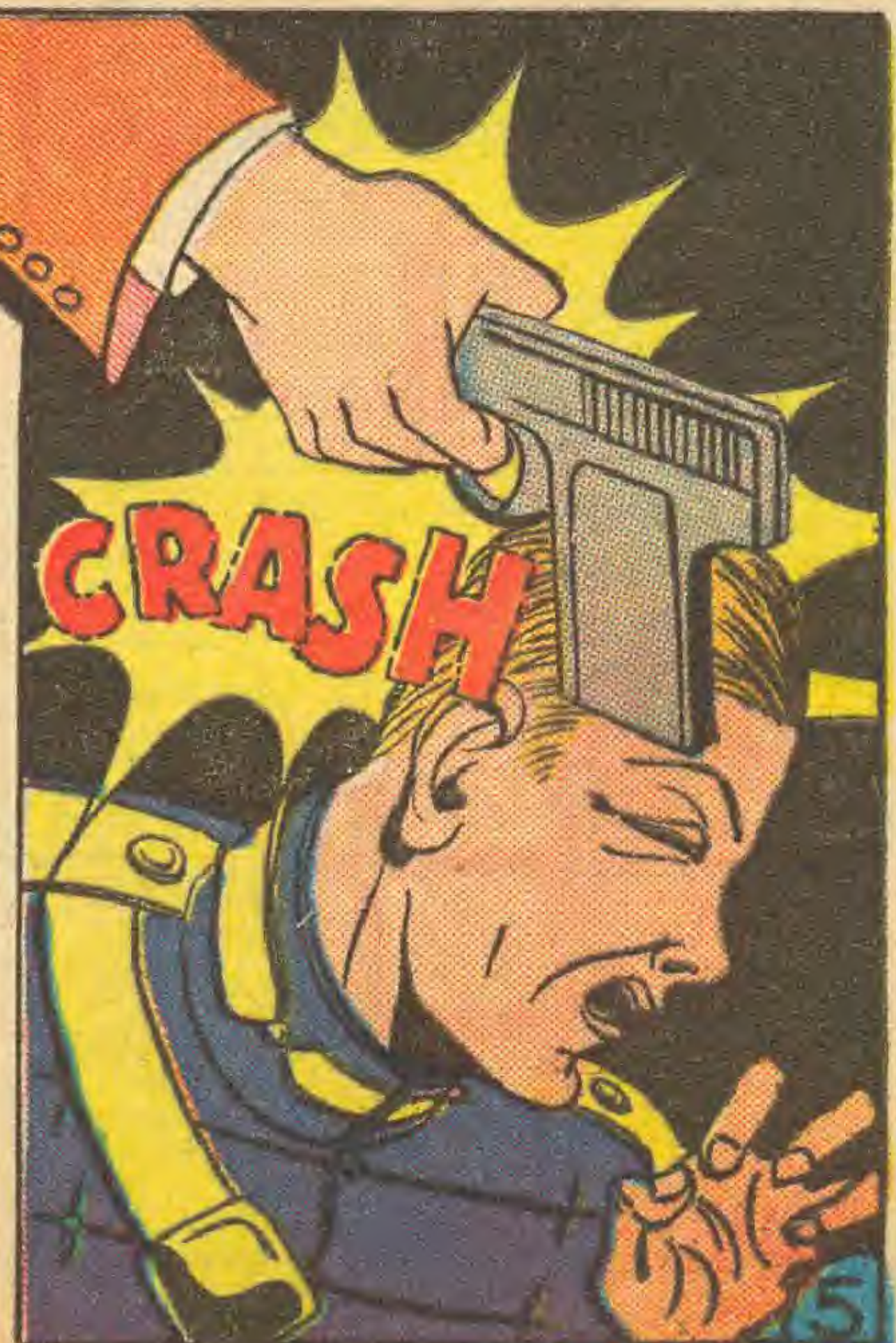
THIS BAG OF FLOUR WILL SURPRISE TILGHMAN!



RACING ACROSS THE FIELD, KIT IS MET BY THE SNARLING PLOTTERS.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING--BUT---

NEVER MIND ABOUT THE CHANGE OF FLOUR BAGS RIGHT NOW! THE T.N.T. WILL WAIT UNTIL WE SETTLE MATTERS!



CRASH



PUT HIM IN THE CAR--- QUICK!!

LET'S FINISH HIM RIGHT HERE.



NO! WE MUST KEEP HIM ALIVE--TO DELIVER MY REGARDS TO THE COLONEL--- IN A STRANGE WAY--- TOMORROW!



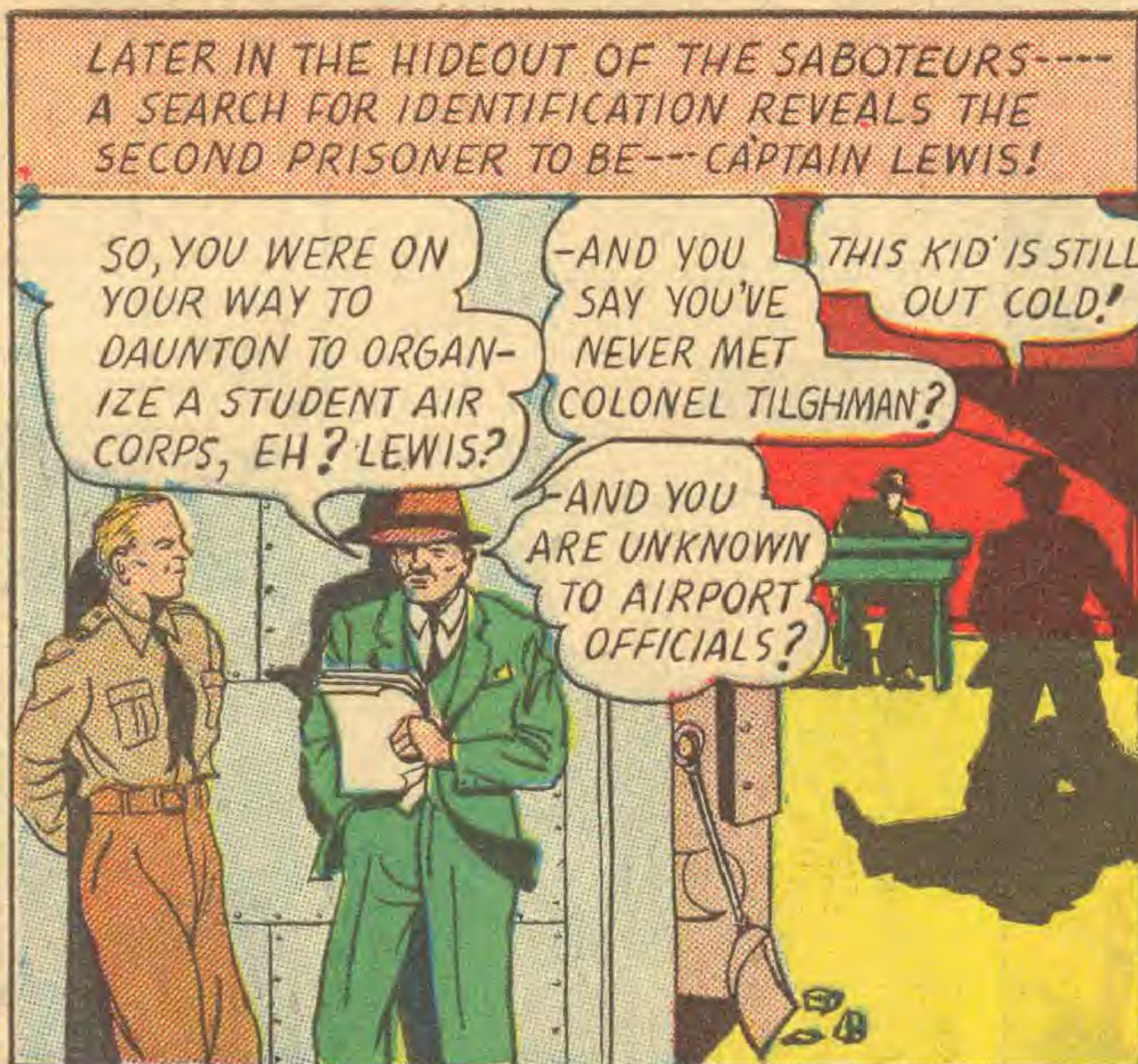
ANOTHER HENCHMAN OF KUKLER APPEARS WITH A SECOND PRISONER.

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?



I FOUND THIS BIRD SNOOPING AROUND. WE'D BETTER TAKE HIM WITH US, BOSS!

OK? PUT HIM IN THE CAR



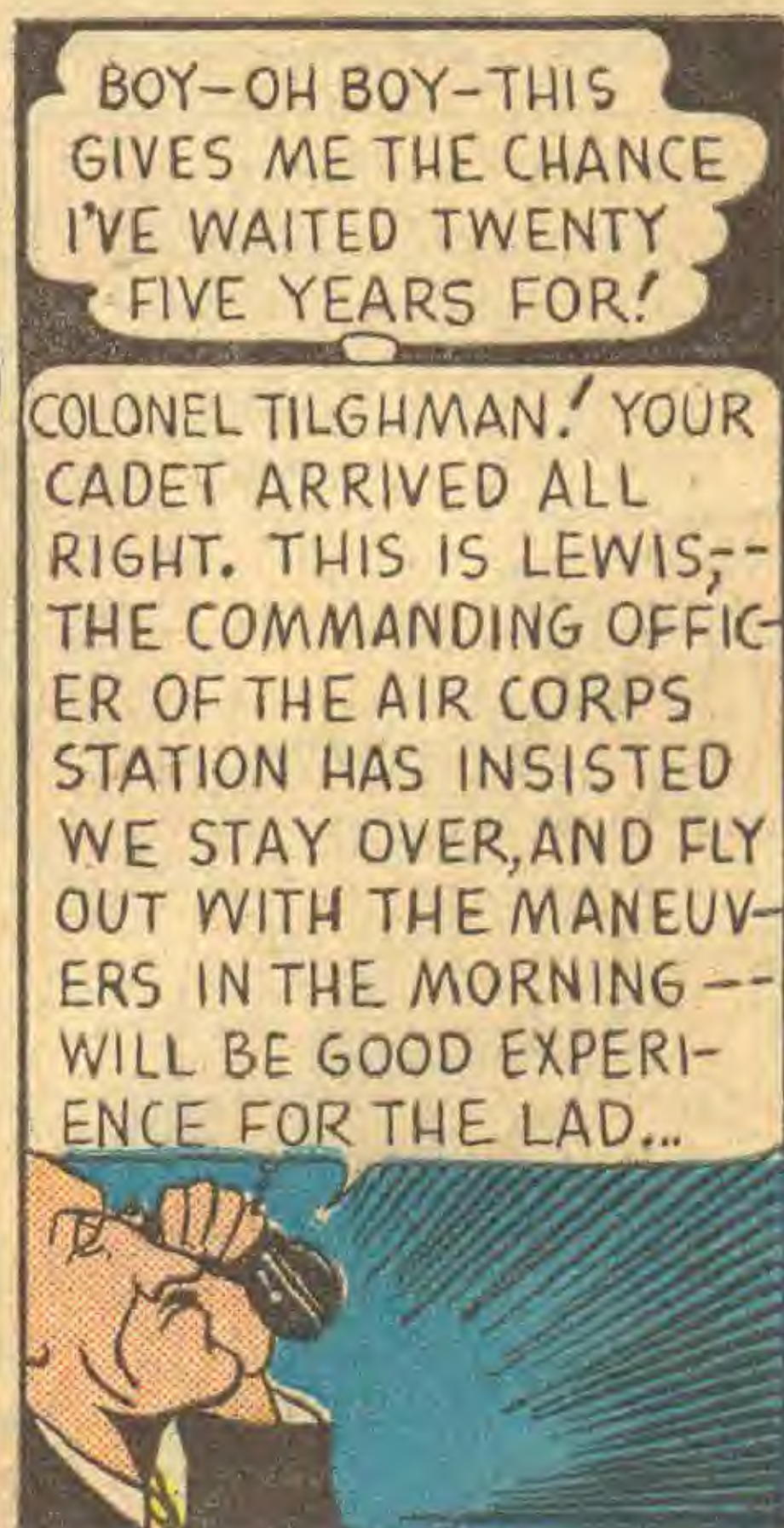
LATER IN THE HIDEOUT OF THE SABOTEURS---- A SEARCH FOR IDENTIFICATION REVEALS THE SECOND PRISONER TO BE--- CAPTAIN LEWIS!

SO, YOU WERE ON YOUR WAY TO DAUNTON TO ORGANIZE A STUDENT AIR CORPS, EH? LEWIS?

-AND YOU SAY YOU'VE NEVER MET COLONEL TILGHMAN?

THIS KID' IS STILL OUT COLD!

-AND YOU ARE UNKNOWN TO AIRPORT OFFICIALS?



BOY-OH BOY-THIS GIVES ME THE CHANCE I'VE WAITED TWENTY FIVE YEARS FOR!

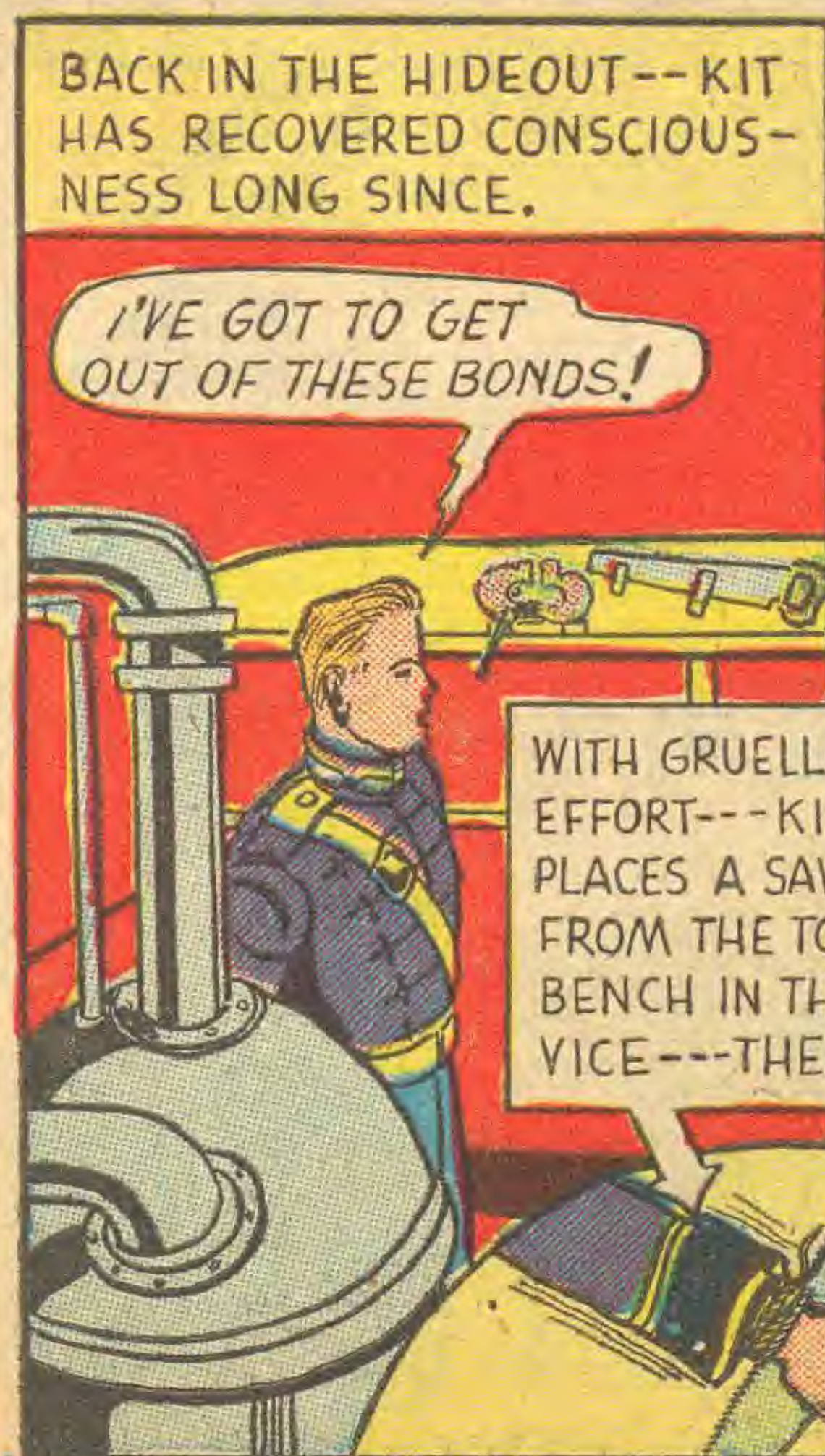
COLONEL TILGHMAN! YOUR CADET ARRIVED ALL RIGHT. THIS IS LEWIS-- THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE AIR CORPS STATION HAS INSISTED WE STAY OVER, AND FLY OUT WITH THE MANEUVERS IN THE MORNING -- WILL BE GOOD EXPERIENCE FOR THE LAD...



THE NEXT MORNING, ATTIRED IN CAPTAIN LEWIS' UNIFORM---THE DARING VON KUKLER PRESENTS HIMSELF TO ARMY FLYING OFFICIALS.

YES, THE COLONEL SUGGESTED I FLY OVER WITH THE BOMBERS -- TO GET IDEAS FOR THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT DEFENCE PROGRAM.

SOUNDS LIKE AN EXCELLENT IDEA--CAPTAIN LEWIS, YOU WILL USE YOUR OWN ARMY PLANE, OF COURSE. WE LEAVE IN ABOUT AN HOUR.



BACK IN THE HIDEOUT--KIT HAS RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS LONG SINCE.

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THESE BONDS!

WITH GRUELLING EFFORT---KIT PLACES A SAW FROM THE TOOL BENCH IN THE VICE---THEN.

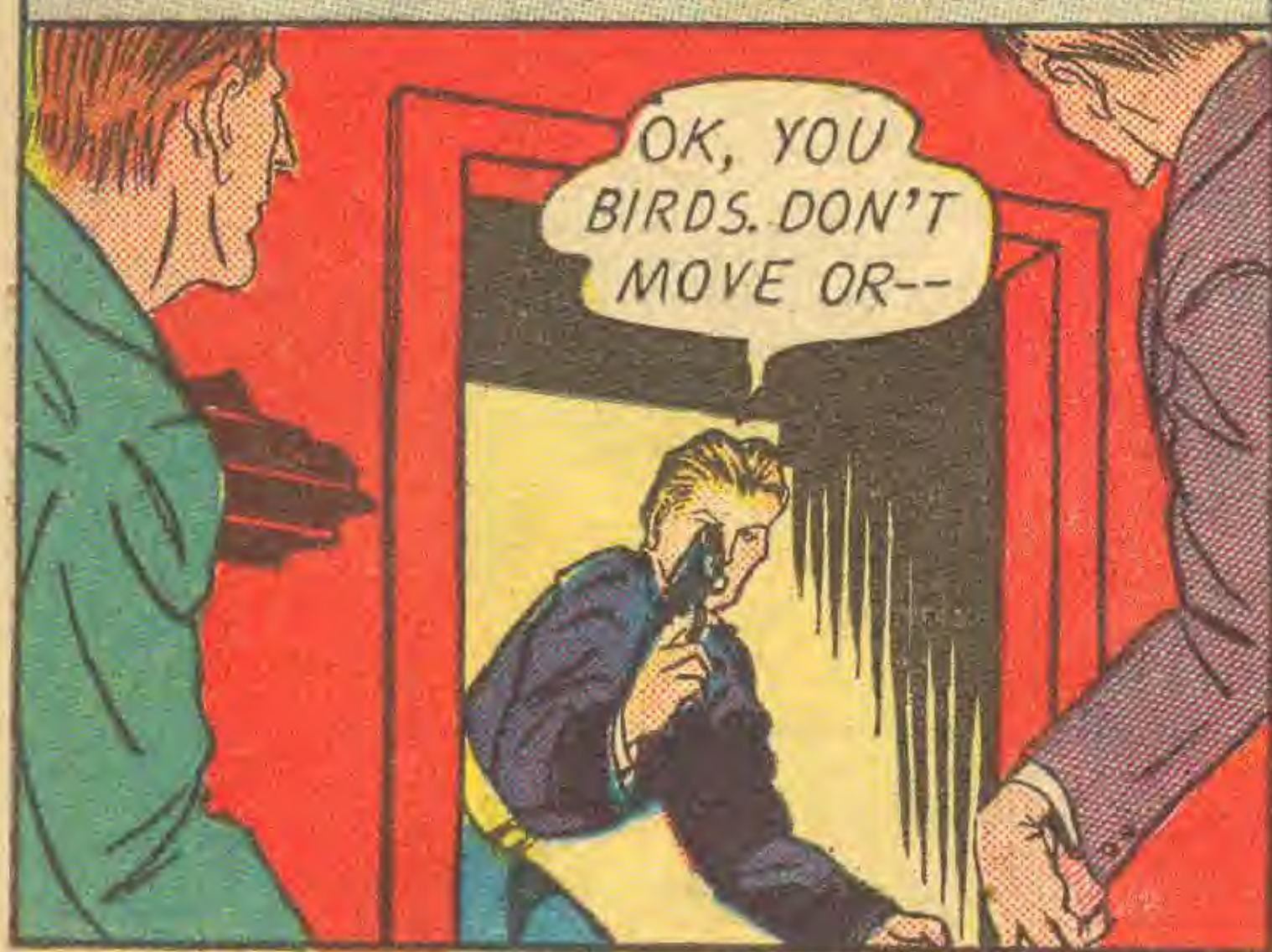


WHEN FREE, HE CALLS OUT AS IN ANGUISH, AND ONE OF THE GUARDS RUSHES FROM AN ADJOINING ROOM.

HERE'S A QUIET, QUICK ONE, NOSEY!

PLOP!

PICKING UP THE THUG'S GUN, KIT QUIETLY MAKES HIS WAY TO THE OUTER ROOM.



OK, YOU BIRDS. DON'T MOVE OR--

AFTER TYING UP THE THUGS, KIT FREES CAPTAIN LEWIS, WHO EXPLAINS VON KUKLER'S DEPARTURE!

YOU SAY HE TOOK YOUR UNIFORM AND CREDENTIALS?

YES! AND THEN HE LEFT ON THE FLY!



THESE BIRDS WILL KEEP-- LET'S GET TO A PHONE!

COME ON! WE'VE GOT NO TIME TO LOSE.



HAILING A PASSING CAR, THE PAIR RUSH TO A TELEPHONE.



WE CAN JUST MAKE THE SCHOOL, STEP ON IT!!



THE ARRIVAL AT DAUNTON IS NONE TOO SOON.

I'VE GOT THE SHELLS

YOU SAY YOUR PLANE IS THE ONLY ONE WITH TWO WINGS?

GET YOUR CAMERAS READY, BOYS, HERE THEY COME.



REACHING HIS ANTI-AIRCRAFT STATION, KIT REMOVES HIS CAMERA ATTACHMENT, AND JAMS A CLIP OF REAL CARTRIDGES INTO THE GUN!



CARTER, I THOUGHT YOU WERE UP THERE. SAY!-- HAVE YOU GONE MAD? STOP!!

BANG BANG BANG

AS THE STUNNED COLONEL GAZES SKYWARDS---FLAMES BURST FROM A PLANE ABOVE---THEN A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION:

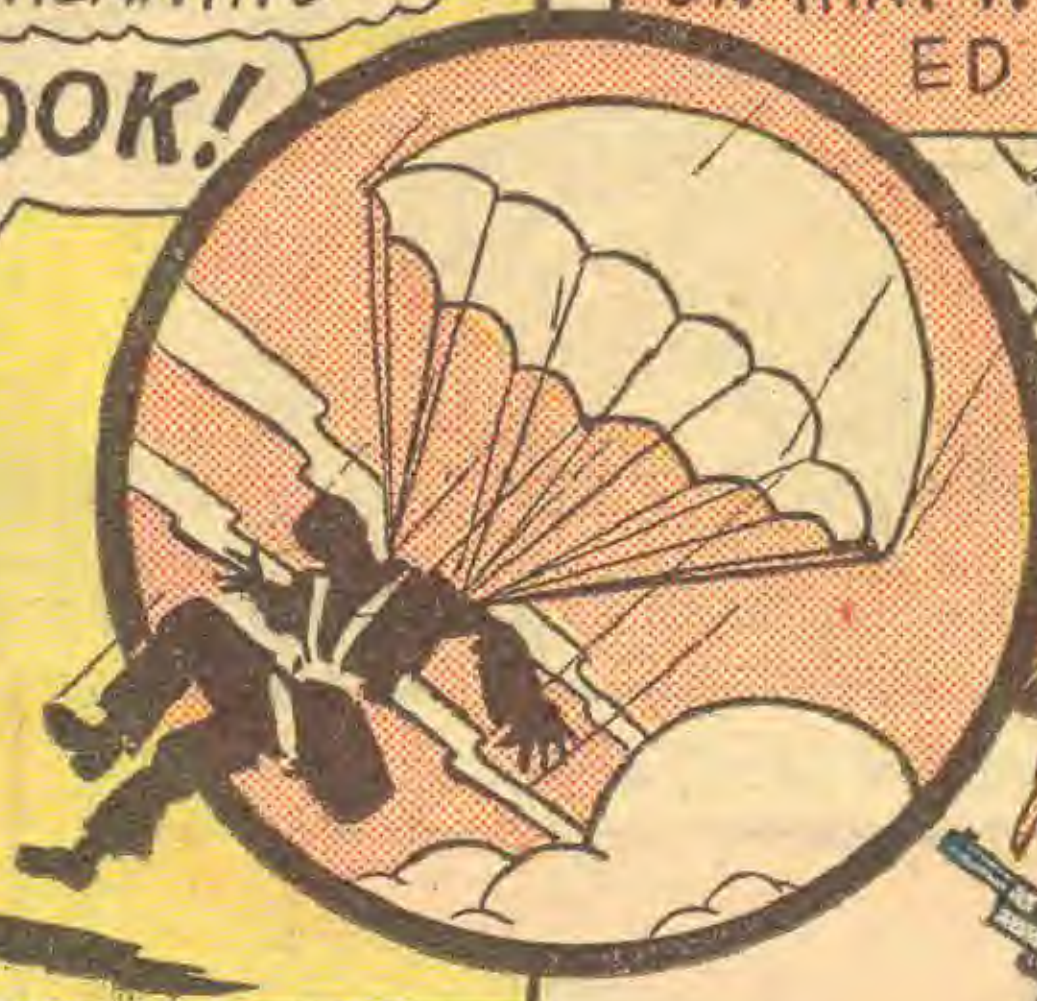


CARTER!---ARE YOU INSANE? WHAT'S THE MEANING--

LOOK!



AS THE PARACHUTING PILOT HITS THE GROUND---KIT IS UP ON HIM WITH UNLEASHED FURY.



CAPTAIN LEWIS AND COLONEL TILGHMAN REACH THE SCENE.

IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE, CAPTAIN LEWIS--HOLY HANNAH--IT'S PAUL VON KUKLER, THE SPY I TRAILED YEARS AGO!



THAT PLANE CARRIED REAL BOMBS AND A DANGEROUS SPY, SO I SHOT AT IT WITH REAL BULLETS. IF THAT IS DISOBEDIANCE-- I'M SORRY, SIR!



THE REMAINDER OF THE GANG ARE EASILY CAPTURED. THUS, BECAUSE OF THE LUST FOR REVENGE OF ONE MAN-- THE SABOTEURS ARE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE.

KIT, YOU'RE BOUND TO BE ELECTED MAJOR!

THANKS FELLOWS, BUT I'M NOT SURE I DESERVE SUCH HONOR!



THE CADET, KIT CARTER, WILL APPEAR IN ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE OF MILITARY ACADEMY LIFE, IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF--

TARGET COMICS!

The
FATAL
FOG

by
HARRY
FRANCIS
CAMPBELL.

LUCKY BYRD of G2

Flier

LIEUTENANT LUCKY BYRD, ACE OF ARMY G-2, IS A GRADUATE OF THE ARMY'S PILOT TRAINING SCHOOL, AT RANDOLPH FIELD, TEXAS! NOW, ALL OF HIS ENERGIES AND INTELLIGENCE ARE DEVOTED TO THWARTING OUR NATION'S ENEMIES, WORKING TO DISRUPT US FROM WITHIN. A SERIES OF APPARENTLY ACCIDENTAL AIRLINE CRASHES ATTRACT LUCKY'S ATTENTION—BUT, GO ON WITH THE STORY....

EXTRA DAILY TABLOID WEATHER
AIR CRASH KILLS SEN.
SMITHERS AND 12 MORE
NO REASON FOR
CRASH DISCOVERED

THREE DAYS LATER...

ANOTHER CRASH AT MORTON AIRPORT! STEPPED ON IT!

YEAH! AND
REP. WILLINSTON
WAS
KILLED!

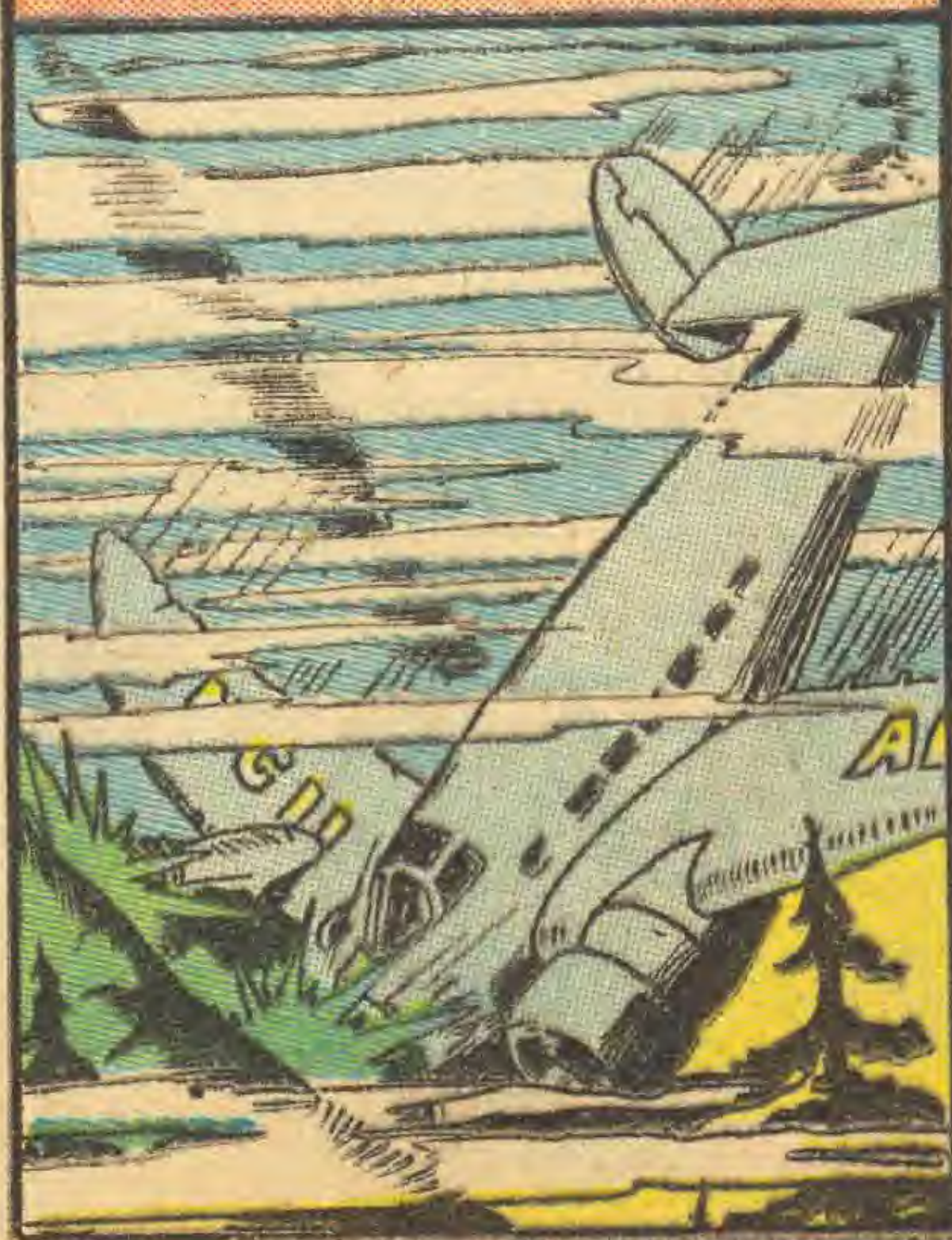
PRESS

A WEEK LATER....

EVENING BLADE

CRASH AT JIN
RT: CO-ORDIN
RD MYSTERY KOOTEN
CRASH IN DAYS CRASH VI

THE NEXT AFTERNOON, AT
MORTON AIRPORT....



LUCKY BYRD INVESTIGATES
THE FOUR "ACCIDENTAL"
CRASHES---

THERE'S NO **APPARENT**
REASON FOR THESE FOUR
CRASHES AT MORTON;
WEATHER WAS GENERALLY
CLEAR! COLONEL CLIVE, **I'M**
FLYING DOWN TO **MORTON**
AIRPORT! THE PILOT

OF THAT
LAST PLANE
IS STILL
LIVING!

YOUR HUNCHES
ARE **USUALLY**
SOUND, BYRD!
GO TO IT!



YOU, SEE, I'M **CERTAIN** THOSE
CRASHES WERE **NOT ACCIDENTS**,
AND IT IS MORE THAN **COINCIDENCE**
THAT A MAN, VITAL
TO **NATIONAL DEFENSE** DIED
IN **EACH**
CRASH!

YOU'RE **RIGHT**,
BY **GOSH!**



THE CHAIRMAN OF THE SENATE
MILITARY AFFAIRS COMMITTEE,
CHAIRMAN OF THE HOUSE
COMMITTEE, THE FEDERAL
COORDINATOR, AND THE
ARMY'S CHIEF STRATEGIST!



AND THERE IS ONLY **ONE**
ANSWER - **FIFTH** COLUMNISTS!
I'M ON MY WAY TO
MORTON AIRPORT
TO SEE **STEWART**,
THE **SURVIVING**
PILOT!



3 HOURS LATER, AT
MORTON HOSPITAL.

CAPTAIN STEWART
CAN SEE YOU FOR
A FEW MINUTES,
LIEUTENANT!



CAPTAIN, TELL ME ABOUT THE CRASH!

BYRD, OVER HIGHTON
HILL, JUST NORTH OF
THE AIRPORT, I
SUDDENLY RAN INTO
FOG. IT DIDN'T WORRY ME
BECAUSE I WAS ON THE
RADIO BEAM! IT HAD
JUST COME **BACK**
ON!



SUDDENLY, I SAW TREES AND
ROCKS AHEAD! I YANKED
THE WHEEL BACK INTO MY
LAP TO TRY TO CLEAR THEM,
AND THAT'S THE LAST THING
I REMEMBER!



10 MINUTES LATER, LUCKY
HAS COLONEL CLIVE ON
LONG DISTANCE-----

COLONEL, **BYRD** SPEAKING,
I'VE JUST FOUND OUT SOME-
THING! THERE WAS A LOCAL
FOG, AND THE RADIO BEAM
WAS ACTING STRANGELY WHEN
THAT PLANE CRASHED. I WANT
YOU TO **HELP**
ME! LISTEN!



3 MINUTES LATER----

IT **SHOULD** WORK, BYRD!
I'LL ARRANGE FOR THE
RADIO BROADCAST AND
HAVE THE **PLANE READY**
FOR YOU WHEN YOU
GET BACK HERE!



IN A HIDDEN CAVERN.....

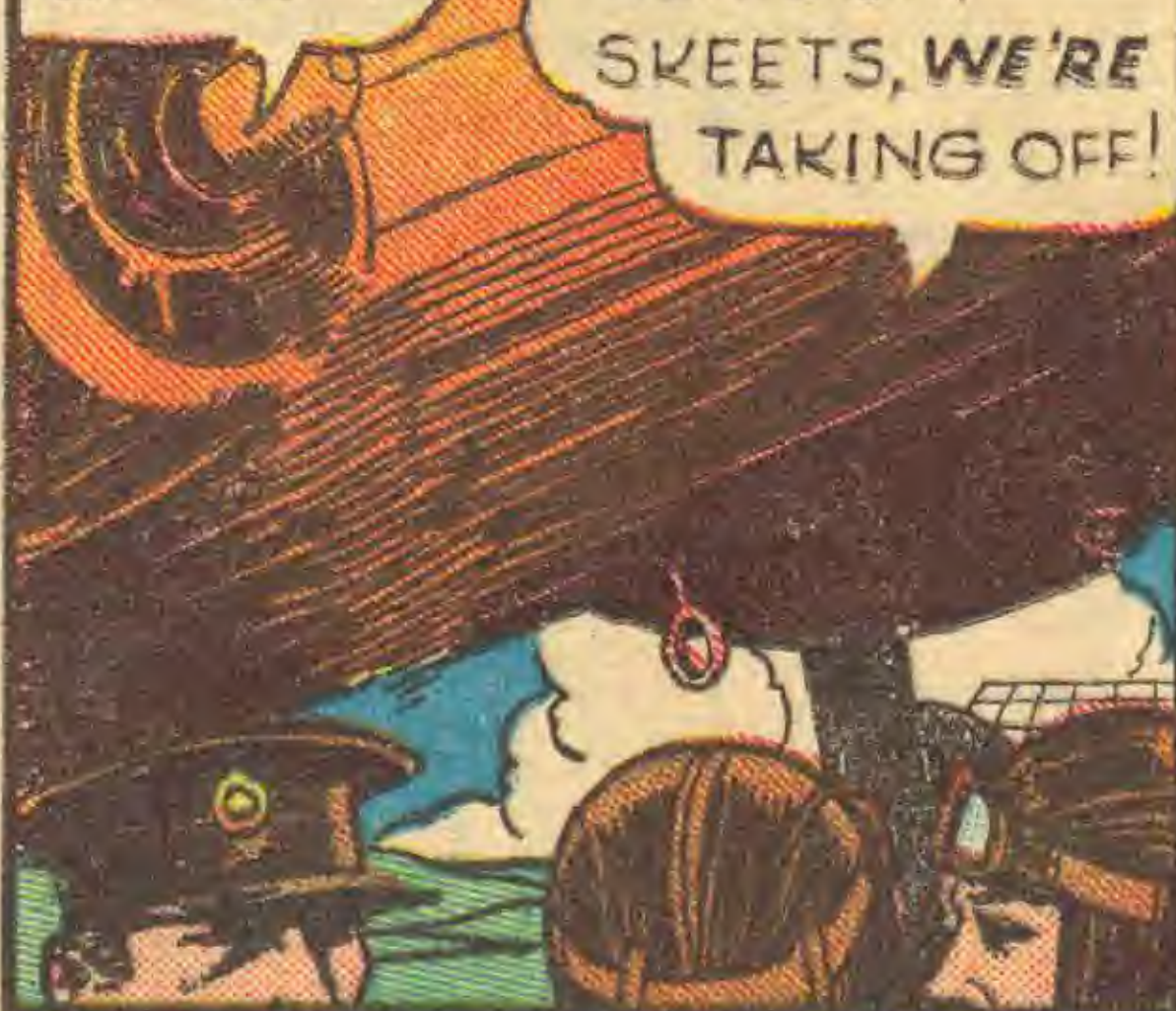
ARMY G-2 REPORTS THAT THE HEAD OF G-2 WILL FLY DOWN TO MORTON AIRPORT IN BOMBER 372 TO INVESTIGATE THE CRASHES -

WE'LL WATCH FOR BOMBER 372, KARL!



TANKS ARE INSTALLED, AND FILLED WITH **CALCIUM CHLORIDE**, SIR! CONTROL WIRE'S ON THE RIGHT OF THE OFFICE*!

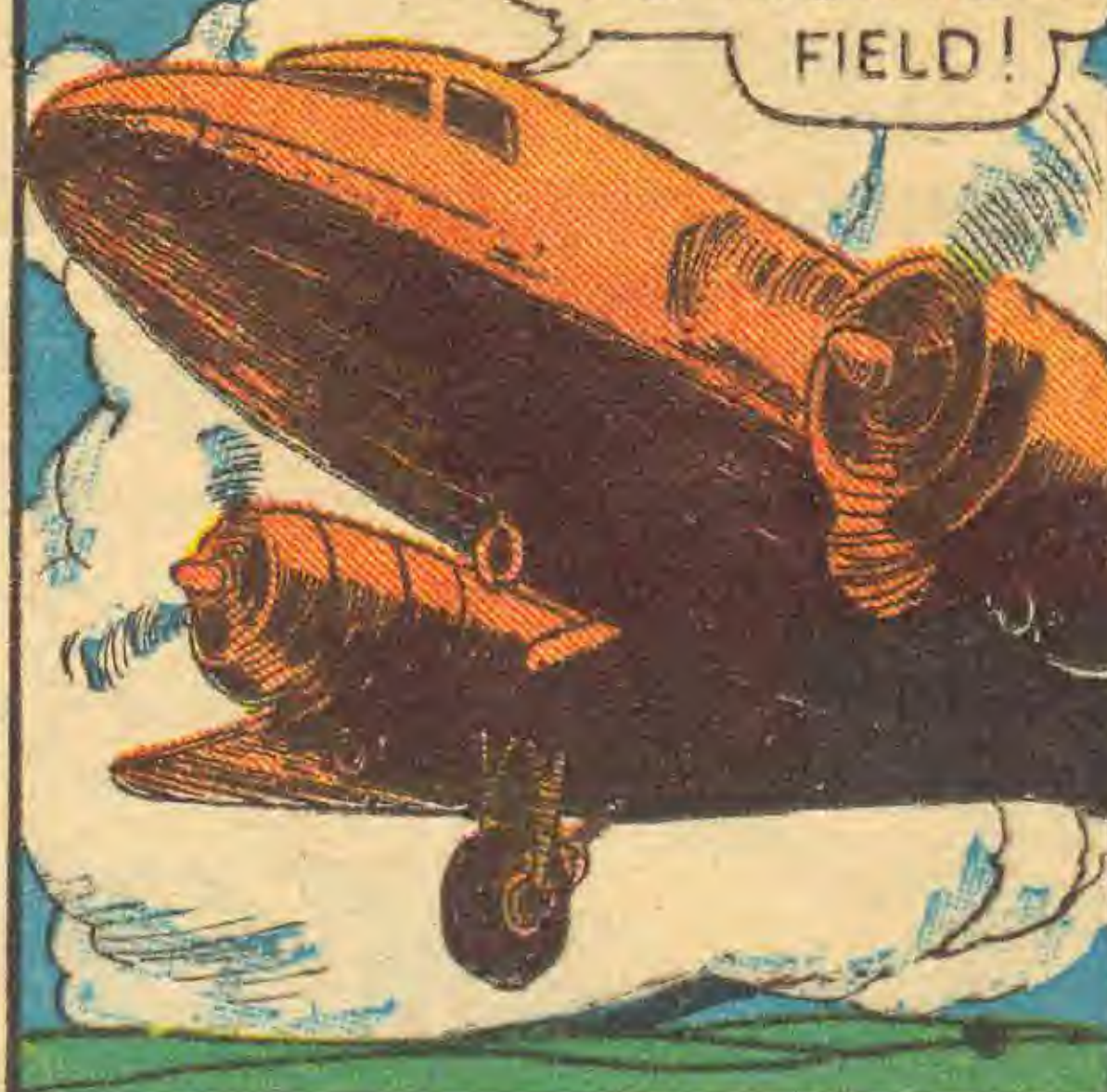
THANKS, CORPORAL! COME ON, SKEETS, WE'RE TAKING OFF!



*OFFICE - ARMY SLANG FOR COCKPIT.

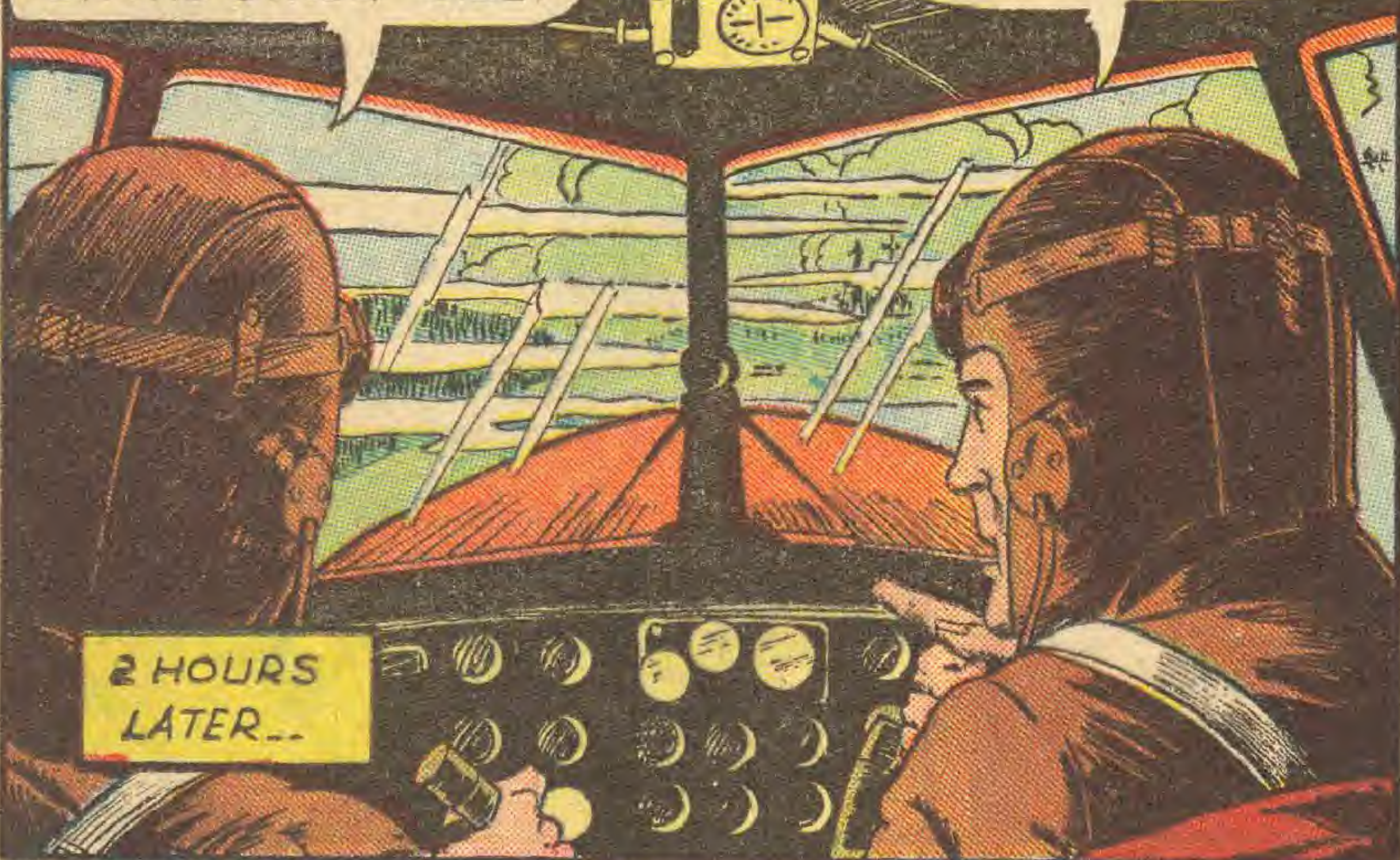
THAT CALCIUM CHLORIDE **STILL** PUZZLES ME, LUCKY!

YOU'LL FIND OUT, WHEN WE **GET** TO MORTON FIELD!



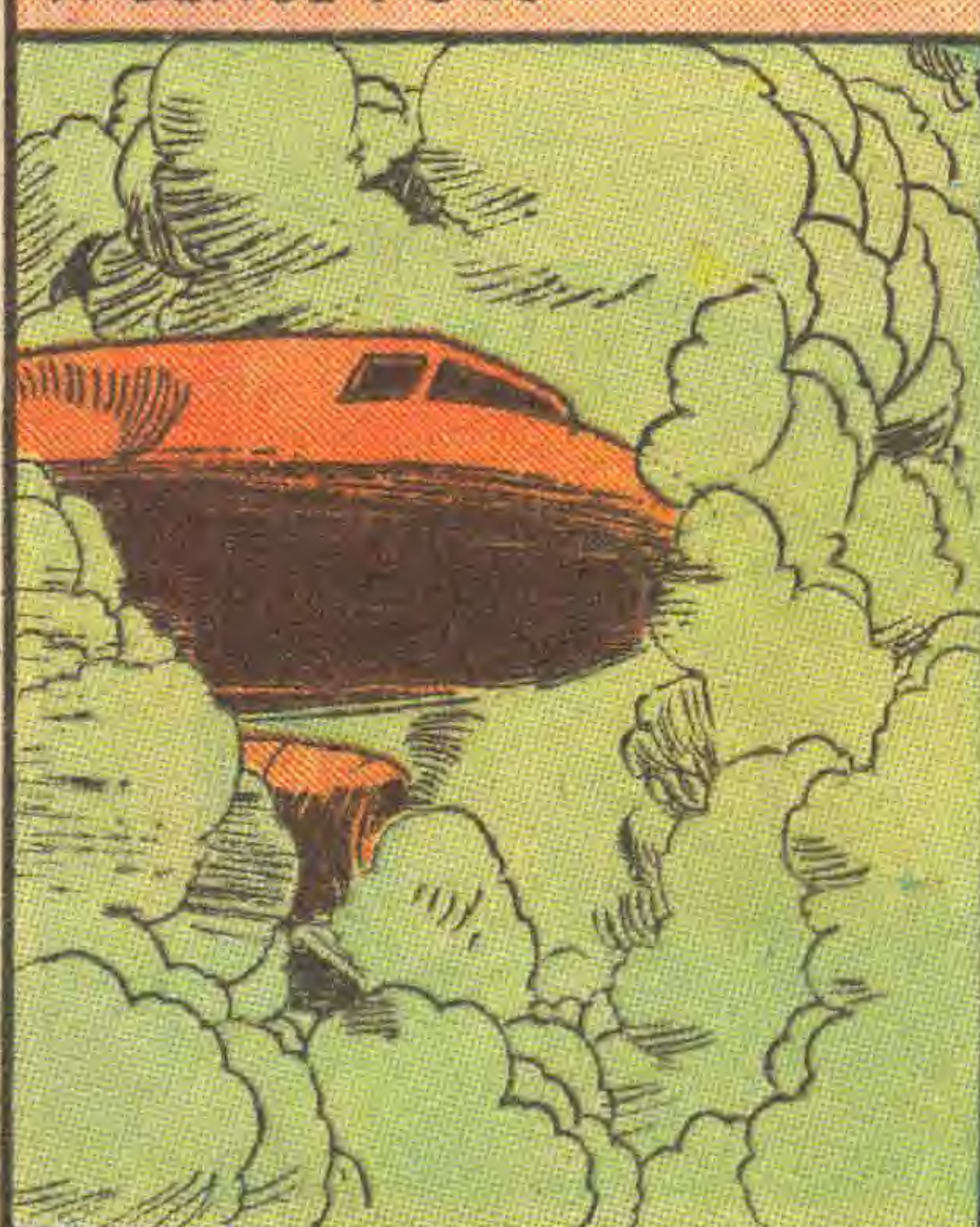
THERE'S HIGHTON HILL AHEAD, MORTON AIRPORT'S ON THE **OTHER** SIDE!

LUCKY, THE **HILL** LOOKS **HAZY**!

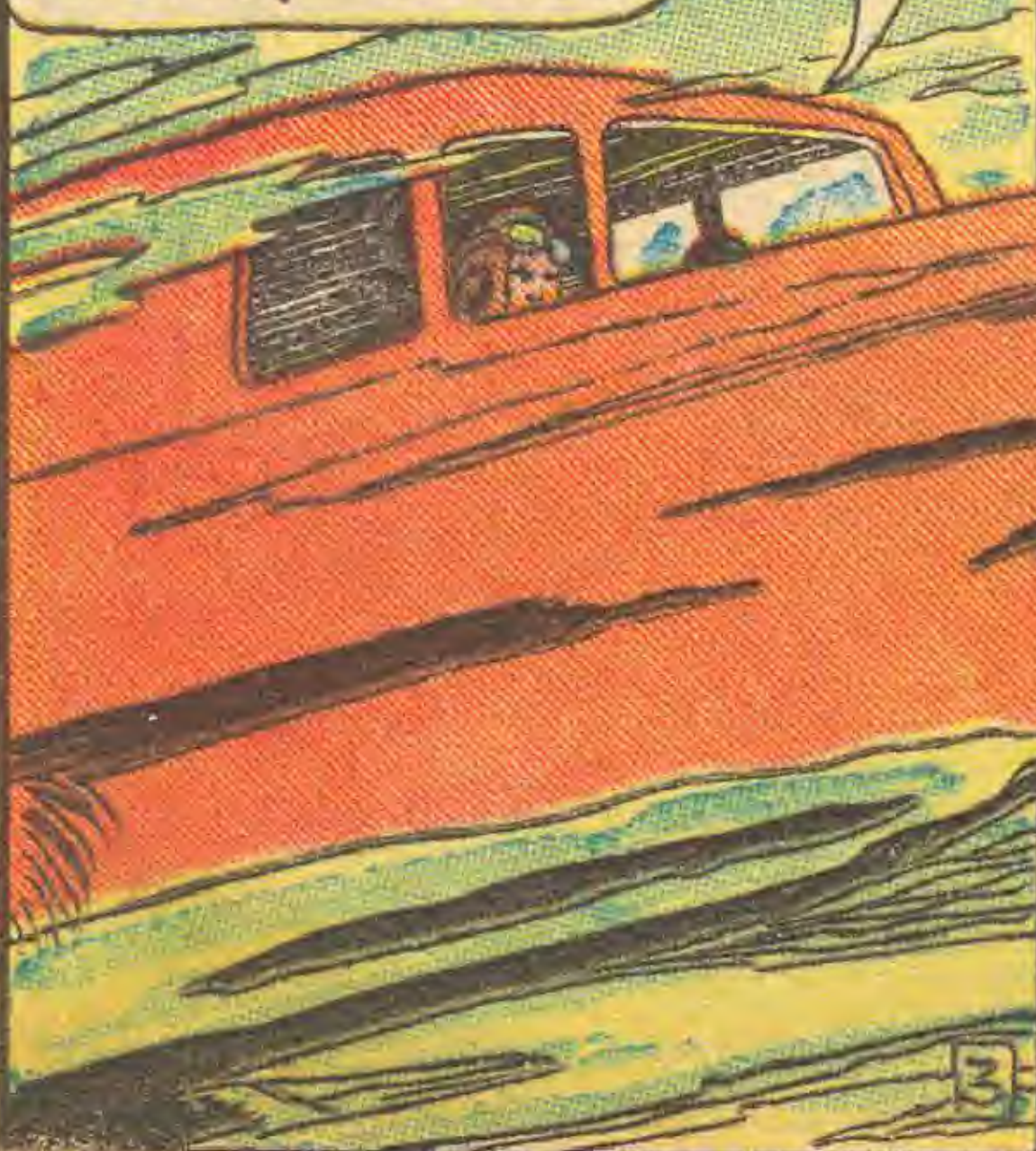


2 HOURS LATER...

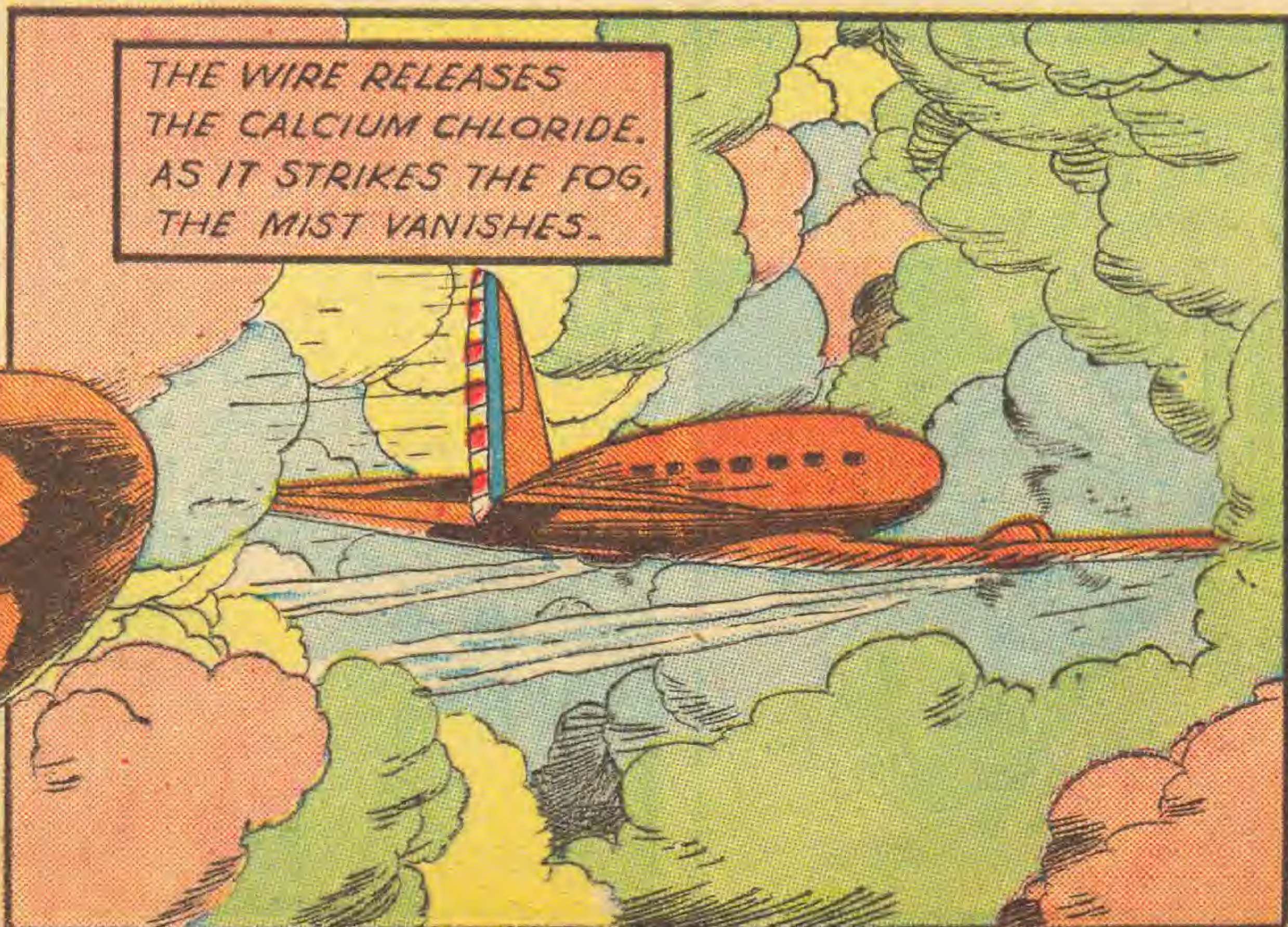
AS THE SHIP REACHES THE HILL, IT IS ENVELOPED IN A DENSE FOG.



STATIC ON THE LANDING BEAM IT'S **BACK**, BUT I'M **NOT FOLLOWING IT!** YANK THAT **WIRE** TO YOUR **RIGHT**, SKEETS!



THE WIRE RELEASES THE CALCIUM CHLORIDE, AS IT STRIKES THE FOG, THE MIST VANISHES..



LUCKY! YOU'RE OFF THE BEAM!

AND MAKING
A 180 DEGREE
TURN!
RIGHT!

THE PLANE ROARS BACK
THROUGH THE SPACE CLEARED
BY THE CALCIUM CHLORIDE.

AND, APPROACHING MORTON
FIELD FROM THE OPPOSITE
SIDE, LANDS

INSIDE THE CAVERN, ON
HIGHTON HILL

SOMETHING WENT WRONG!
HE DIDN'T CRASH! MAYBE
THE AMERICANS KNOW!

IMPOSSIBLE,
FRITZ!

WE SHALL **CONTINUE** TO
CRASH THEIR PLANES
HERE, AND KILL THEIR
LEADERS!

MEANWHILE, AT MORTON
FIELD

AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL,
NOW CLEAR OF FOG....

GET ME A BAG OF **CALCIUM
CHLORIDE**, SKEETS I'M
GOING TO EXPLORE HIGH-
TON HILL IF I'M NOT BACK
IN **3 HOURS**, COME WITH A
SEARCHING PARTY, AND
FAST!

OK, LUCKY!

HEY, STRANGER!

WHAT IS IT,
GRANDPOP?

BETTER STAY OFFEN
HIGHTON HILL. THEM
WHAT GOES UP THAR —
GENERALLY , DON'T COME
BACK! THAR'S QUEER
GOINS ON!



I'LL TAKE
THAT
CHANCE!

LUCKY DISCOVERS AN ODD
PIPE - AND CROSSES A
BEAM OF BLACK LIGHT.



WHAT'S THAT DOING
HERE? FOG!

INSIDE THE CAVERN..

THE PHOTO-ELECTRIC ALARM!
SOMEONE'S AT FOG PIPE
THREE!



RING!

TAKE CARE
OF HIM!

MEDDLER! UP WITH
YOUR HANDS!



THIS IS ONE WAY TO GET
INTO THEIR HANGOUT

OK, YOU'VE GOT
ME!

LUCKY IS LED THROUGH
A NARROW TUNNEL INTO
A LIGHTED CAVE



THUS 5 MINUTES
LATER---

WOW! QUITE A CAVE!



SO! YOU'RE LUCKY BYRD,
G-2'S PET! NOW, A FAKE
MESSAGE TO COLONEL CLIVE,
SUPPOSEDLY FROM YOU,
TELLING HIM TO COME
HERE!



NOW, WHAT DO I DO?



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...

THE COLONEL WALKED INTO OUR TRAP! HE'S **ON HIS WAY DOWN HERE.**

TO FIND THEIR VULNERABLE POINT I MUST GET LOOSE!

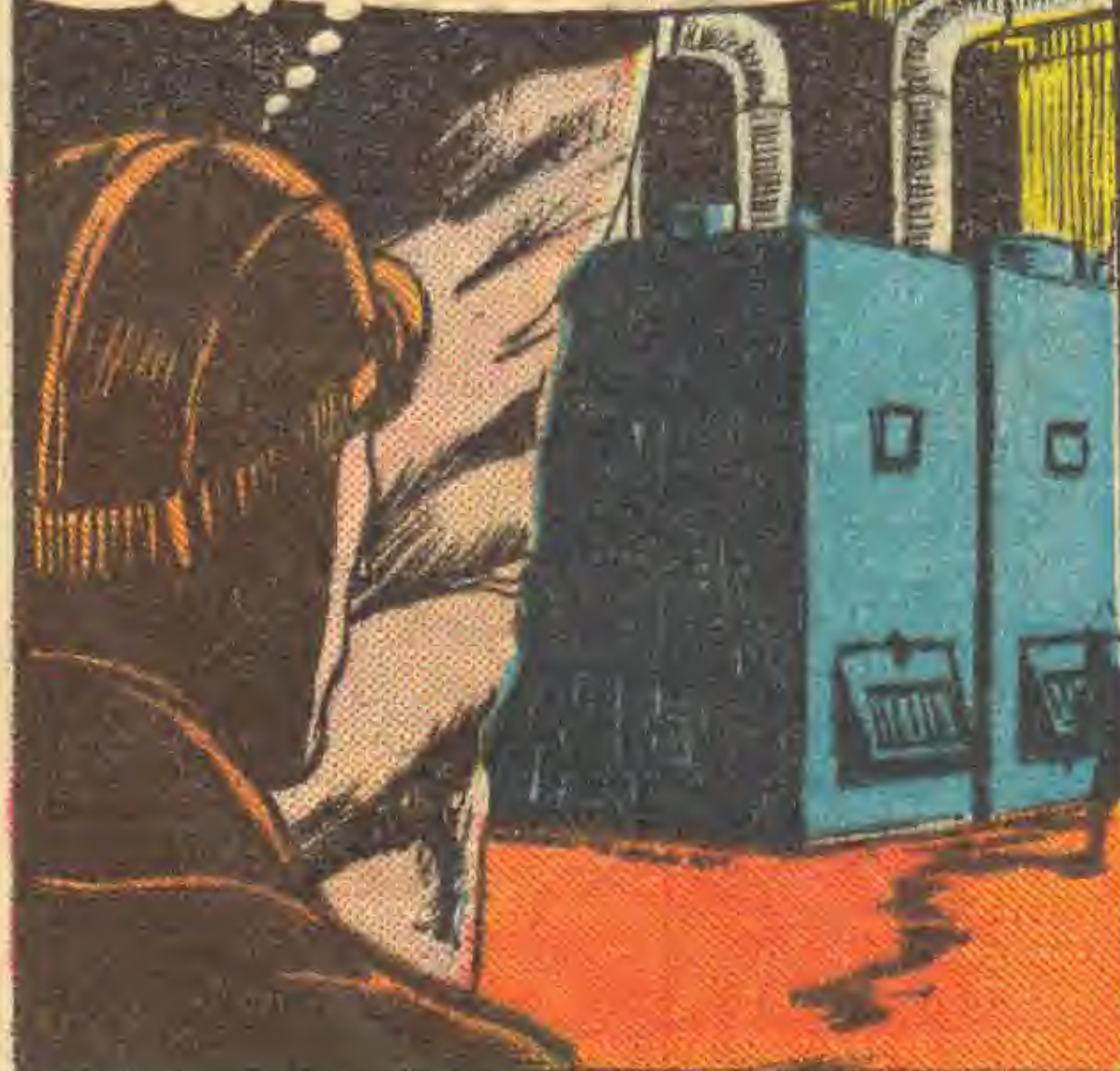


ONE SIDE, FRITZ!



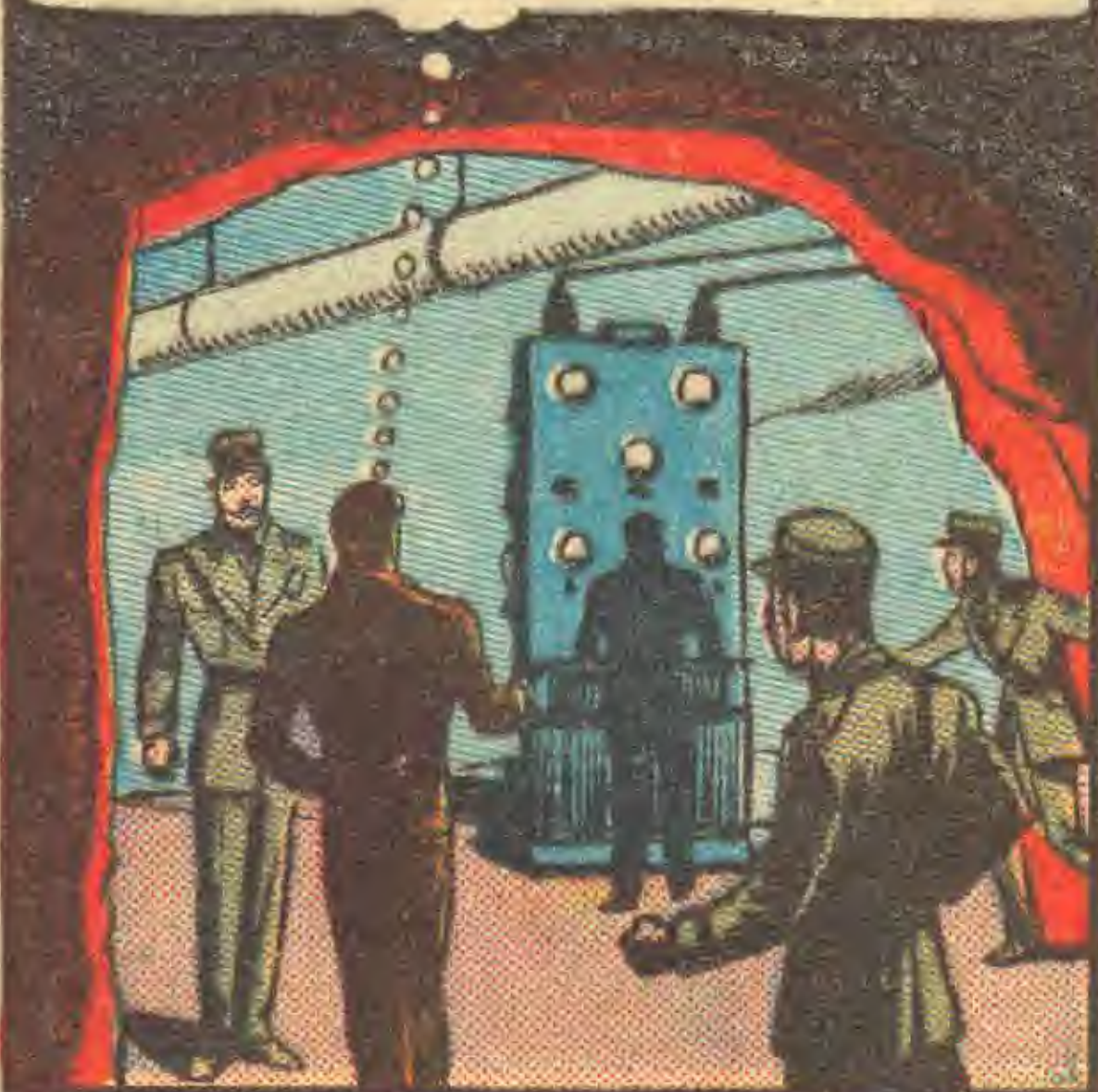
DASHING THROUGH A TUNNEL, HE FINDS A BOILER ROOM IN ANOTHER CAVE.

LOW-PRESSURE BOILERS TO MAKE THE FAKE FOG!



IN THE RADIO CAVE HE IS RE-CAPTURED

SO, THAT'S THE FALSE BEAM THAT LED THOSE PLANES INTO THE SIDE OF THE HILL!

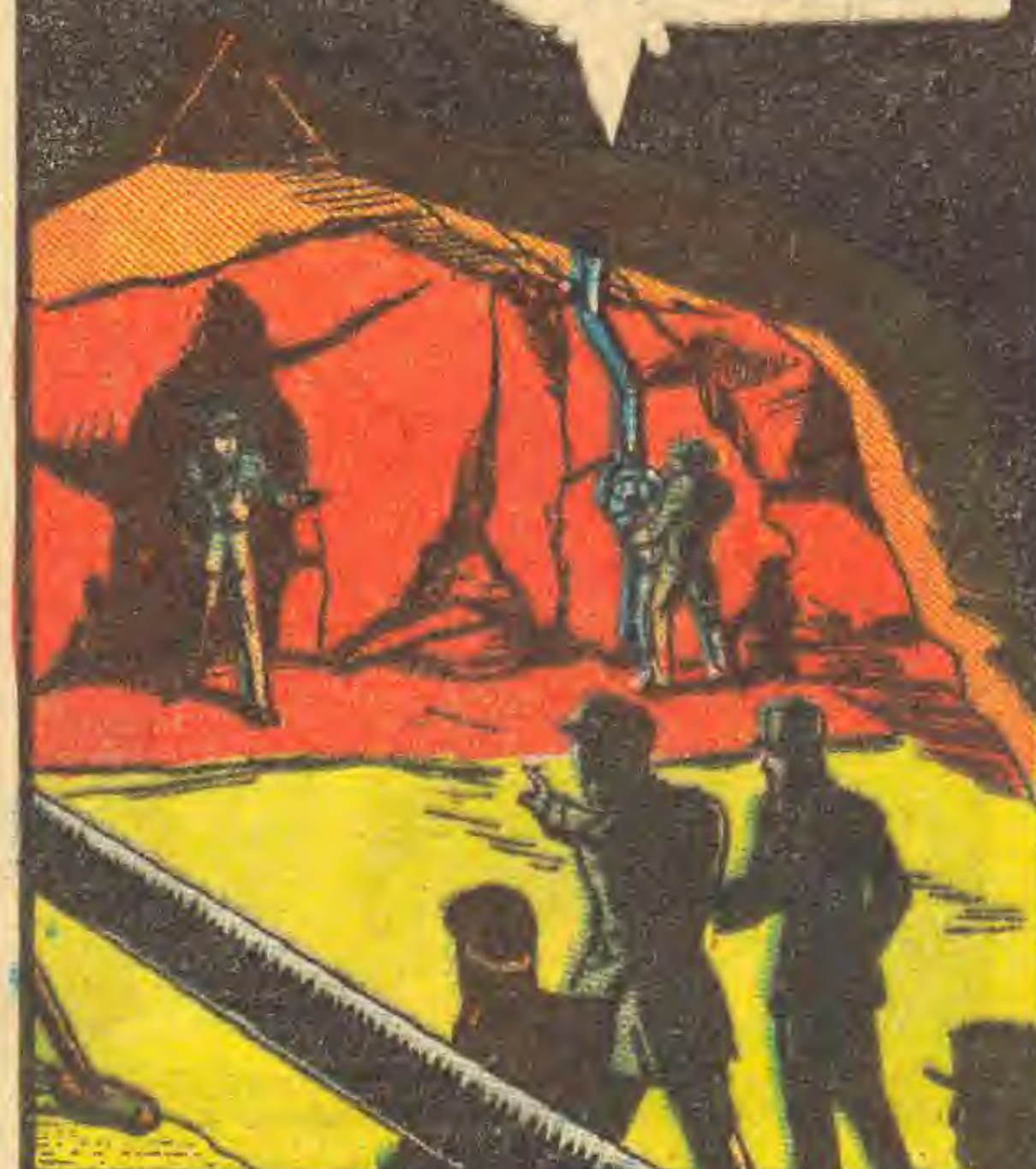


IN THE EXCITEMENT THAT WILL FOLLOW THE SIGHTING OF CLIVE'S SHIP, I'LL ACT. I THOUGHT THIS CALCIUM CHLORIDE WOULD COME IN HANDY—AND THAT SLEDGE!



LEADER, THE SHIP APPROACHES!

TURN ON THE STEAM!



HOPE THIS "STEAM" ISN'T SCALDING, BUT I MUST TAKE THAT—



-CHANCE!

TURN ON THE RADIO BEAM!

CATCH BYRD!

I CAN'T SEE!



AS LUCKY SMASHES THE PIPE, THE ROOM FILLS WITH DENSE "FOG".

THROUGH A PASSAGE CLEARED BY THE CALCIUM CHLORIDE, LUCKY REACHES THE RADIO CAVE!

LUCKY I BROUGHT THIS STUFF!



THIS ENDS THAT FALSE RADIO BEAM!



THE RADIO SMASHES...

TAKING THE GUN FROM THE UNCONSCIOUS OPERATOR—

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE, BEFORE THEY SHUT OFF THE STEAM AND CAN SEE ME!



5 MINUTES LATER — OUTSIDE THE CAVE...

FROM BEHIND THAT ROCK, I COULD HOLD BACK AN ARMY! ONLY ONE AT A TIME CAN COME THROUGH THIS EXIT! SKEETS' RESCUE PARTY SHOULD BE ON THE WAY!



AN HOUR LATER...

I SAID, GET BACK THERE!



THE RESCUE PARTY, LED BY SKEETS AND COL CLIVE—

UP HERE, SKEETS!



LUCKY!

AN HOUR LATER, FIFTH COLUMNISTS CAPTURED, LUCKY EXPLAINS—

IT WAS SIMPLE, COLONEL! THESE BOILERS GENERATED THE STEAM FOR THE ARTIFICIAL FOG. WHEN THEY WANTED TO CRASH A SHIP, THEY TURNED IT ON, AND SENT OUT THEIR FALSE LANDING BEAM TO LEAD THE PLANE INTO THE HILLSIDE!

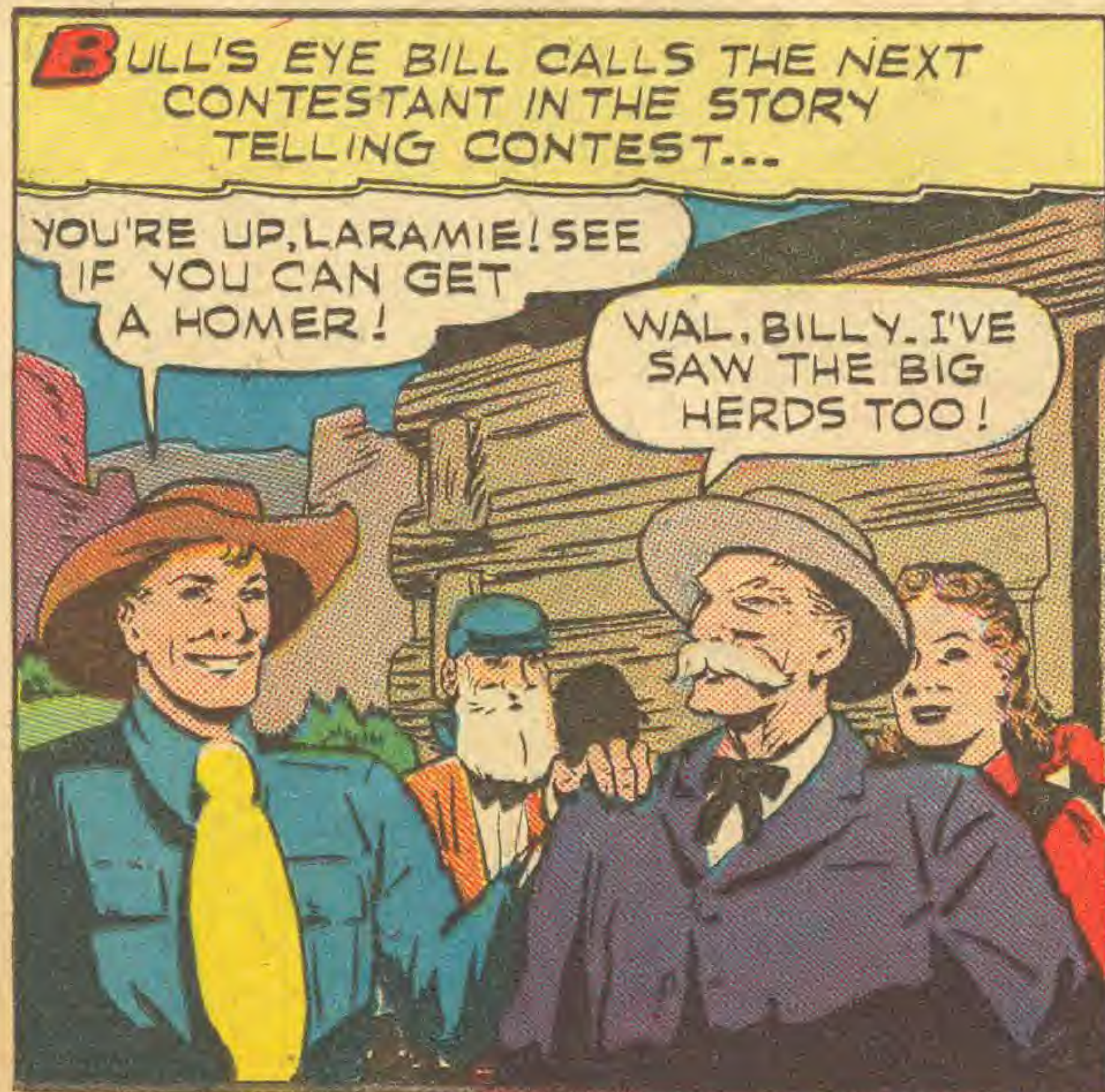
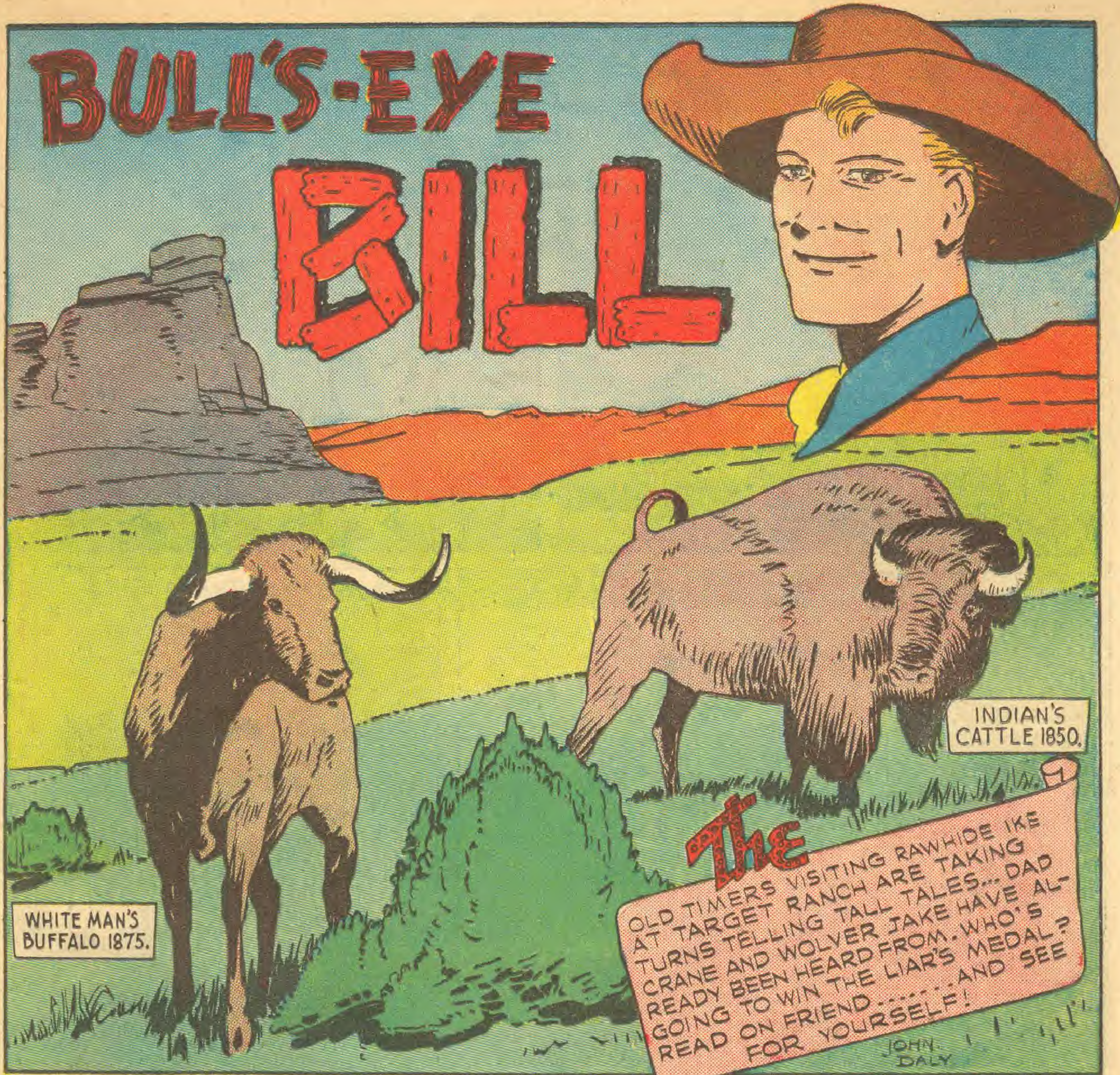
BUT, HOW DID YOU GET THROUGH, LIEUTENANT BYRD?



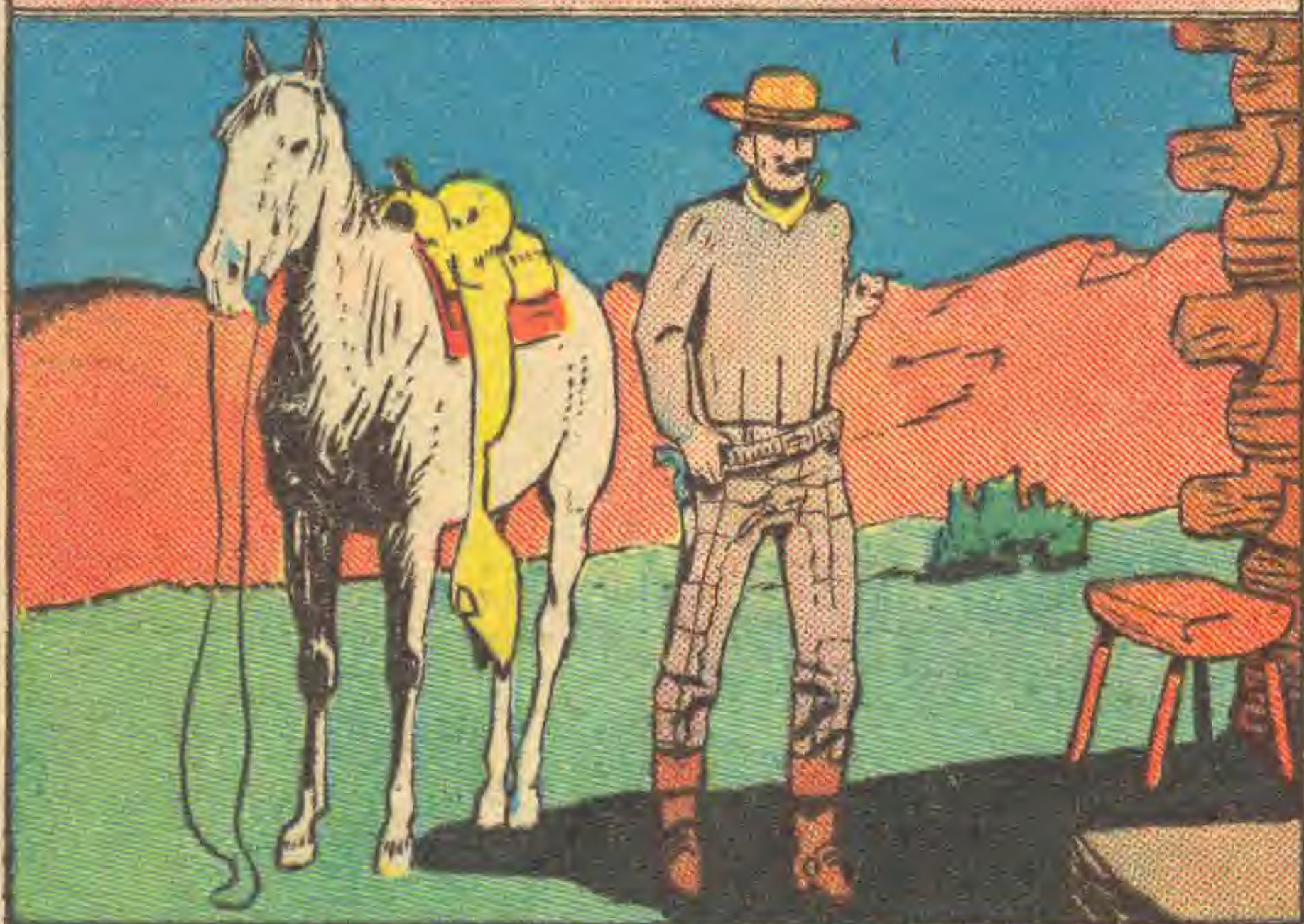
BY CLEARING A PATH THROUGH THE FOG WITH CALCIUM CHLORIDE. IT SOAKS UP WATER VAPOR LIKE A SPONGE! THEY'VE BEEN EXPERIMENTING WITH IT TO CLEAR THE FOG AT AIR FIELDS!



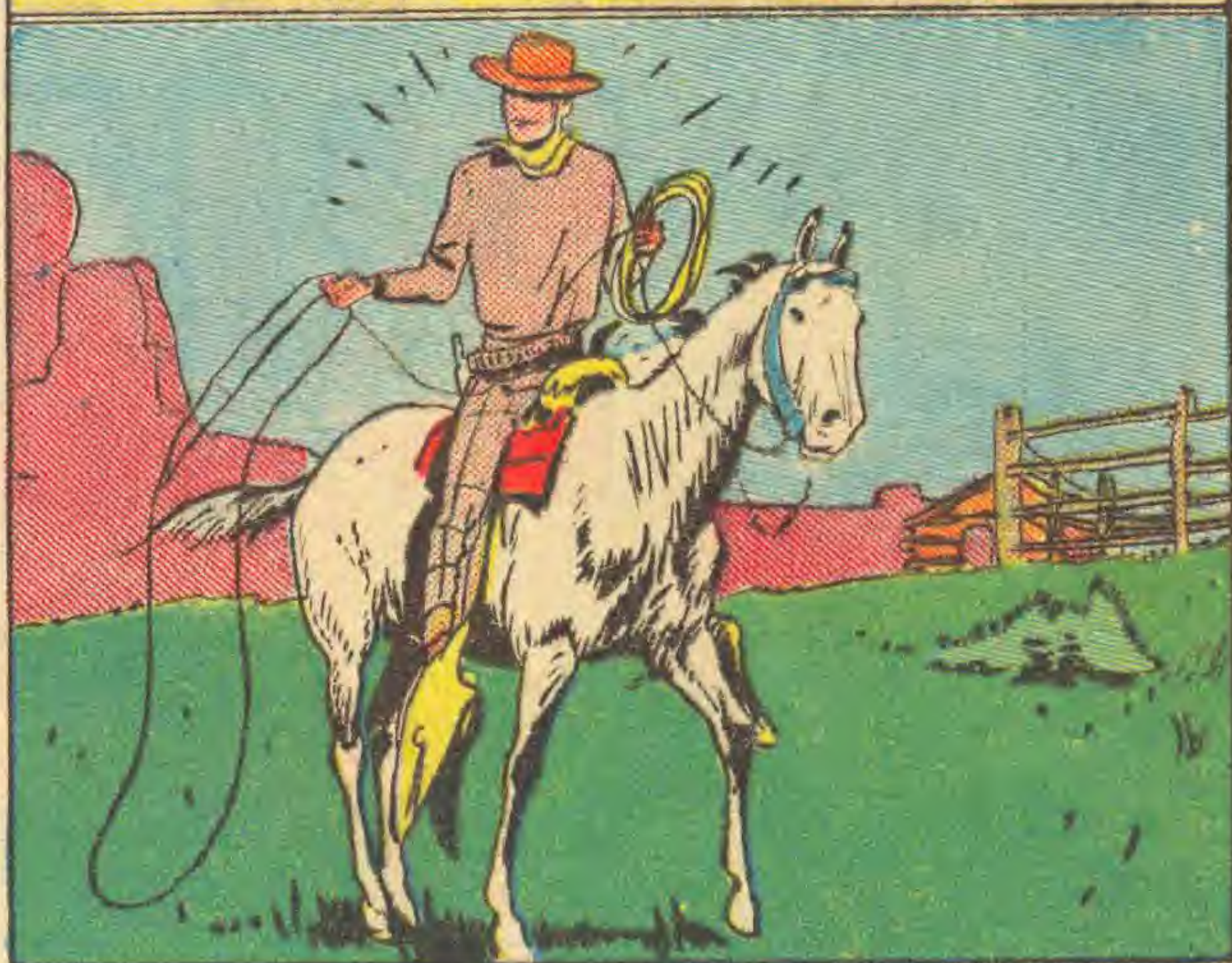
FOLLOW LUCKY BYRD IN NEXT MONTH'S TARGET!



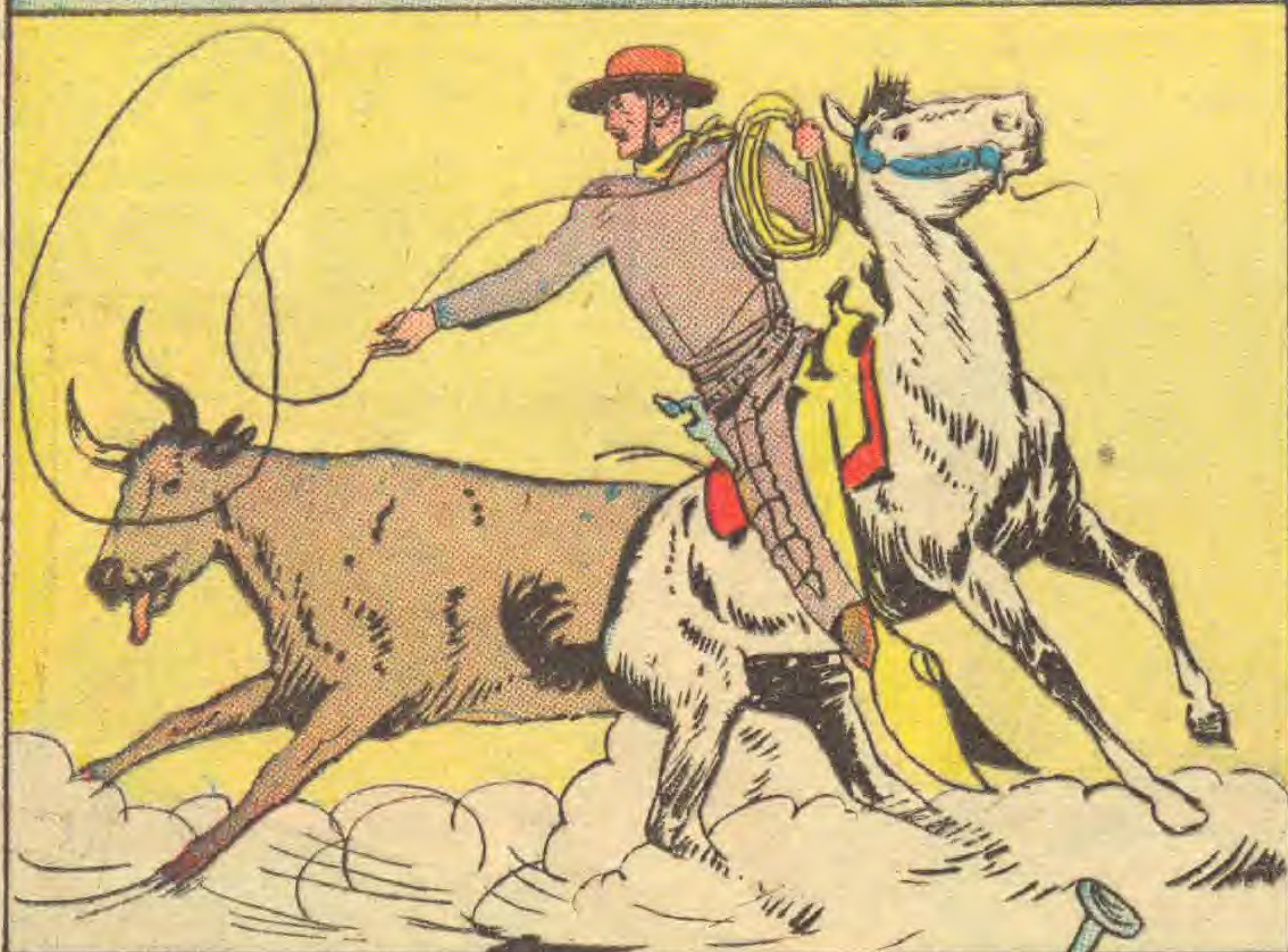
"I MEAN THE PUNCHERS. AN' THERE'S ONE WADDIE I RECALL THAT'S A SURE ENOUGH CENTER FIRE BUCKAROO... HIS NAME IS "SILVER" NIXON, ON ACCOUNT OF HIS RIGGIN' THAT'S INLAID WITH MEXICAN METAL!"



"AN WHEN THE SUN LIGHTS ON NIXON... HE BLAZES UP LIKE THOSE NEW FANGLED NEON SIGNS! AN' FOR PLUMB PRETTINESS HE BEATS THE HULL BARBECUES..."



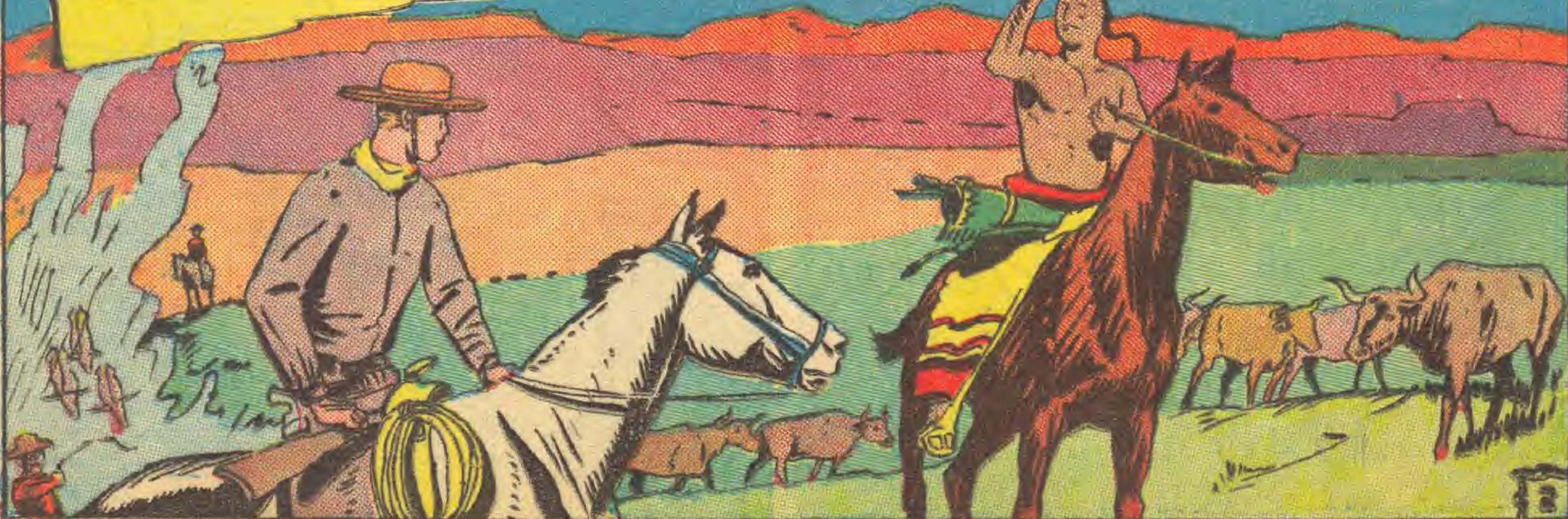
"BUT HE SURE KNOWS HIS BUSINESS"



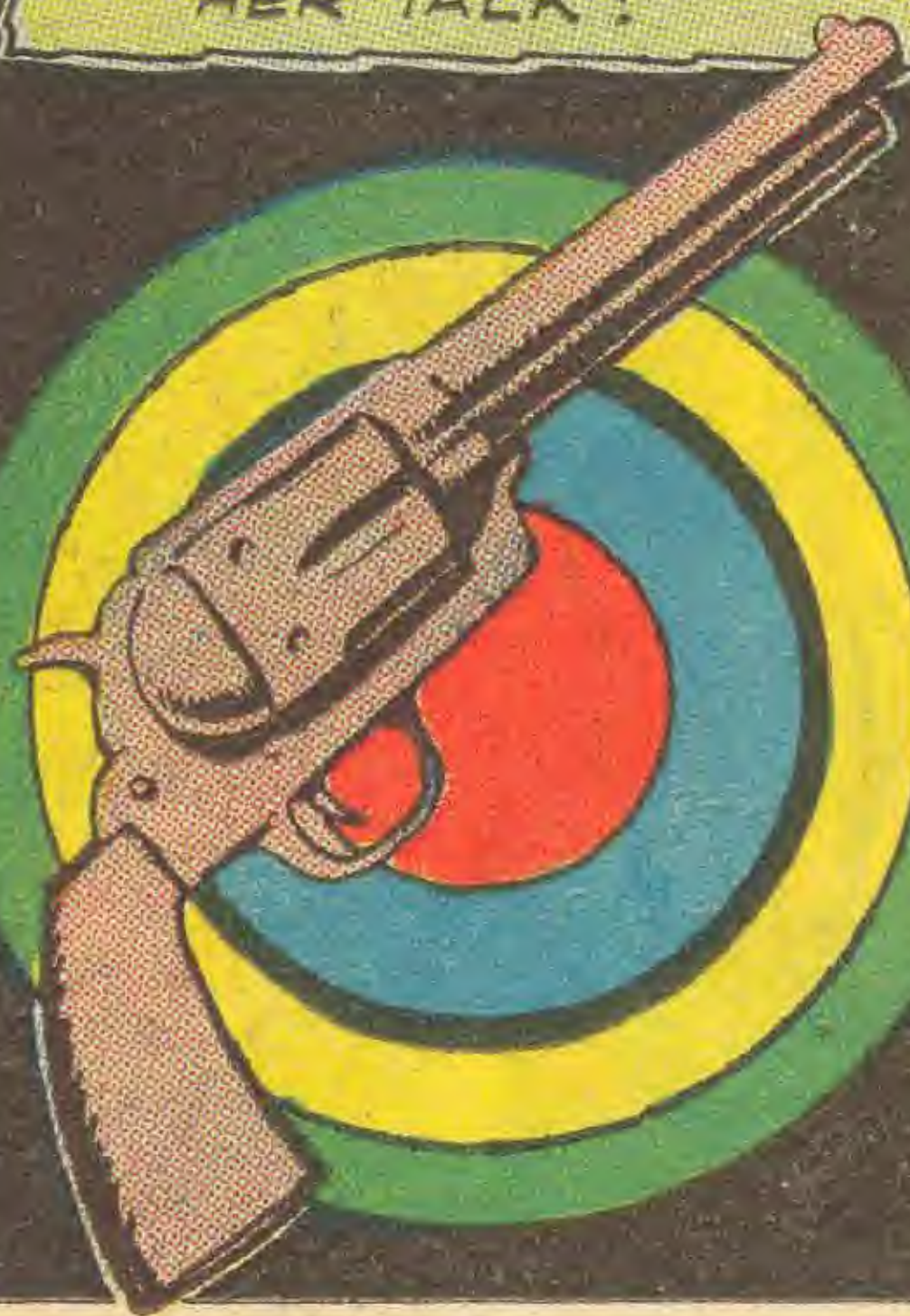
"AND NOTHING THAT WEARS HAIR CAN SHAKE HIM LOOSE FROM A SADDLE!"



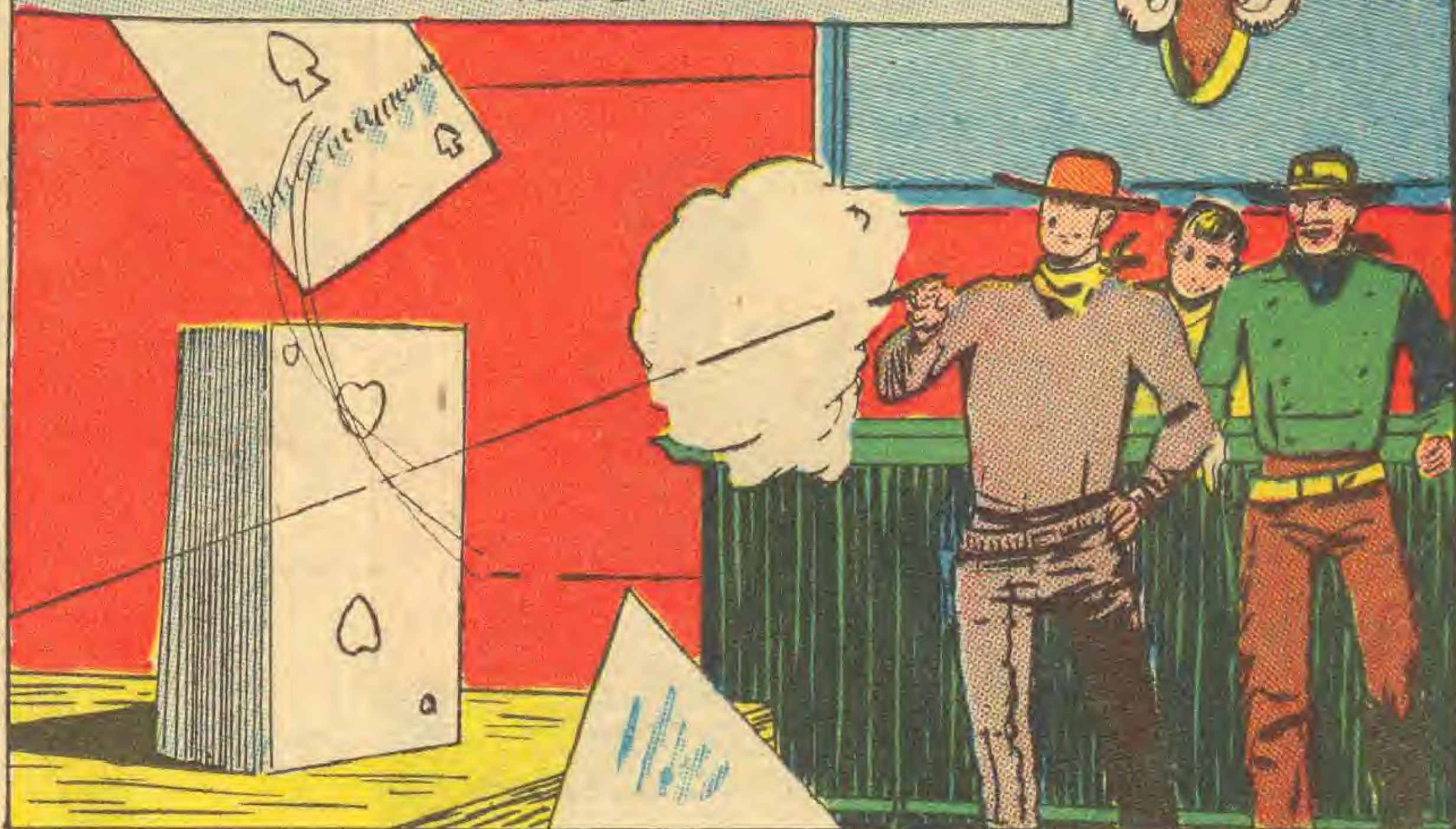
"WHEN "SILVER" COMES UP FROM TEXAS WITH THE FIRST HERDS, INJUNS OWNED THE RANGE AND ONE DEMANDED PAYMENT IN BEEF!"



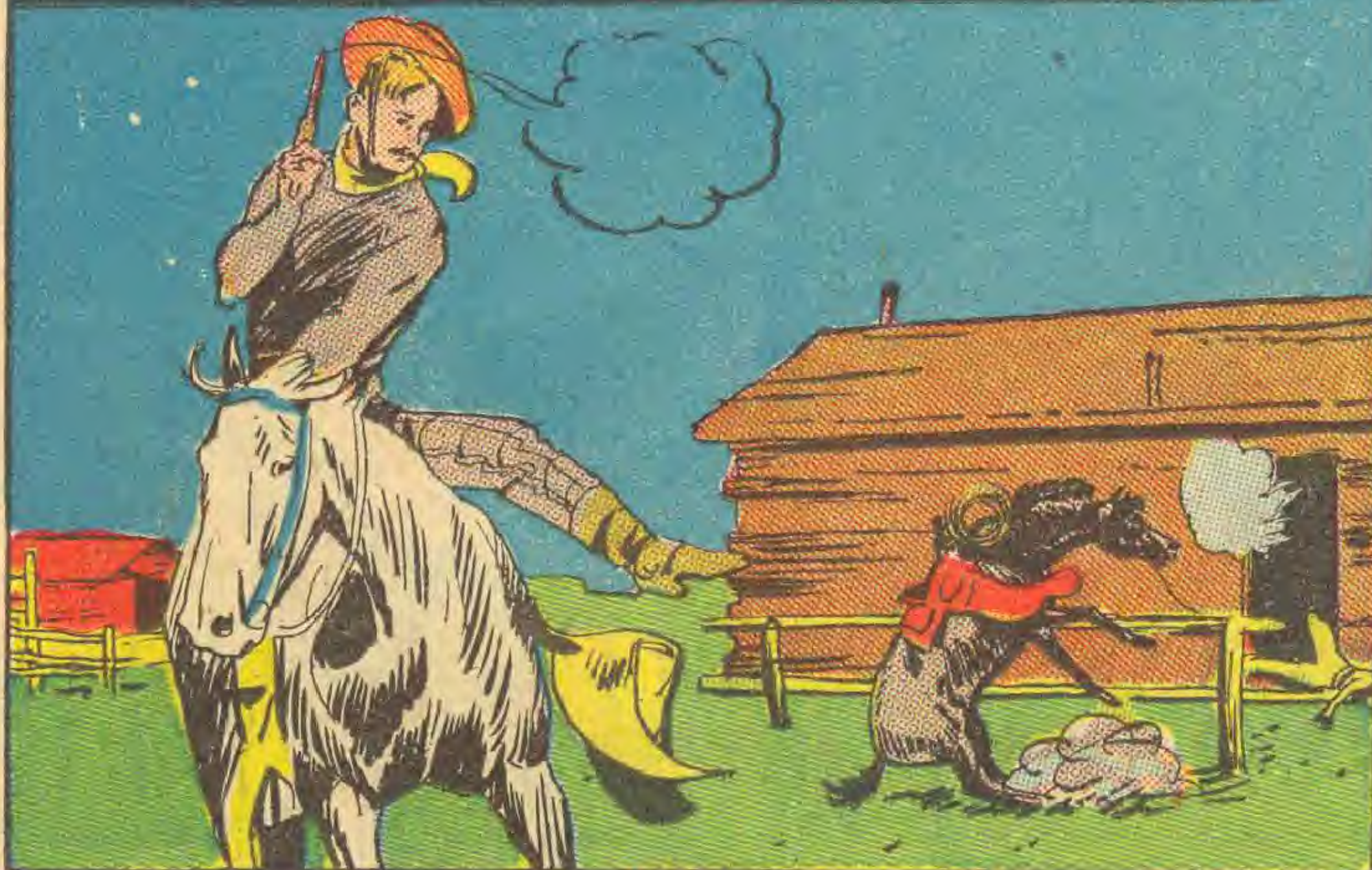
"SILVER'S WEAPON WAS A 45 COLT...HE SURE KNEW HOW TO MAKE HER TALK!"



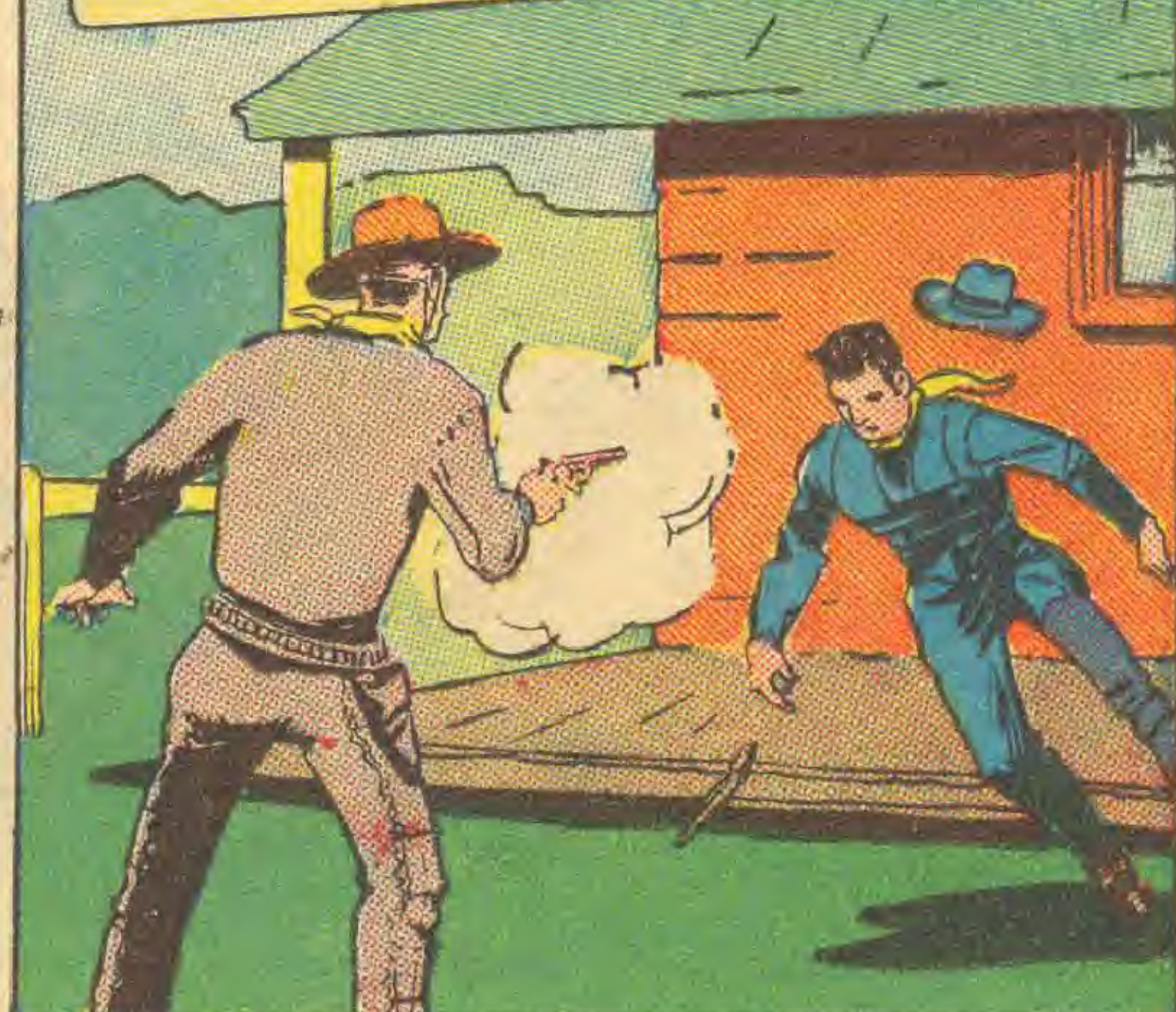
"ONE NIGHT IN ABILENE, I SEEN HIM SET A DECK OF CARDS ON END AND SHOOT 'EM AWAY... ONE AT A TIME... AT TWENTY PACES!"



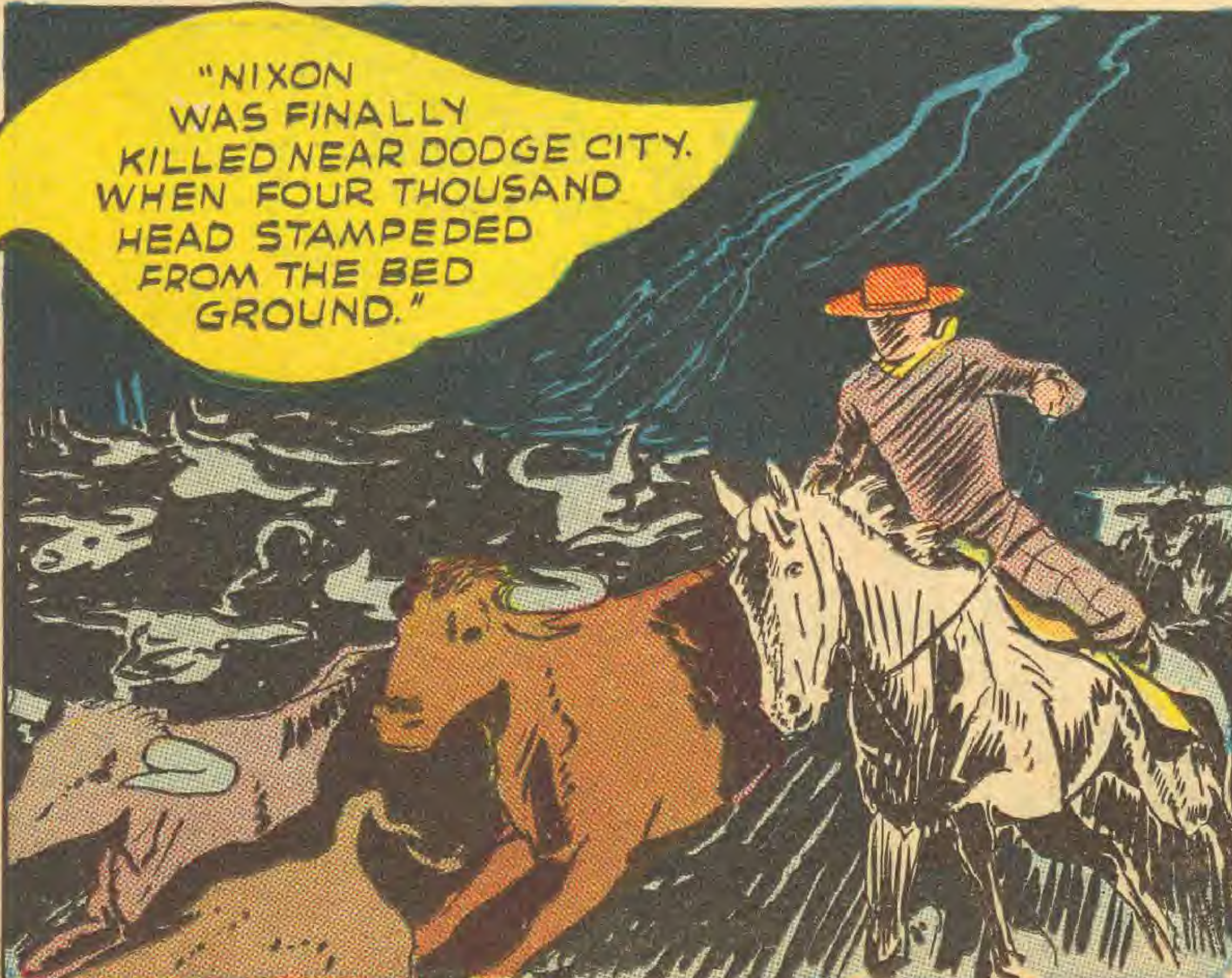
"THIS HANDINESS WITH HIS LIL OLE DOG-LAIG SHOOTIN' IRON SAVED NIXON'S LIFE MANY'S THE TIME!"



"AN' I KNOW OF MORE'N ONE BAD ACTOR THAT HE'D BEATEN TO THE DRAW!"



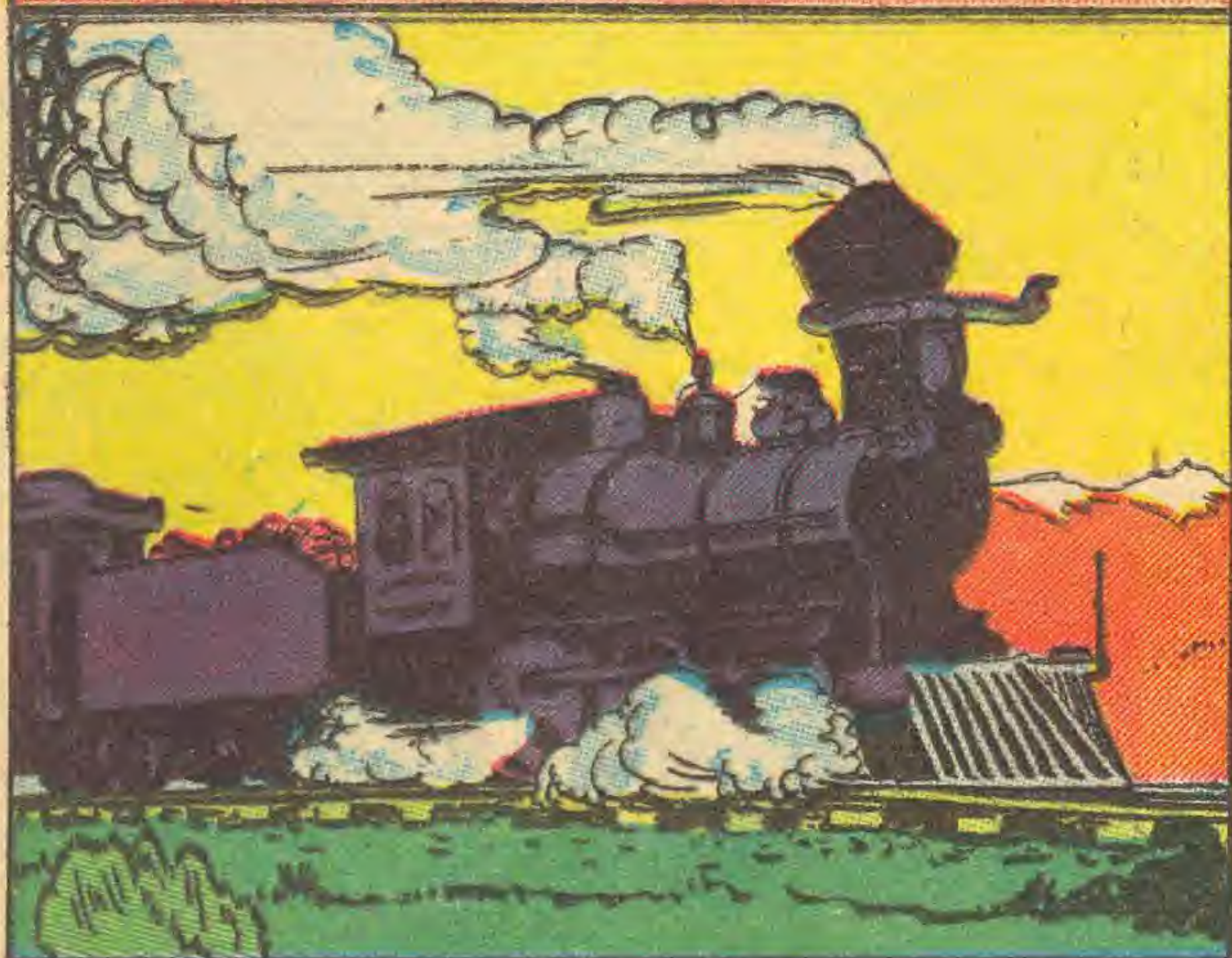
"NIXON WAS FINALLY KILLED NEAR DODGE CITY. WHEN FOUR THOUSAND HEAD STAMPEDED FROM THE BED GROUND."



"NIXON'S PONY WAS FOUND THE NEXT DAY, BUT THAT'S ALL!"



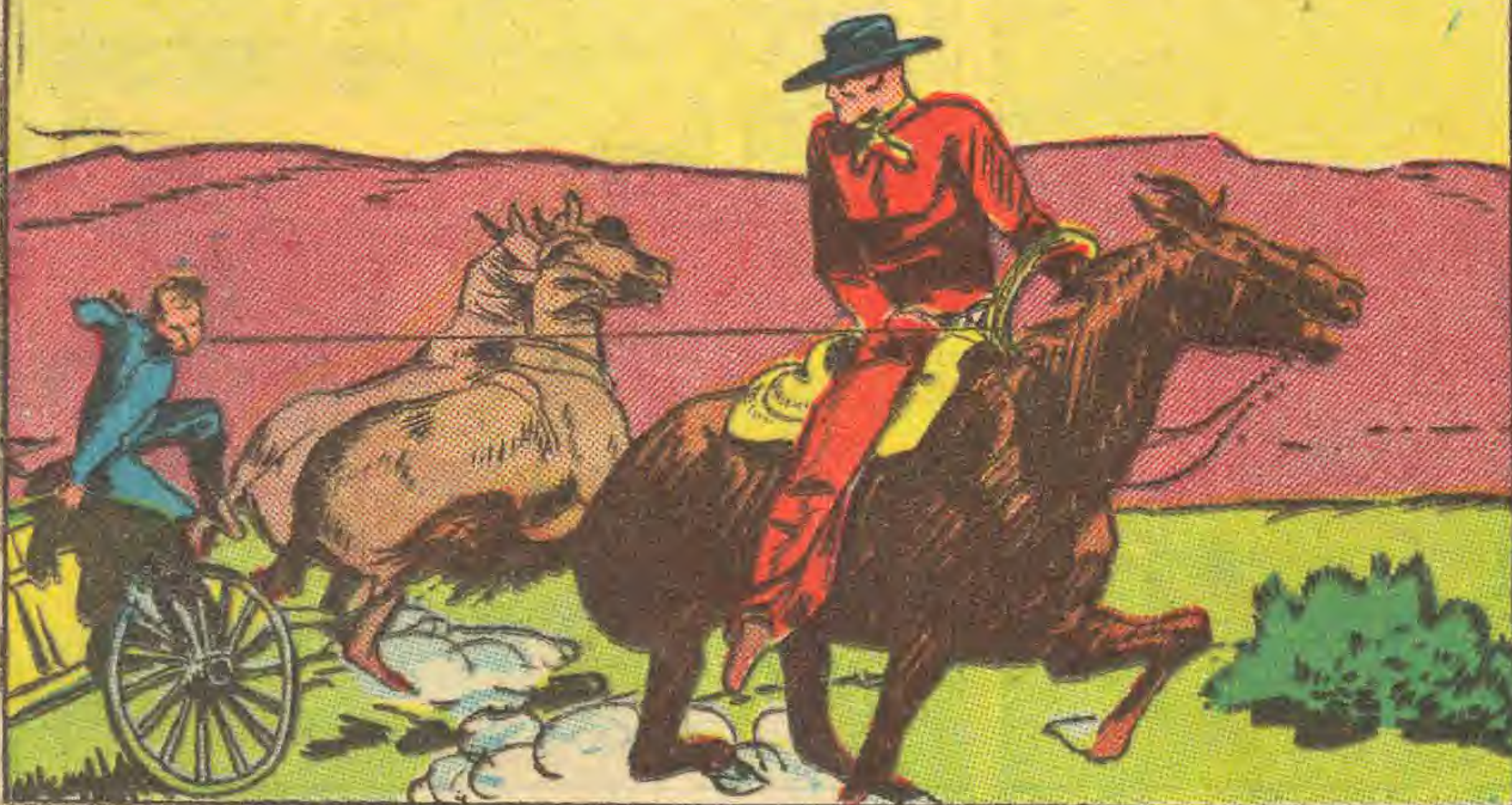
"WHEN THE RAILROADS STARTED TO CROWD THE COUNTRY WITH 'PILGRIMS', IT WAS SURE ENOUGH IRKSOME TO A BUCKAROO LIKE NIXON."



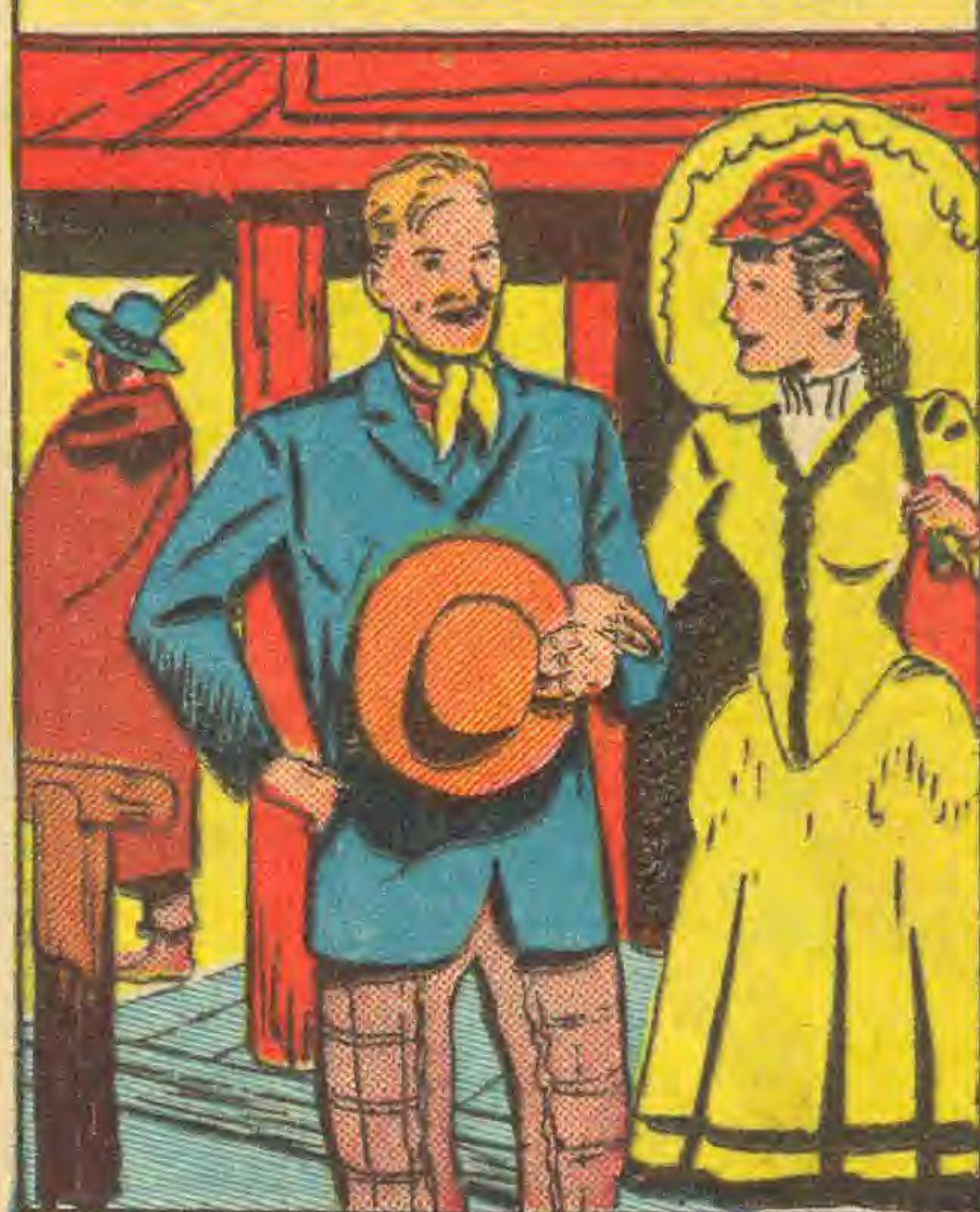
"NESTERS STARTED PLOWIN THE RANGE UNDER AND SURE CRAMPED THE CATTLEMAN'S STYLE."



"THERE WAS APLENTY BAD BLOOD AND MANY AN ARGUMENT WAS SETTLED WITH THE ROPE OR THE GUN..."



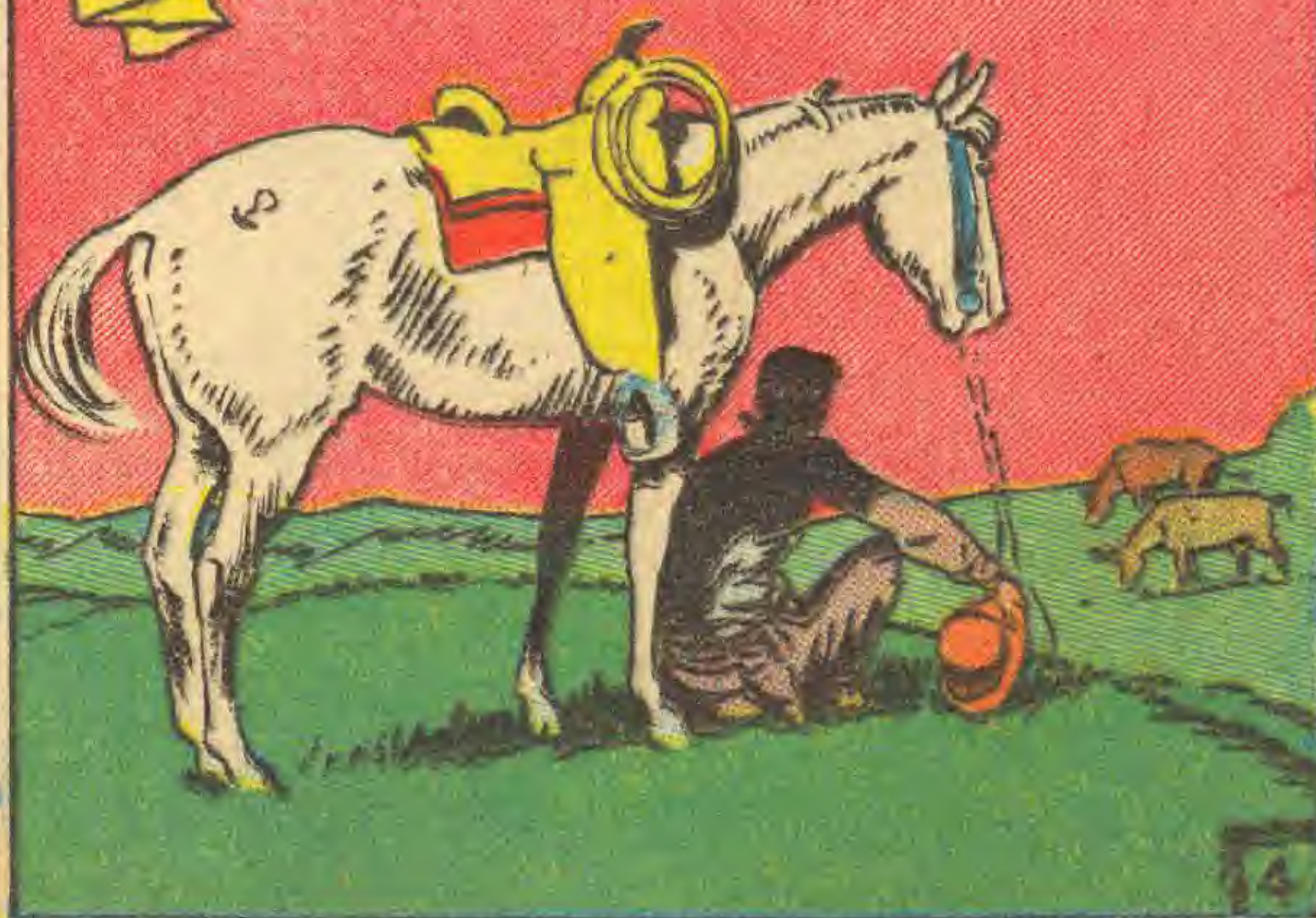
"'ROUN' THAT TIME, 'SILVER' GOT HISSELF A GIRL..."



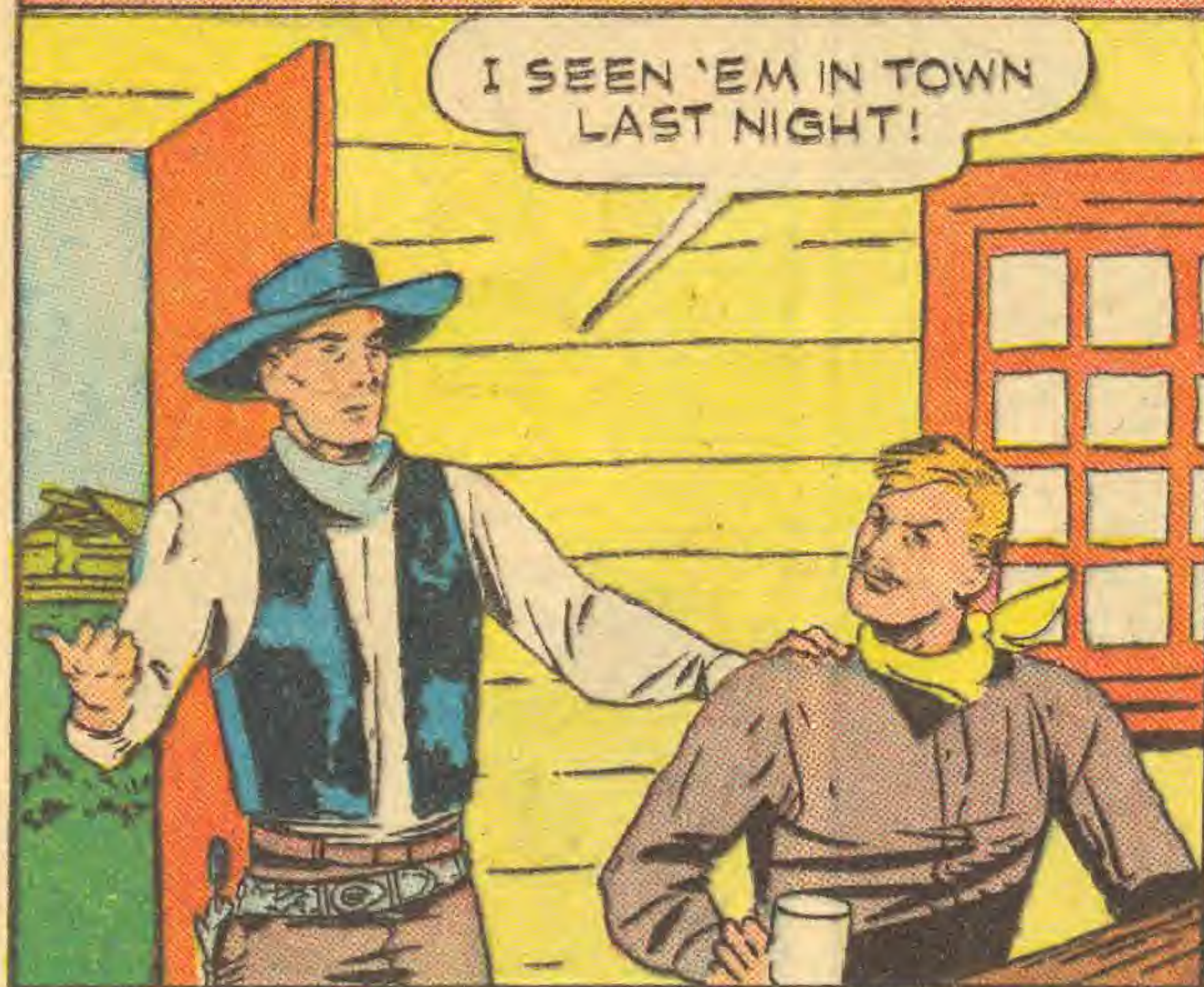
"BUT, HE COULDN'T SEE MUCH OF HER COUNT OF HIS JOB..."



"IT LEFT HIM OUT IN THE MOST LONESOME PLACES ON THE RANGE."

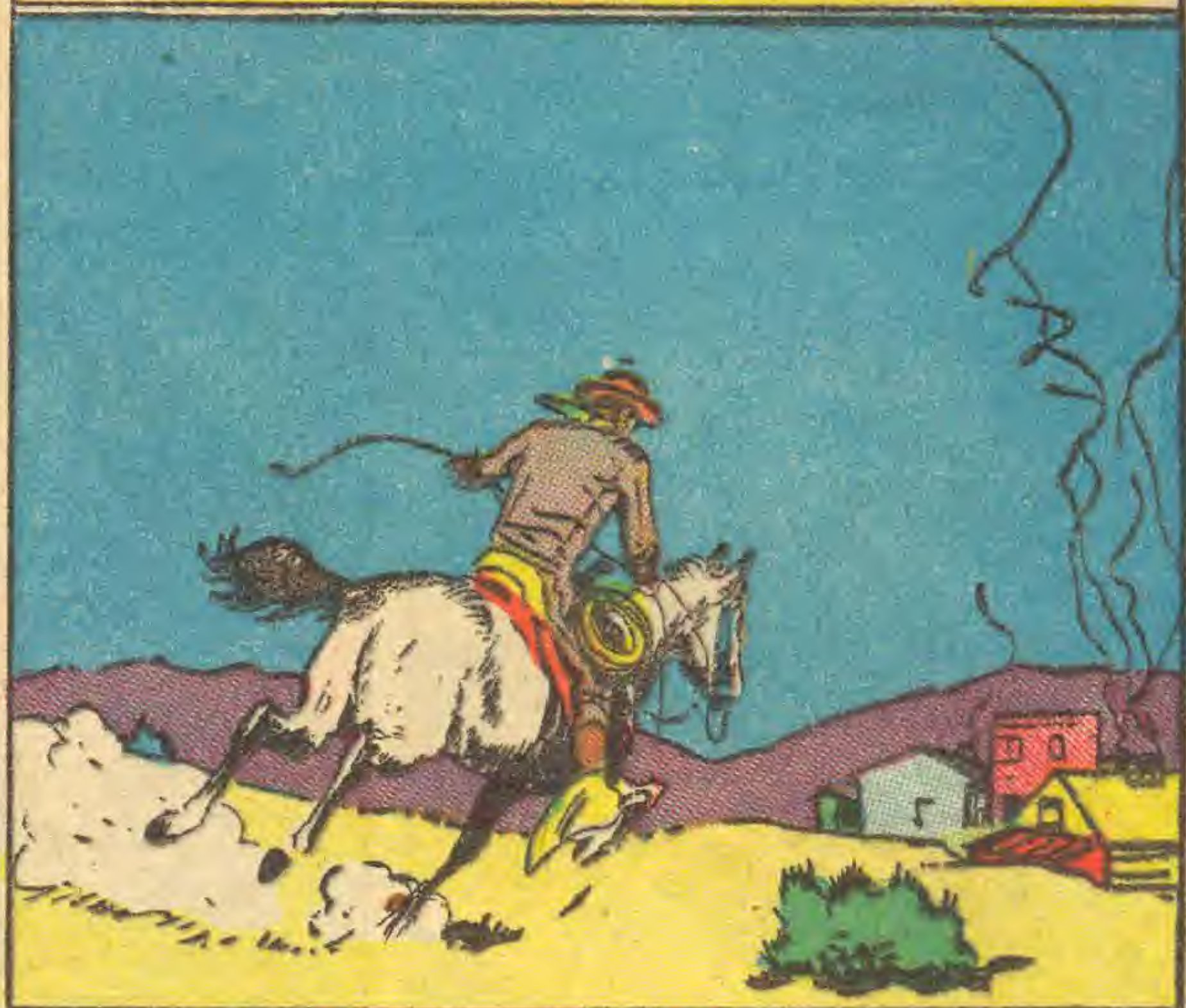


"SILVER" HEARD THERE WUZ A U.P. RAIL-ROAD ENGINEER BEATIN' HIS TIME WITH THE GIRL."



I SEEN 'EM IN TOWN LAST NIGHT!

"FIRST CHANCE HE GOT, HE AMBLED OVER TO TOWN TO HAVE HIS SAY, APLENTY."



"SILVER" CAUGHT UP WITH THIS GALOOT AND TOLD HIM OFF..."



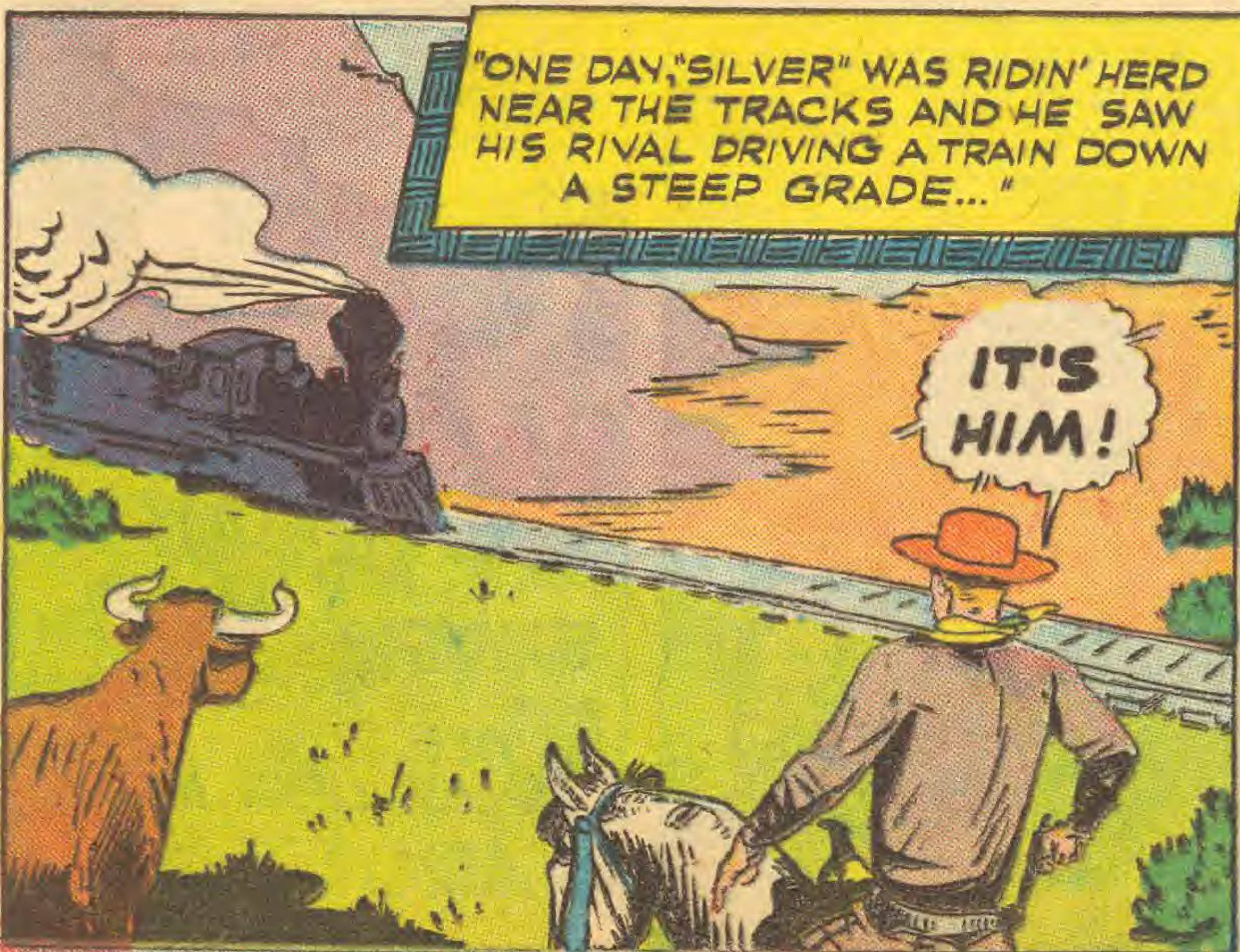
KEEP AWAY FROM MY GIRL, MISTER!

"BUT IT WAS NO USE. 'SILVER' GOT A LETTER FROM THE GIRL, SAYIN' SHE WAS GOIN' TO MARRY THE ENGINEER!"



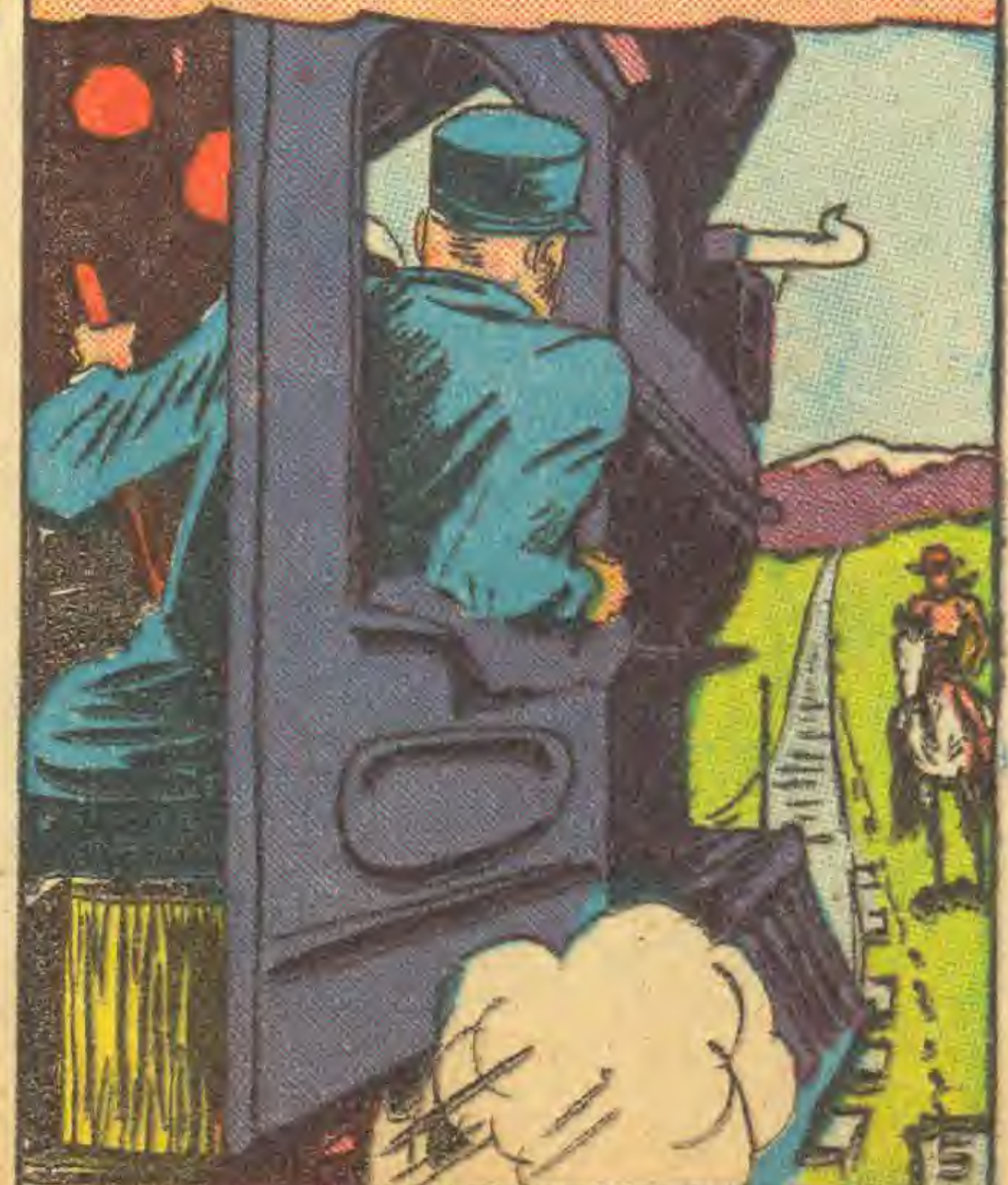
I'M GONNA SHOOT THAT CAYOTE ON SIGHT!

"ONE DAY, 'SILVER' WAS RIDIN' HERD NEAR THE TRACKS AND HE SAW HIS RIVAL DRIVING A TRAIN DOWN A STEEP GRADE..."



IT'S HIM!

"THE ENGINEER SAW HIM AN' OPENED THE THROTTLE WIDE!"

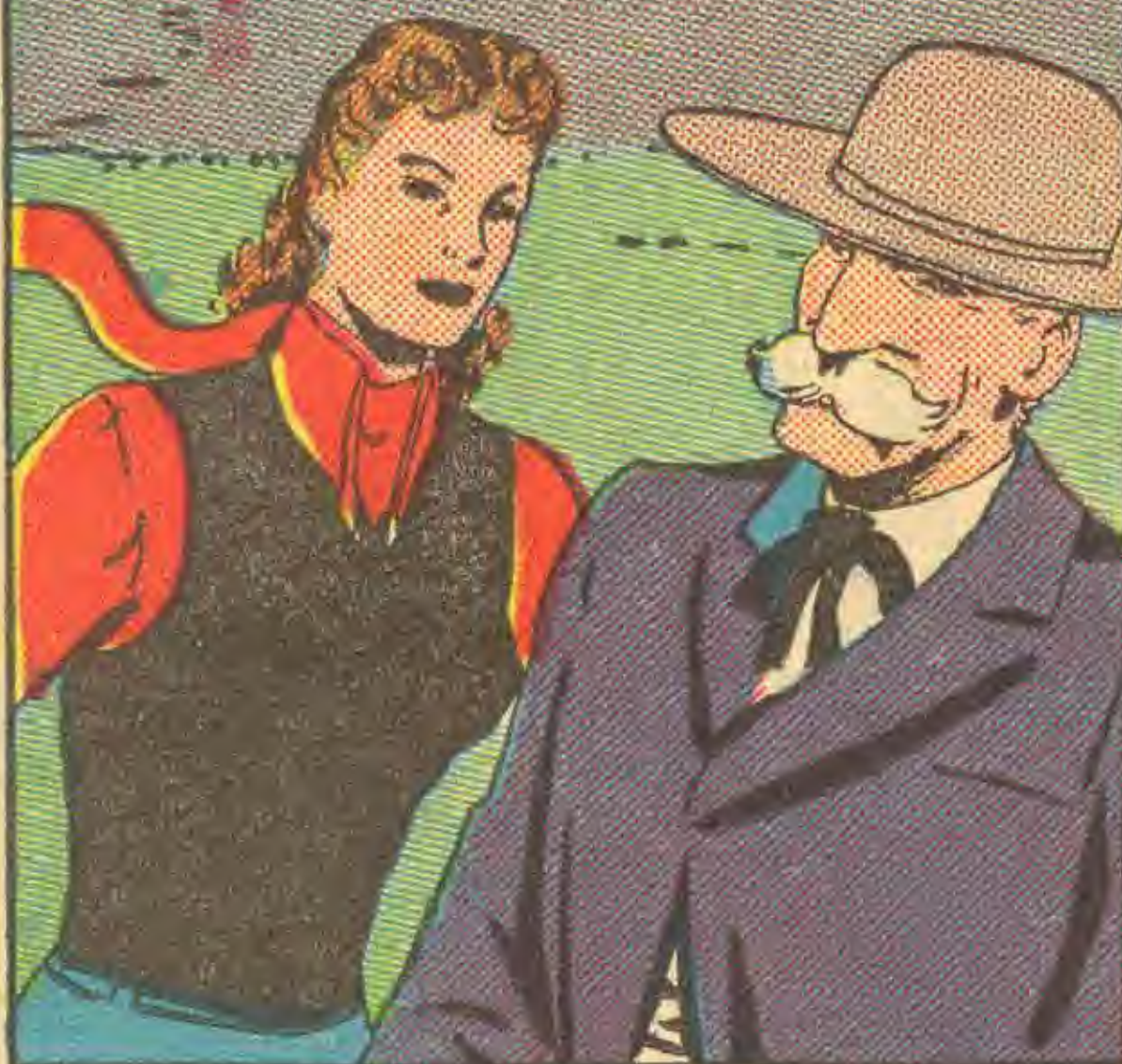


"'SILVER' DREW HIS GUN AN' LET FLY AT THE ENGINEER..."

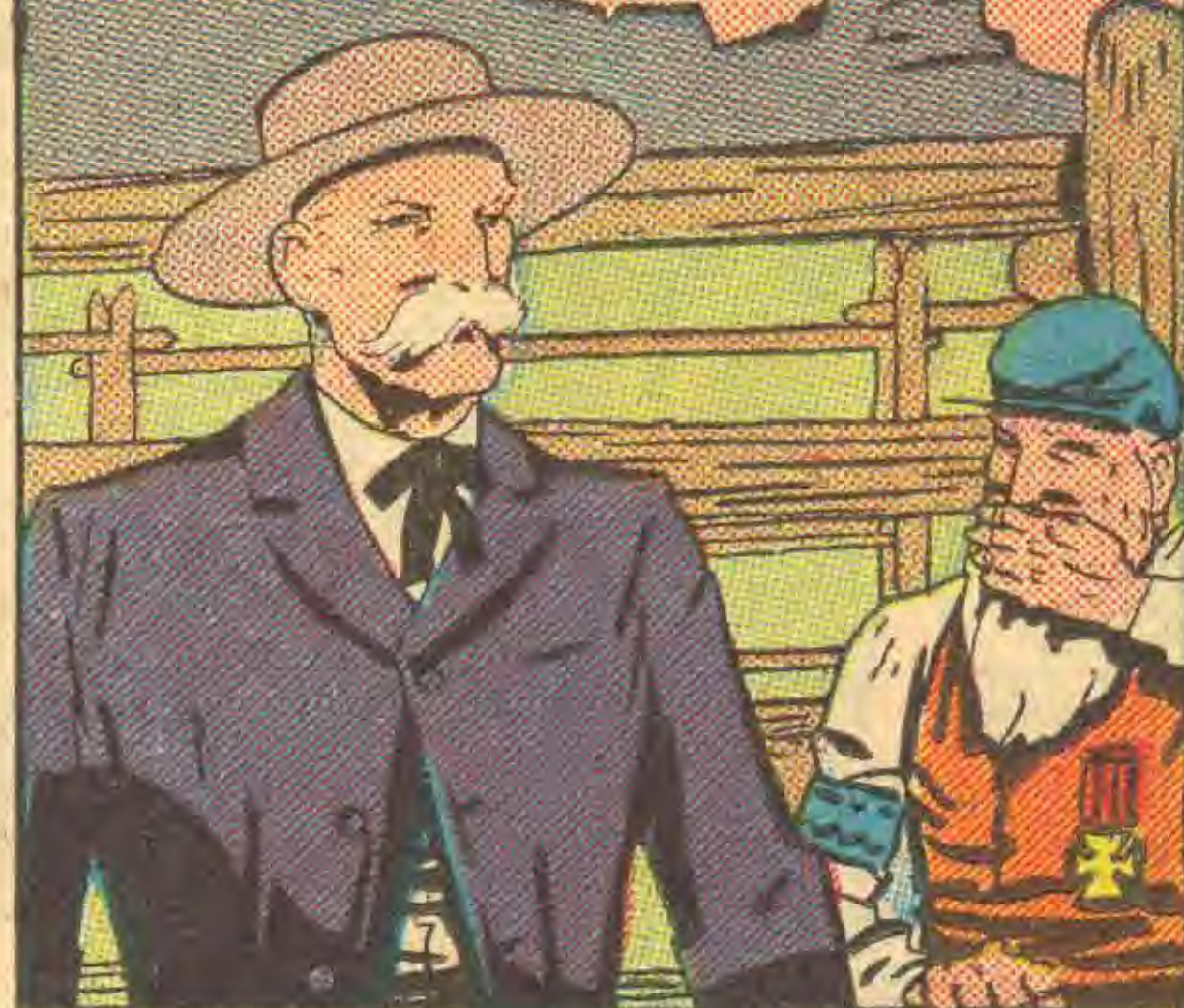


DEE, GROWS IMPATIENT!

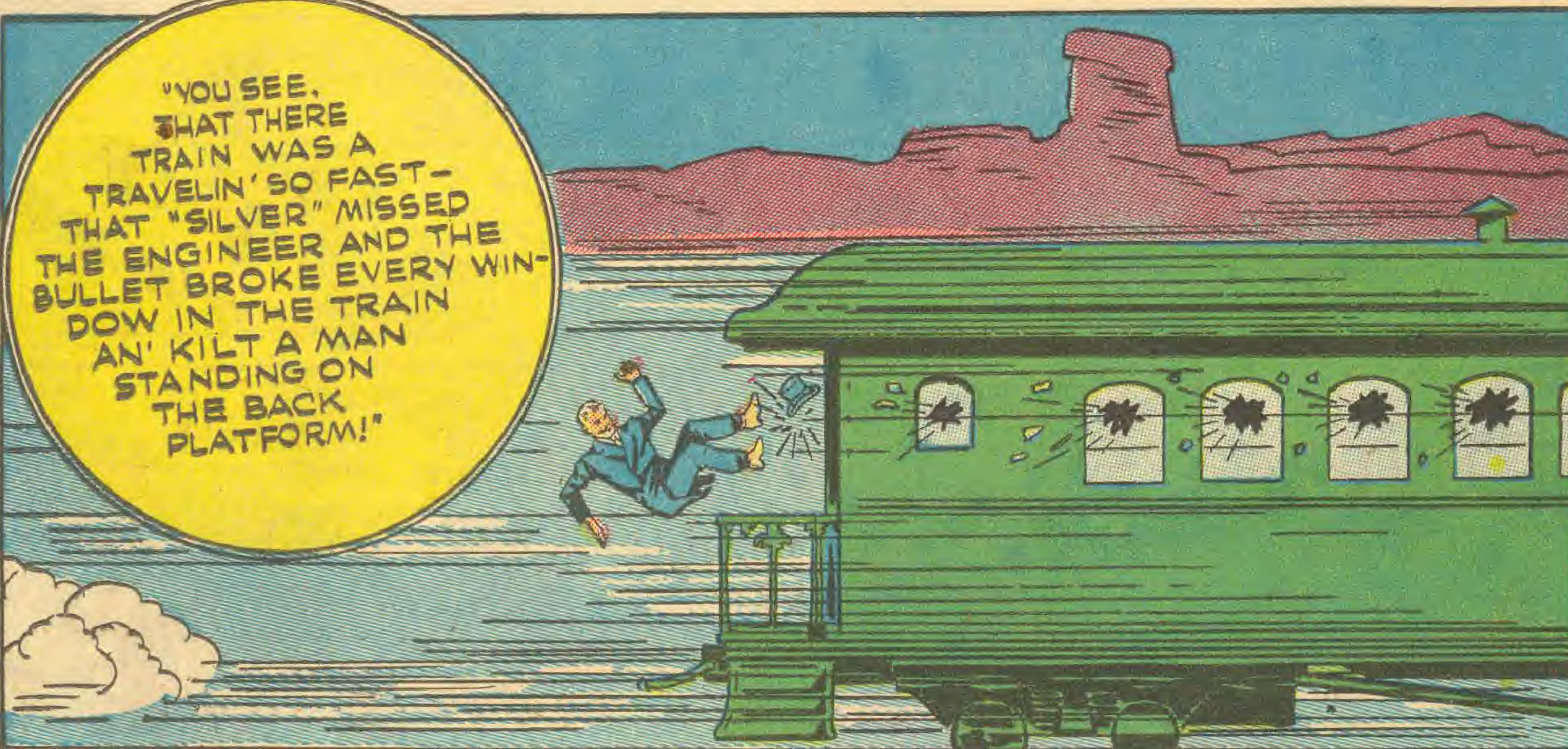
DID HE SHOOT THE ENGINEER, LARAMIE?



WAL... NOT EXACTLY, MISS. DEE... BUT THERE WAS A MAN HURT!



"YOU SEE, THAT THERE TRAIN WAS A TRAVELIN' SO FAST - THAT 'SILVER' MISSED THE ENGINEER AND THE BULLET BROKE EVERY WINDOW IN THE TRAIN AN' KILT A MAN STANDING ON THE BACK PLATFORM!"

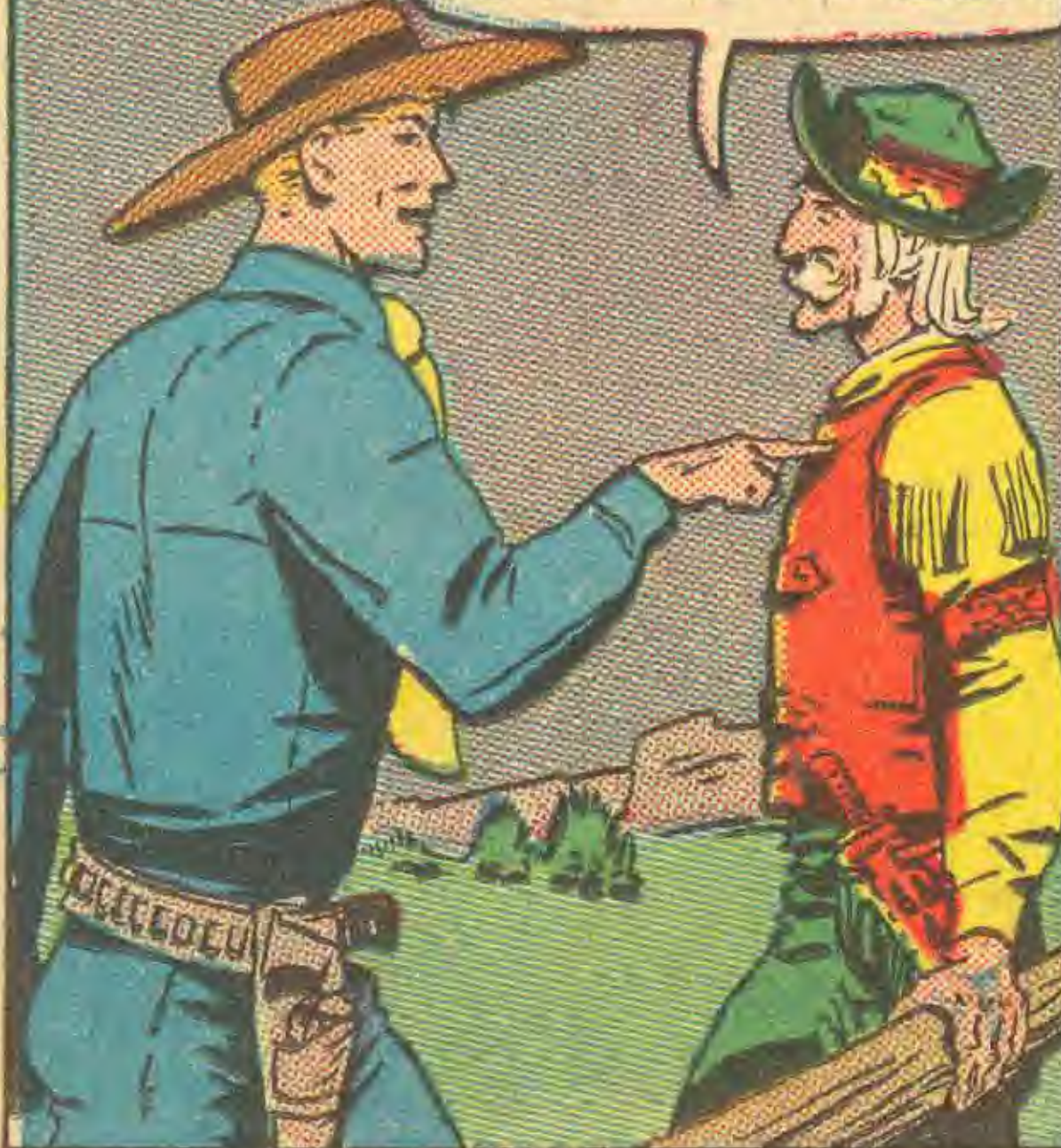


NICE GOIN' LARAMIE! YOU HAD US ALL FOOLED!



YOU'VE THE LAST GO, RAW-HIDE! IT OUGHT TO BE THE BEST!

YOU AIN'T HEERED NOTHING YET, SON!



H-M-M-... I'LL THINK OF SOMETHIN', I RECKON!



Who *more* **will be crowned king of the GAB FEST?**

ALL ALES NEXT MONTH
at **ARGET** Ranch

SPECK SPOT and SIS..

SPECK AND HIS DAD WENT ON AN OVERNIGHT CAMPING TRIP. THE FAMILY, NOT KNOWING THAT DAD WENT, HAD THE POLICE LOOKING FOR HIM --- THINKING HE HAD MET WITH AN ACCIDENT OR HAD BEEN KIDNAPPED! BUT NOW HE IS BACK HOME, NONE THE WORSE OFF, EXCEPTING A BAD CASE OF SUNBURN! THERE ARE NO IMMEDIATE SIGNS OF A JOB FOR HIM. BUT MOTHER IS VERY GLAD HE IS BACK. SPECK IS BUSY SELLING HIS *FUNNIES*, AND BUSINESS IS GOOD, --- HOWEVER---

FIRE
FIRE-FIRE

GEE, IT'S THE JUNK YARD!

COME ON, GANG!



by VINCENT.

MORE WATER!

HURRY!



SPECK, BY DISCOVERING THIS FIRE BEFORE IT GOT A HEADSTART, ONLY A VERY SMALL DAMAGE WAS DONE. I AM THANKFUL TO YOU. ANY THING I CAN DO FOR YOU?

NEXT DAY, AFTER THE FIRE.



YES! SELL ME THIS OLD PRINTING PRESS, CHEAP!

WHY SON, I WON'T SELL IT TO YOU, I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU, GLADLY!



GOING INTO BUSINESS?

MAYBE!

SPECK PUBLISHER
Comics and Everything



WHILE AT HOME....

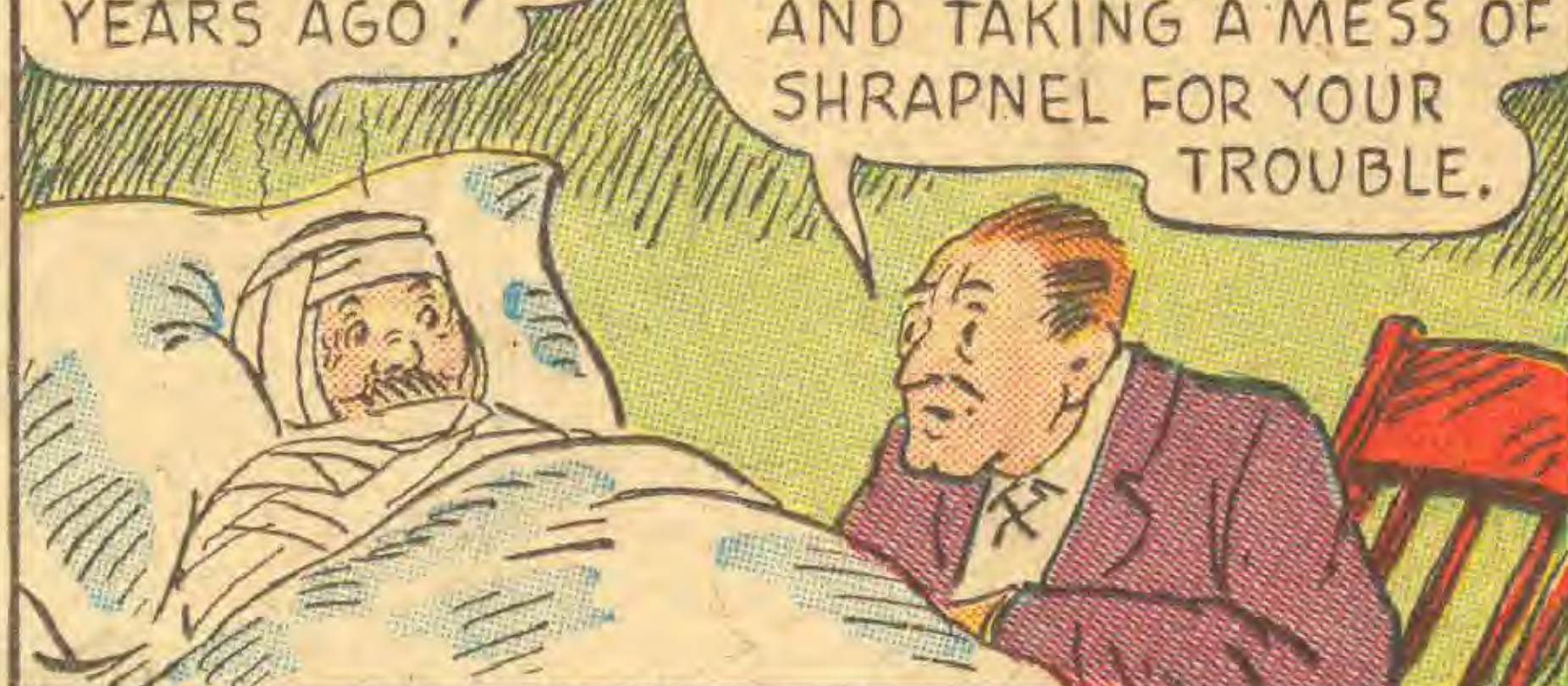
PA, HERE IS A GENTLEMAN TO SEE YOU.

HI, BUDDY! SEEMS LIKE THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU, YOU WERE IN BANDAGES.



HELLO-DAVE, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE THE BIG PUSH OVER THERE, TWENTY THREE YEARS AGO!

THAT'S RIGHT, BUDDY! AND I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN HOW YOU SAVED MY LIFE BY CARRYING ME OUT OF NO-MAN'S LAND AND TAKING A MESS OF SHRAPNEL FOR YOUR TROUBLE.



THIS IS MY SON. WE CALL HIM SPECK, BECAUSE HE HAS SO MANY FRECKLES.

HI, FELLER! LOOKS LIKE YOU ARE GOING INTO THE PRINTING BUSINESS.

YEP! GOING TO PRINT "FUNNIE" MAGAZINES!

THIS GUY'S O.K.E. SNIFF SNIFF



THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA --- YOU KNOW I'M A CARTOONIST. I HAVE A LITTLE MONEY TO INVEST-----YOUR DAD'S NOT WORKING, SO WHY CAN'T WE THREE WORK OUT A LITTLE DEAL?

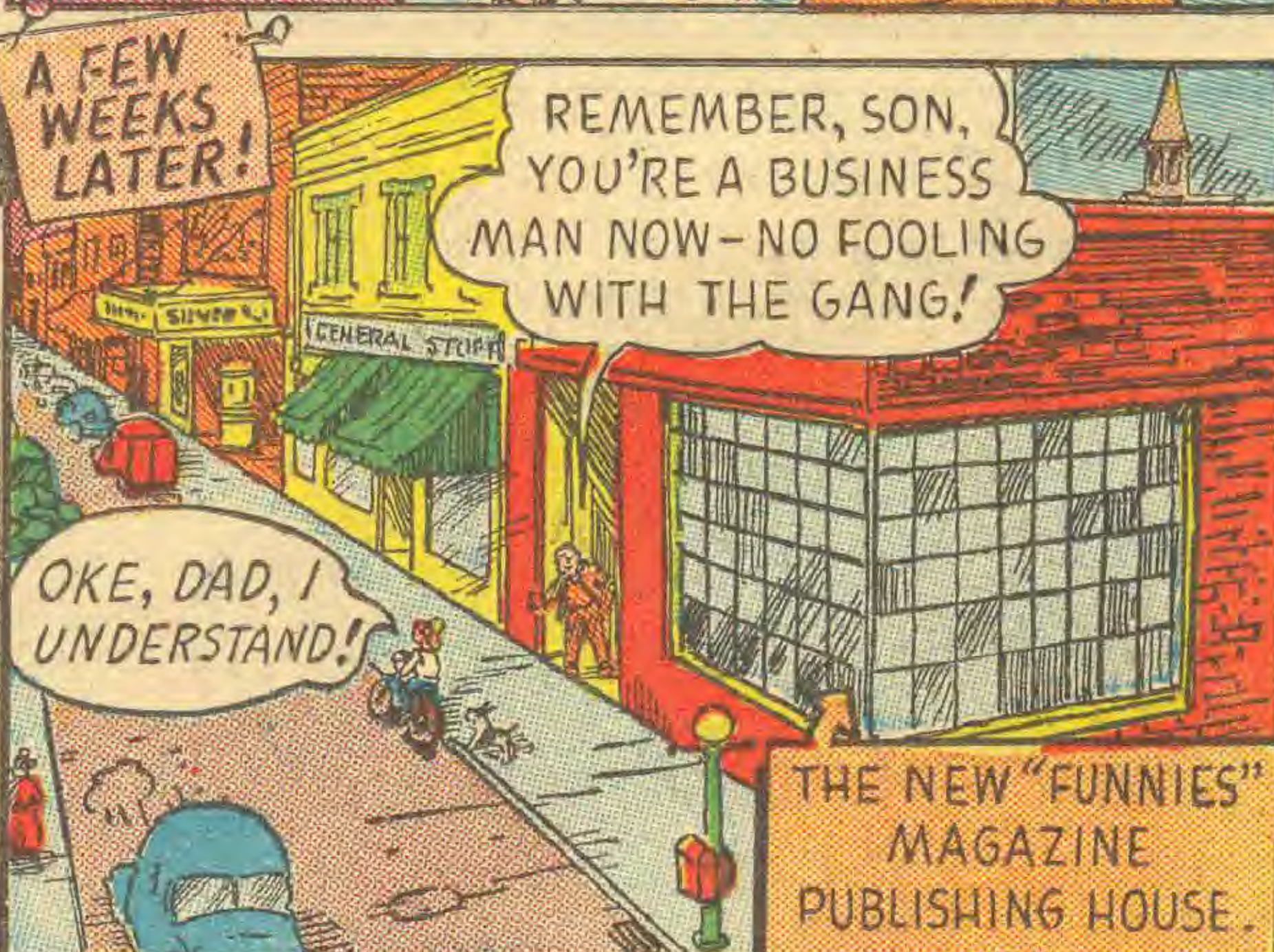
DON'T SEE WHY WE CAN'T! DAD SURE COULD MAN-AGE THE BUSINESS END.



I'VE BEEN WANTING TO GET INTO THE PUBLISHING BUSINESS FOR A LONG TIME. THIS IS MY BIG CHANCE. WE'LL GET BUSY ON IT AT ONCE!

THE THREE MUSKETEERS, EH-DAD?

AND THERE WERE THREE OF US BUDDIES OVER THERE. TWO CAME BACK.



I'M SURE WHAT WE FOUND ON THE BEACH IS VALU-ABLE - OR I WOULDN'T ALLOW DAVE TO INVEST HIS MONEY IN PRINTING FUNNIES JUST TO PAY A DEBT OF GRATITUDE

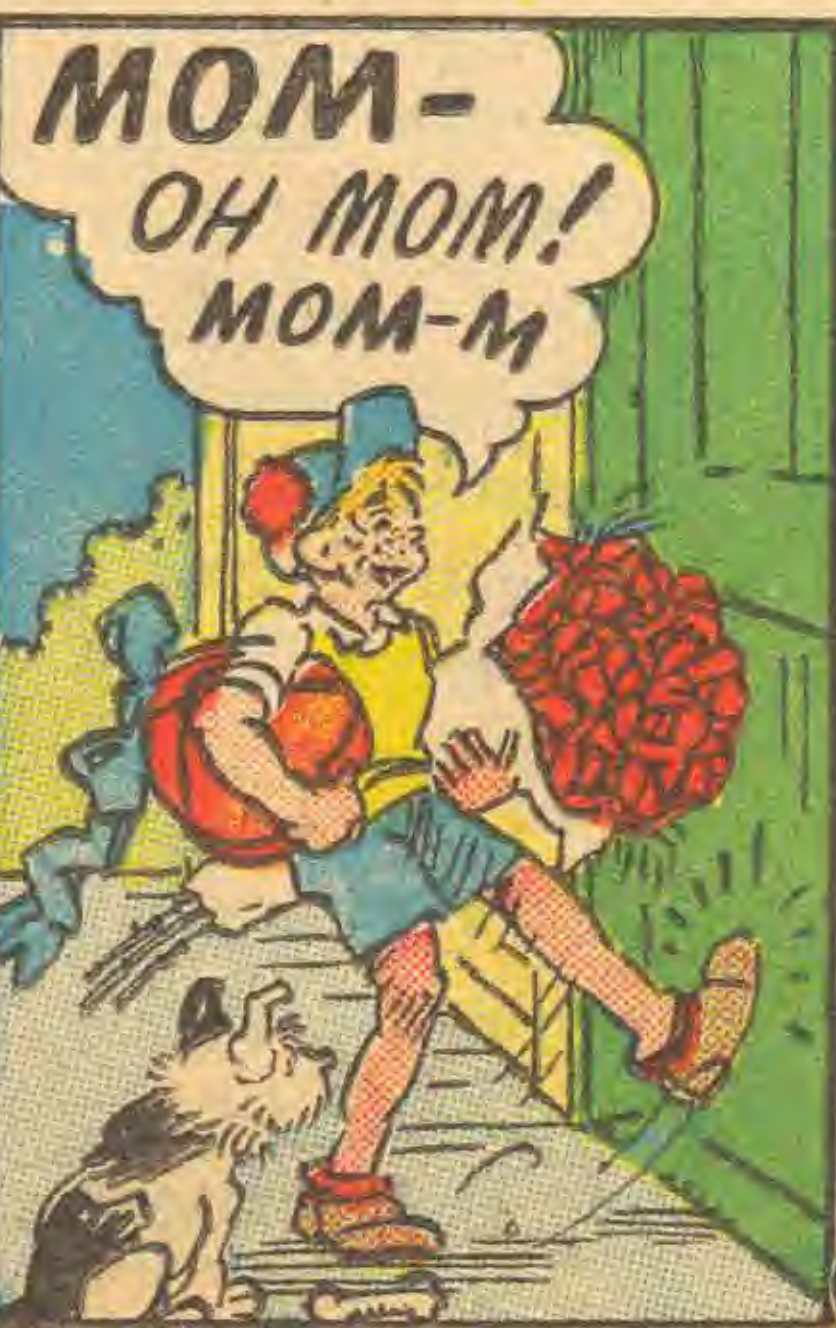
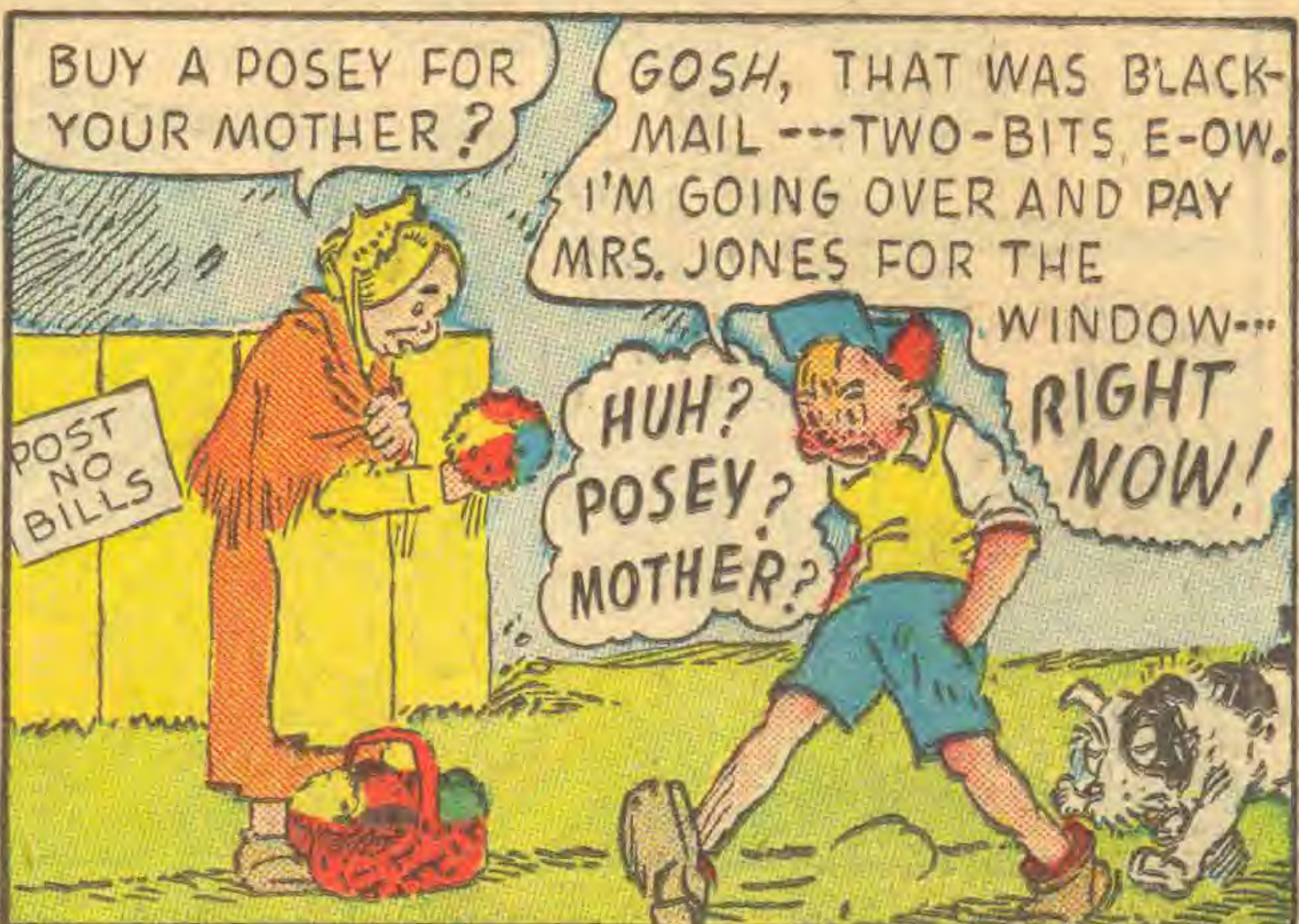
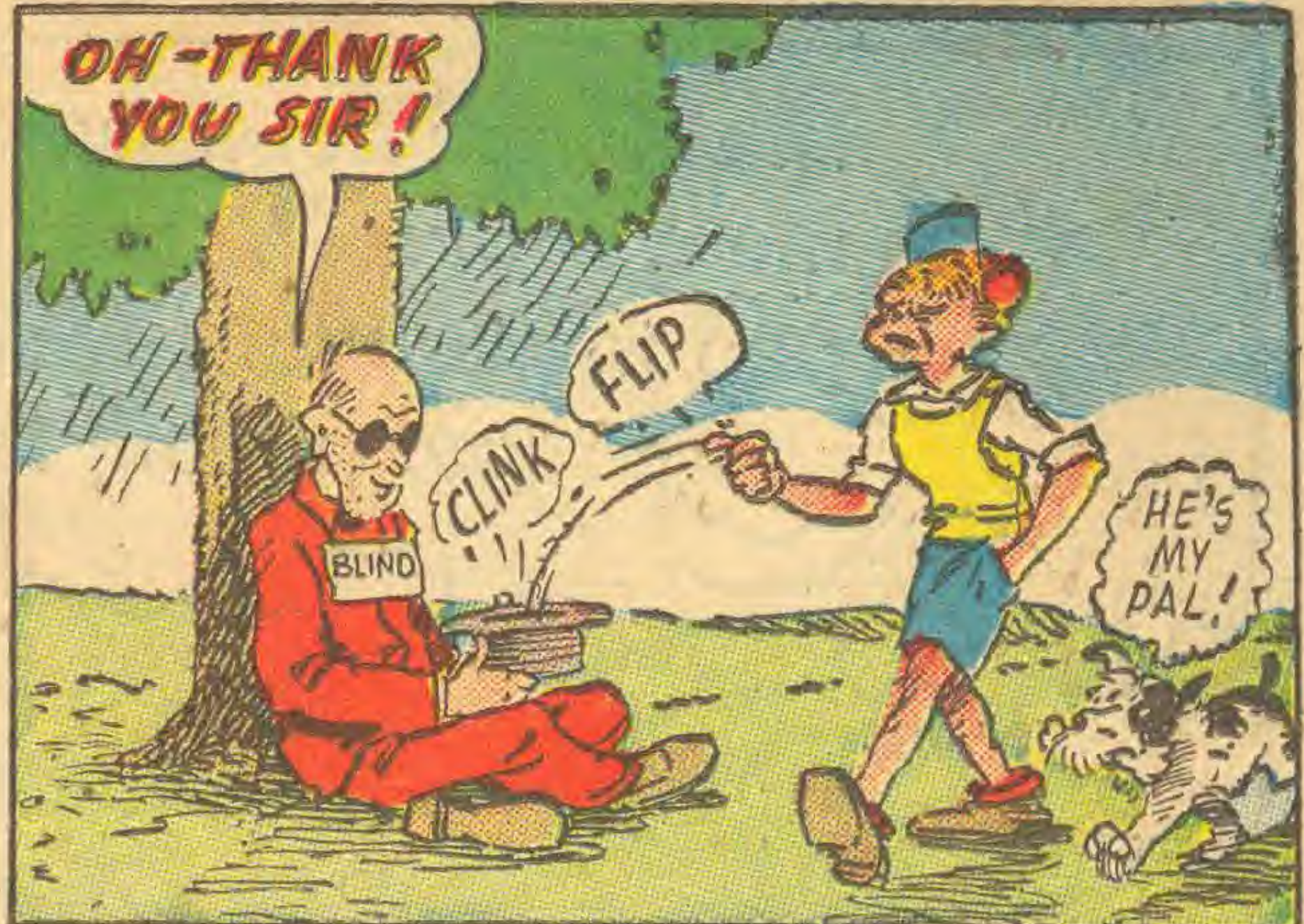
GOOD OLD BUDDY, HERE IS MY CHANCE TO REPAY HIM FOR SAVING MY LIFE. AND I LIKE THE PUBLISHING GAME...



GOSH, THIS IS GREAT! DAD IS WORKING AGAIN-- AND ME A PARTNER IN THE PRINTING BUSINESS. WHY SPOT, I'M RICH! I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT TO SPEND MY MONEY FOR. LE'S GET AN ICE-CREAM SODA FOR ME AND A BONE FOR YOU.

WIRK WIRK!





The Chameleon watched as the Voodoo Worshipers began to gasp for breath, crying out pitifully!



PRECEDING INSTALLMENT

The Chameleon, following his only clue in the mysterious disappearance of little Marney Lowell, a brightly colored picture of an orange snake curled around the base of a yellow sugar cane . . . and mysteriously set on a background of green dots, the Chameleon found himself involved in the rites of Voodoo, the black magic practiced by certain tribes from far off Haiti.

Entering the room in which the small, unconscious form of Marney Lowell was lying on a large stone block, a group of huge masked men carrying great double-edged axes, advanced to meet him almost peering right through his only protection, a hideous lizard skin mask!

ORANGE SNAKE VOODOO

A Chameleon ADVENTURE

Part II

BY JES

WHEN they saw the Chameleon's lizard mask, the men cowed before him, frightened. It was the voodoo mask of friendship! The Haitian woman spoke to them sharply and they resumed their former position. She led the Chameleon to the white stone where little Marney lay, and pointed to her: "The orange snake will awake to revenge me first. He will devour this white child, at my command! Then you can take the snake for your revenge."

The Chameleon leaned over Marney to determine whether the child was really alive, but he saw that she had been drugged. The woman pulled him angrily away, crying, "No! You must not bring friendship to this child of hate! Her father robbed my family of their plantation. My mother and father died of starvation. I was spared by the kindness of the cane tree. But I vowed that I would bring the orange snake to the child of the man who inflicted such havoc upon my people."

"So that's the angle!" thought the Chameleon. He wished that he had brought the whole squad with him. How in blazes was he to rescue the child and escape from this mad woman and her followers?

There was only one thing to do—create such panic and fear that the worshippers of the voodoo would be distracted and thrown off-guard. This would give him an opportunity to postpone the ritual of murder, and if he were lucky, to rescue the child.

Quickly, quietly, without arousing suspicion, he reached for his pockets and groped around in them, trying to find something he could utilize for his purpose. As his fingers grasped a small object, the Chameleon thought, "Eureka! I have it!"

Taking a position on the floor, out of the circle of light cast by burning white candles, the Chameleon crouched in pretended prayer, such as he had seen the Moslems do in their temples. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the Haitian woman and her four cohorts watching him in surprise. "Good," he thought, "I think I can work it!"

Bending his head close to his knees and mumbling a jumble of words which had no meaning, he took his cigarette lighter from his left-hand coat pocket and lit the small object clutched in one hand. The darkened room, splashed with shadowy light from the candles, helped to conceal his movements. Quietly, he rolled the small object across the floor as he continued to bend his body to the floor in prayer. Within a few minutes he would know whether or not his ruse had succeeded. Swiftly, he took a pocket handkerchief and stuffed it up inside the lizard skin to shield his nose and mouth.

Then the Chameleon rose and walked around the bier on which the Lowell child lay, still asleep.

Suddenly, there was a curious spurt, a hissing noise. The occupants of the room turned around to discover the cause, but they could see nothing. Then, before they knew what had happened, the strong fumes of a tear gas bomb filled the room.

SHRIEKING IN TERROR, the Haitian woman and the men leaped to their feet. "O Moon Man, Protector of the Evil Spirits, help us!", cried the woman from Bojura.

The tear gas spread into the room and the Chameleon watched as the woman and the men began to gasp for breath, crying out pitifully.

"Now's my chance," he thought.

"There's an evil spirit here that will destroy us all," he shouted. Hurry, we must escape!" And he piloted them from the room, making certain the door was left open. Just as they reached the bottom of the stairs, the woman cried out: "The orange snake! I must take him with me!"

She started back upstairs, but the Chameleon was right behind her. He turned once and noticed that the men heedlessly raced down into the cellar of the house.

When they got to the room where Marney Lowell lay, the Chameleon grabbed the woman,

quickly putting his hand over her mouth. It was but a matter of seconds while he ripped the bandana from her head and gagged her. Then he clasped handcuffs on her wrists. He looked around for something with which to bind her feet. Swiftly, he tore his shirt into strips and secured them tightly around her ankles. He left her lying on the floor, writhing and struggling to escape her bonds.

With one leap, the Chameleon crossed the room, picked up little Marney and raced from the room, down the stairs and out to freedom.

Later that night the Chameleon and Inspector Dirk were discussing the case over cups of coffee in headquarters.

"Mr Lowell just phoned to say that the child has been restored to consciousness. He wants to see you in his office tomorrow," said Inspector Dirk.

"Okay," replied the Chameleon.

"I hope our boys don't have any trouble rounding up that Bojura woman and her gang," continued the Inspector.

"I don't think they will", said the Chameleon. "But I would recommend leniency in this case. When I see Lowell tomorrow, I'll get to the bottom of that revenge business the Bojura woman told me about, and then I'll ask him to go easy on her."

"What do you mean, leniency?" shouted the Inspector. "She kidnapped the child, didn't she? And she was going to kill her, wasn't she, before you got there?"

"Yes, quite true", the Chameleon answered. "But we must consider that the Bojura woman was suffering from religious mania, if you want to call it that. You know, Dirk, there are thousands of West Indians and Haitians who are good, industrious, law-abiding citizens. I don't know the statistics, but I venture to say there are not many who practice the black magic of voodooism—to the extreme of kidnapping and murder. This woman is an exception. There aren't many records of cases like hers in this country. The influence of the voodoo on her was so strong that she undoubtedly became mentally deranged. Père Jepheto, my Haitian friend, implied as much to me when I visited him. That's why it was so simple to succeed with my tear gas bomb ruse."

WELL, said the inspector, "you're pretty modest for a hero. I'll bet it was a tough spot when you walked in and saw them preparing to kill the Lowell child."

"Yes, it was," agreed the Chameleon, "but the little knowledge that I had of voodoo signs and symbols helped tremendously." And then, he grinned at the Inspector, "However, I wouldn't wish to be set down in the midst of voodoo disciples again, for a long, long time!"

THE END

PETE STOCKBRIDGE

Alias

THE

Chameleon

THE NEW YORK

Daily Star EXTRA

STILL NO CLUE IN MURDER
OF MILLIONAIRE, ADAM
STOCKBRIDGE!

HEIR, PETER STOCKBRIDGE
IS FAMOUS CRIME-CHAM
CHAMELEON....

NEW YORK: C.P.: THE COLD-BLO
MURDER OF ADAM STOCKBRIDGE
STILL IN THE FUS
MYSTERIES
LEARNED
THE HE
CHAM
F.B.I.
AND

PETE, ALIAS THE CHAMELEON, HAS RECENTLY COME INTO POSSESSION OF THE VAST STOCKBRIDGE FORTUNE, DUE TO THE CRUEL AND MYSTERIOUS MURDER OF HIS UNCLE... BECAUSE OF AN ATTEMPT ON HIS OWN LIFE, PETE SUSPECTS A CERTAIN "DR. KNIFE" AS THE MURDERER... ADOPTING A DISGUISE TO FOOL REPORTERS, HE STARTS OUT TO LOCATE DR. KNIFE AT HIS WAREHOUSE HANGOUT IN NEW YORK CITY... WE FIND HIM, NOW, JUST ARRIVING ON THE ROOF OF THIS BUILDING.

NOW —

THE STARTLING AFFAIR OF
"DR. KNIFE!"

HEADING FOR THE SKYLIGHT, PETE ENCOUNTERS
A SURPRISED GUARD....

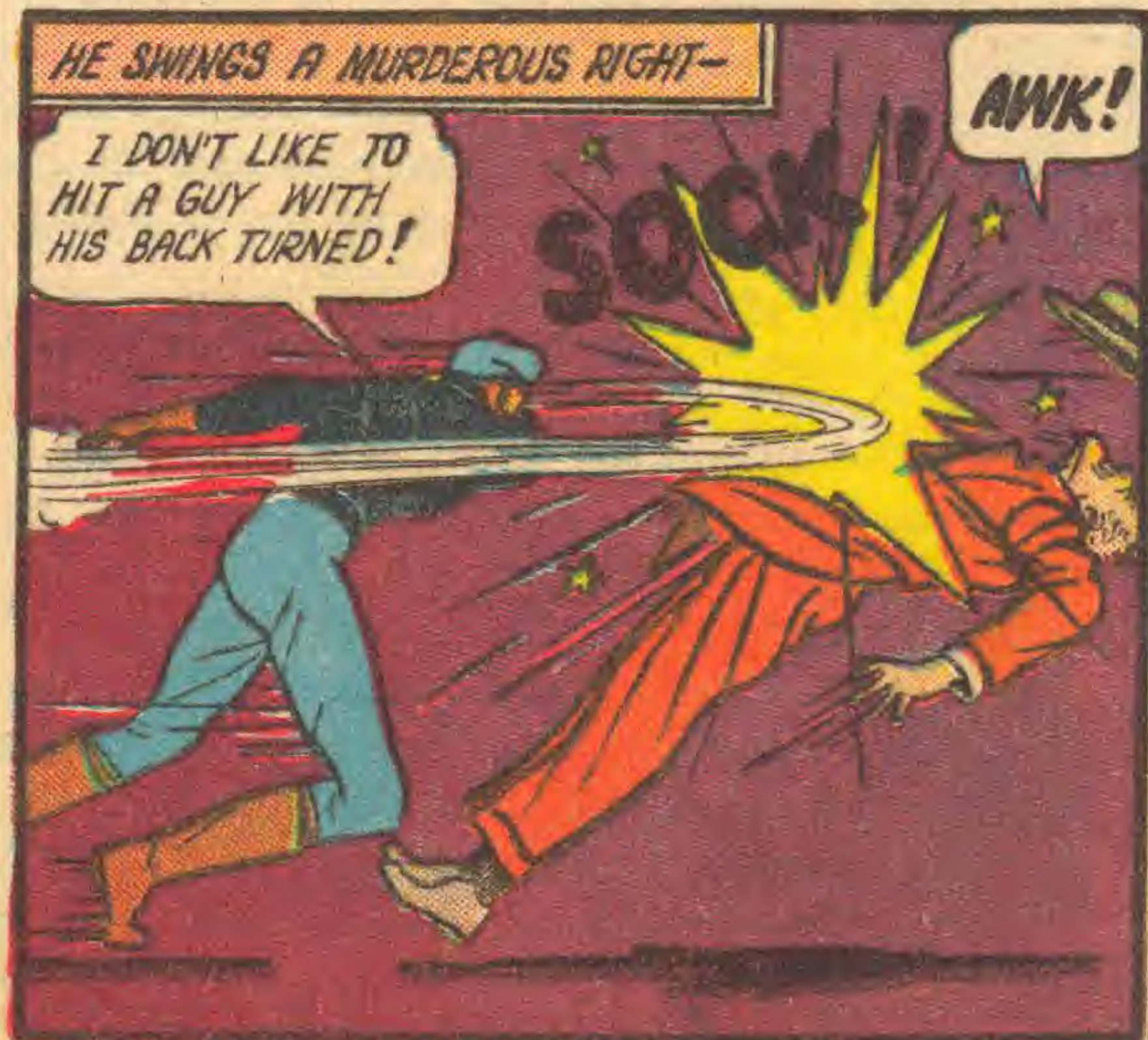
HEY-YOU!

WHAT?
WHO-?

HE SWINGS A MURDEROUS RIGHT—

I DON'T LIKE TO
HIT A GUY WITH
HIS BACK TURNED!

AWK!



SLIPPING INTO THE DARK, MUSTY BUILDING, HE LISTENS INTENTLY, THEN, HEARING VOICES, CREEPS TOWARD THE ILLUMINATED CRACKS OF A DOOR....

HA! SOMEBODY IN THAT ROOM AHEAD!

LET'S HOPE IT'S THE FAMOUS DOCTOR KNIFE HIMSELF!

SUDDENLY—

GET IN THERE!

BAM!

RECOVERING FROM THIS ABRUPT SHOCK, PETE FINDS HIMSELF IN THE MIDST OF A STRANGE AND MURDEROUS-LOOKING COMPANY....

AH-HA! HERE HE IS!

INDEED! SO THIS IS MR. PETER STOCKBRIDGE—OR THE INGENIOUS CHAMELEON? WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU, PETER,—IN FACT WE'VE BEEN FAIRLY CHEWING OUR NAILS WAITING FOR YOUR CALL! DO YOU LIKE OUR MELODRAMATIC SETTING? NICE—ISN'T IT? WE LOVE MELODRAMA AROUND HERE! WE SPECIALIZE IN IT! THAT AND MURDER!

STAND-DOG!

YOU BLACK JACKAL! YOU'RE MAD AS A COOT! ARE YOU THIS DOCTOR KNIFE?

SPEAK RESPECTFULLY!

A SHARP OBSERVATION, PETER! YES. I AM DOCTOR KNIFE! AND THESE MEN ARE MY LITTLE INTERNES! WE ALL DABBLE IN SURGERY—STRICTLY FOR FUN—LIKE OUR MELODRAMA! WE HAVE SOMETHING BIG IN THE WIND NOW—SOMETHING INVOLVING A LOT OF NICE MONEY—YOUR MONEY! NOW, LISTEN WHILE I TELL YOU A LITTLE STORY, PETER—

IT'S ABOUT YOUR UNCLE AND OUR MELODRAMA—OUR SURGERY, TOO! YOU SEE WE'VE MADE ONE OF OUR MEMBERS OVER TO LOOK EXACTLY LIKE YOU—A DEAD RINGER! WE'VE KNOWN FOR SOME TIME, OF COURSE, THAT YOU WOULD INHERIT ALL THE STOCKBRIDGE MONEY...SO WE WANTED TO SUBSTITUTE OUR MAN FOR YOU—PUT HIM IN YOUR SHOES! THEN HE'D GET THE MONEY, AND GIVE US SOME! BUT WE COULDN'T EVER SEEM TO FIND YOU! SO WE BEGAN A SCARE CAMPAIGN AGAINST YOUR UNCLE—KNOWING YOU'D COME TO HIS AID! WHICH YOU DID! NOW YOUR UNCLE IS DEAD—YOU HAVE THE MONEY, AND WE HAVE YOU! EVERYTHING IS DANDY! WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET YOUR DOUBLE?

DIRK! - OH-DIRK! COME!

WHY—YOU ROTTEN SCOUNDREL!

A DOOR OPENS, AND, TO PETE'S AMAZEMENT, A MAN LOOKING EXACTLY LIKE HIMSELF ENTERS THE ROOM....

RIGHTO-BOSS-
OH-SO WE'VE
LANDED OUR
TURKEY AT
LAST-EH?

RIGHT-DIRK!
COME IN-!

SUDDENLY, PETE MAKES A DESPERATE LUNGE AT KNIFE'S SCRAWNY THROAT....

LEMME GET MY HANDS
ON YOU!

EEE-OW!
HALP!

ACH-!
GET HIM!

FRANTICALLY, THE DOCTOR'S HENCHMEN LEAP ONTO PETE, HAUL HIM OFF....

HELP-!
HELP! PULL
HIM AWAY!

YOU
SLIMEY-

COME OFFA
THERE!

LEMME GRAB
HIM!

HIMMEL! THIS CREATURE TRIES MY PATIENCE! LOCK HIM UP TILL MORNING! THEN GO OUTSIDE AND SILENCE THAT STUPID CHAUFFEUR OF HIS! THE FELLOW WHO IS UNDOUBTEDLY WAITING FOR HIS MASTER'S TRIUMPHANT RETURN...

YOU MADMAN!
YOU'LL ROT IN
HADES FOR
THIS!

GET HIM OUT!
HE SICKENS ME!

MEANWHILE, SLIM WAITS IMPATIENTLY OUTSIDE...

DOGGONE - IT'S
CERTAINLY TAKING
HIM LONG
ENOUGH!

I'VE GOT HALF A
MIND TO FOLLOW HIM
IN THERE - EVEN
THOUGH HE TOLD ME
TO STAY HERE -

SUDDENLY,
THE AWFUL
RATTLE OF A
SUB-MACHINE GUN
CUTS THE NIGHT AIR!

I GOT HIM-ALL RIGHT!
BOY! AM I A GOOD SHOT
WID DIS LITTLE
TYPEWRITER! I-

YEAH-YEAH! BUT
WE BETTER GET DAT
GUY OUTTA HERE!

PANG!
PANG!
PANG!
PANG!
PANG!

THE NEXT MORNING, PETE IS AGAIN BROUGHT BEFORE DOCTOR KNIFE...

NOW MAKE THE BEGGAR TALK AND LAUGH, SO I CAN LEARN HOW TO IMITATE HIM RIGHT!

GOOD MORNING, PETER! FEEL BETTER TODAY? NOW WE WANT YOU TO STRUT A BIT SO OUR MR. DIRK CAN PICK UP YOUR MANNERISMS... CLEVER, EH? YOU GIVE A GOOD DEMONSTRATION AND I MAY LET YOU LIVE... ISN'T THAT NICE OF ME?

BAH!

TUT-TUT- DON'T BE RASH, PETER! THAT'S NO IDLE PROMISE! YOU BE NICE AND I WILL LET YOU LIVE - AFTER A LITTLE OPERATION ON YOUR BRAIN WHICH WILL MAKE YOU AN AMNESIA VICTIM - WITHOUT MEMORY! IT IS VERY SIMPLE AND QUICK! NOW LET'S HEAR YOU TALK - AND LAUGH!

OLAF - THE WHIP!

SUDDENLY THERE IS AN OMINOUS SWISH -

CRACK!

TALK-DOG-!

ENRAGED, PETE WHEELS -

YOU ROTTEN BACK-LASHER! YOU -

IMMEDIATELY, THE OTHERS LEAP UPON HIM...

GIVE IT TO HIM!

INSOLENT DEVIL -!

BANG! CRACK!

OH-H-

HA-HA-! THERE! NOW - TALK-DOG, TALK!

GO ON! TALK-LAUGH-!

BANG!

CRACK!

BLIND WITH PAIN, PETE REELS...

FORCING HIM OVER A TABLE, THE BRUTES PUMMEL HIS FACE AND BODY...

GO AHEAD - TALK!

OBEY US - DOG!

BANG!

I'LL TALK - I'LL TELL YOU INSANE BUTCHERS ONE THING! YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS! YOU'LL ALL DIE TRYING!

NOW, LAUGH! GO ON!!

HA-HA-HA-HA-! YES - YOU'LL ALL DIE! YOU MURDERERS! HA-HA-!





VERY GOOD! EXCELLENT!
DIRK, MY BOY, DO YOU CATCH
THE FEEL OF PETER'S PERSONALITY?
THINK YOU CAN PLAY HIS
ROLE, NOW?

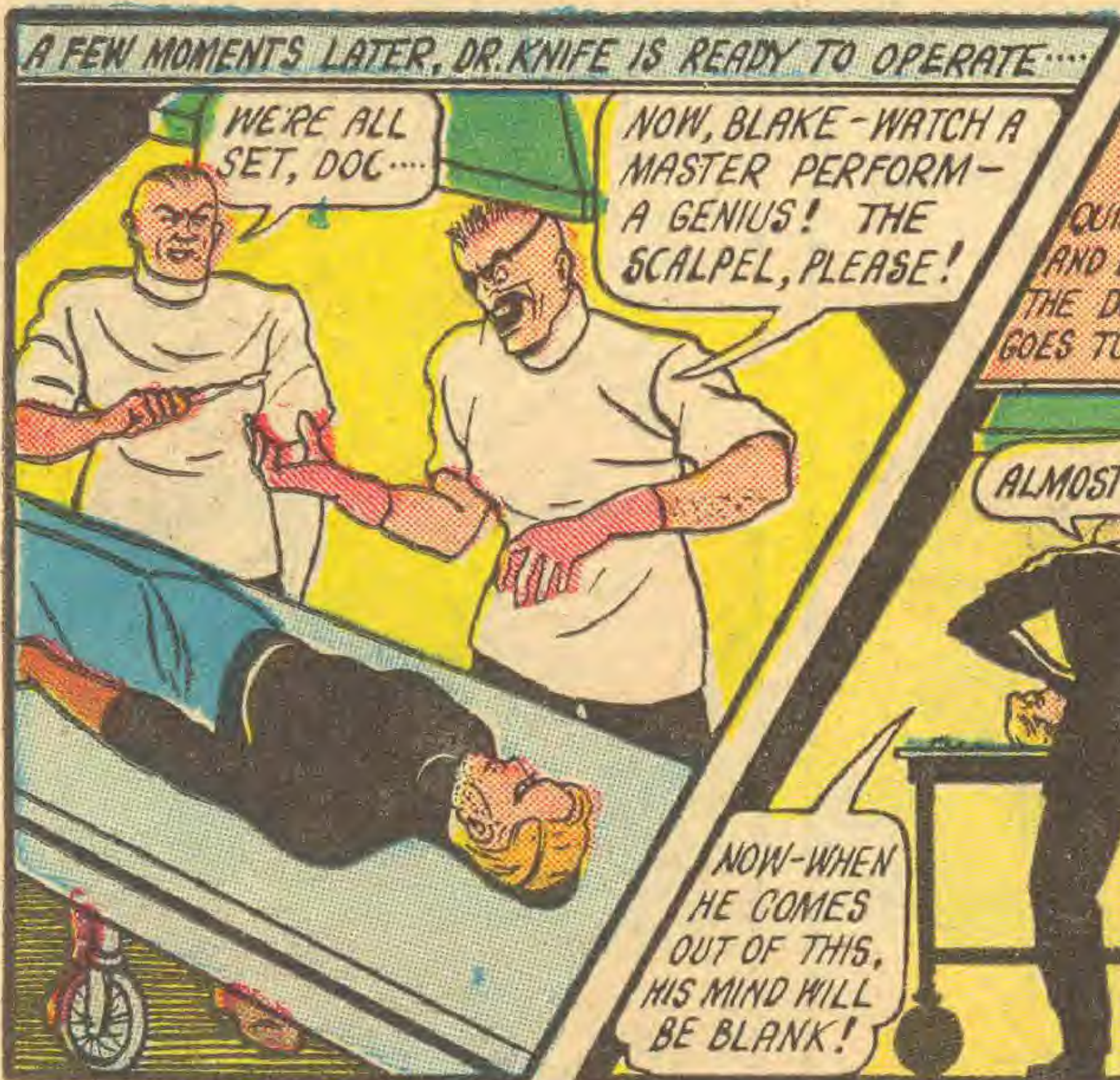
SURE! HE'S A PIPE!
I'LL PLAY HIM TO A
T.



SPLENDID! TAKE HIM TO THE OPERATING TABLE NOW!
AND I SHALL PERFORM THE AMUSING LITTLE STUNT
ON HIS BRAIN! I'LL
MAKE HIM AS FREE
FROM MEMORY AS
A NEW-BORN
BABE!

ALL RIGHT,
MUG - GET
MOVING!

C'MON!



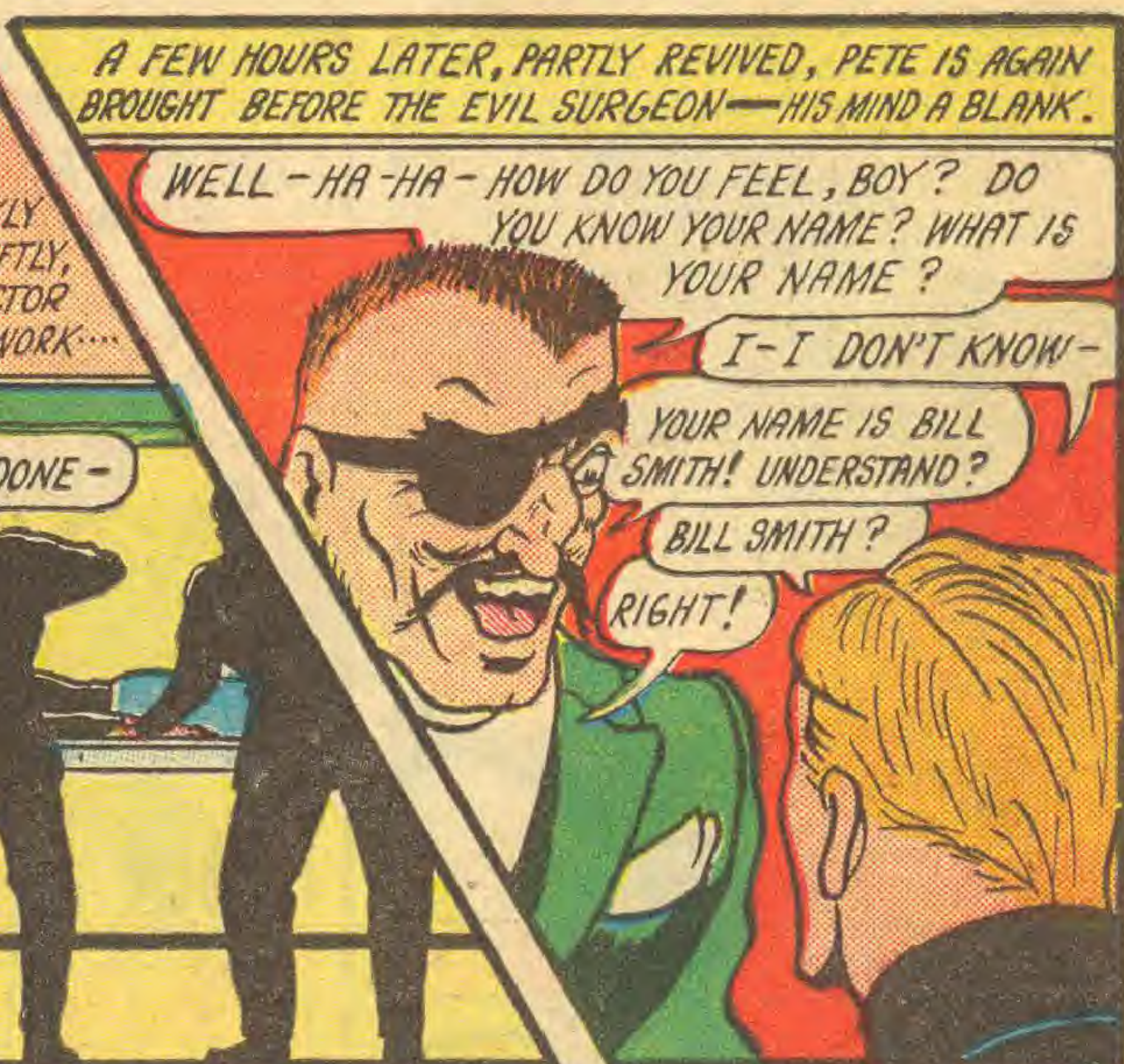
WE'RE ALL
SET, DOC....

NOW, BLAKE - WATCH A
MASTER PERFORM -
A GENIUS! THE
SCALPEL, PLEASE!

QUICKLY
AND DEFTLY,
THE DOCTOR
GOES TO WORK....

ALMOST DONE -

NOW - WHEN
HE COMES
OUT OF THIS,
HIS MIND WILL
BE BLANK!



A FEW HOURS LATER, PARTLY REVIVED, PETE IS AGAIN
BROUGHT BEFORE THE EVIL SURGEON - HIS MIND A BLANK.

WELL - HA - HA - HOW DO YOU FEEL, BOY? DO
YOU KNOW YOUR NAME? WHAT IS
YOUR NAME?

I - I DON'T KNOW -

YOUR NAME IS BILL
SMITH! UNDERSTAND?

BILL SMITH?

RIGHT!



NOW, THAT FIXES HIM! YOU
MEN TAKE HIM OUT AND DUMP
HIM! THEN RETURN!

OKAY, DOC.... C'MON, BABY!

- SMITH - ?



PETE IS BUNDLED INTO
A CAR, HURRIEDLY DRIVEN
TO ANOTHER NEARBY
CITY....

HERE'S A
GOOD PLACE!

OKAY! PULL UP
HERE! QUICK!

SWEET DREAMS!

A FEW SECONDS LATER, PETE IS THROWN BODILY OFF THE HIGH BRIDGE....

OVER YOU GO, MUG!

OH-H-H-!

HE LANDS HARD IN THE BRACKISH WATER BELOW!

SPLASH!

NOW, LET'S LEAVE PETE FOR AWHILE AND FOLLOW DR. KNIFE AND DIRK....

THE NEXT MORNING.... STEPPING INTO THE ROLE OF PETER STOCKBRIDGE, DIRK, ACCOMPANIED BY KNIFE, JOURNEYS TO THE SUMPTUOUS CENTRAL OFFICES OF THE STOCKBRIDGE HOLDINGS, WHERE HE IS ACCEPTED WITHOUT QUESTION AS THE REAL THING....

WATCH!

MANAGERS AND DIRECTORS GLADLY AFFORD HIM A CORDIAL WELCOME....

AH- GOOD MORNING, MR. STOCKBRIDGE!

GOOD MORNING, SIR! WELCOME, SIR!

WHAT'S GOOD ABOUT IT, WAGE-SLAVES? STEP ASIDE!

HEH-HEH-!

YOU-LACKEY- BRING A COMPLETE STATEMENT OF OUR SALABLE ASSETS INTO MY OFFICE-IMMEDIATELY!

OH-!

GUESS WE GOT AWAY WITH THAT ALL RIGHT, EH, DOC? WE'RE ALL SET NOW!

RIGHT! NOW WE'LL CONVERT EVERYTHING WE CAN INTO CASH- BONDS, PROPERTY- ETC.- TIE IT UP AND SCRAM!

NOW BACK TO PETE- WHO, REFRESHED BY THE WATER HAD SWAM TO SHORE, NOW DAZED, SICK AND HUNGRY, WANDERS ABOUT THE CITY WONDERING WHO HE IS.

BILL SMITH-SMITH-? GOSH, I'M HUNGRY- NO MONEY- NO PLACE TO SLEEP- TIRED-



ALL DAY HE IS BEDEVILED BY THE POLICE AS A VAGRANT....

HEY-YOU BUM! I TOLD YOU TO GET MOVING! G'WAN!



YOU LAZY SCUM-WHY DON'T YOU GET A JOB? YOU'RE NOT GOING TO PANHANDLE AROUND HERE! G'WAN!

-TIRED - SO HUNGRY!



TOWARD NIGHTFALL, HE SCURRIES DOWN A DARK ALLEY, LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO LIE DOWN AND REST....

HUH - THERE'S AN OLD SHACK - MAYBE I CAN GO IN THERE -



ENTERING THE DILAPIDATED LITTLE SHACK, HE SPOTS FOOD....

HOLY CATS! BREAD - AND BALOGNA!!

GOSH-! I CAN'T RESIST IT!

NOW-WHILE PETE IS FINDING RELIEF, THE OWNER OF THE SHACK, A HOMELESS ORPHAN LAD, NAMED RAGSY MURPHY, IS HURRYING BACK TO IT- AND LOOKING FORWARD TO HIS SUPPER....



JEEPERS- AM I HUNGRY! AND AFTER A TOUGH DAY- NO DARN ERRANDS TO RUN- NOTHING! BUSINESS IS ROTTEN!



BY CRUMB- I GOTTA GO INTO A NEW BUSINESS!

ALMOST HOME-



ARRIVING AT THE SHACK, RAGSY OPENS THE DOOR- HIS EYES POP -

WELL-YOU BIG THIEVING BUM!!

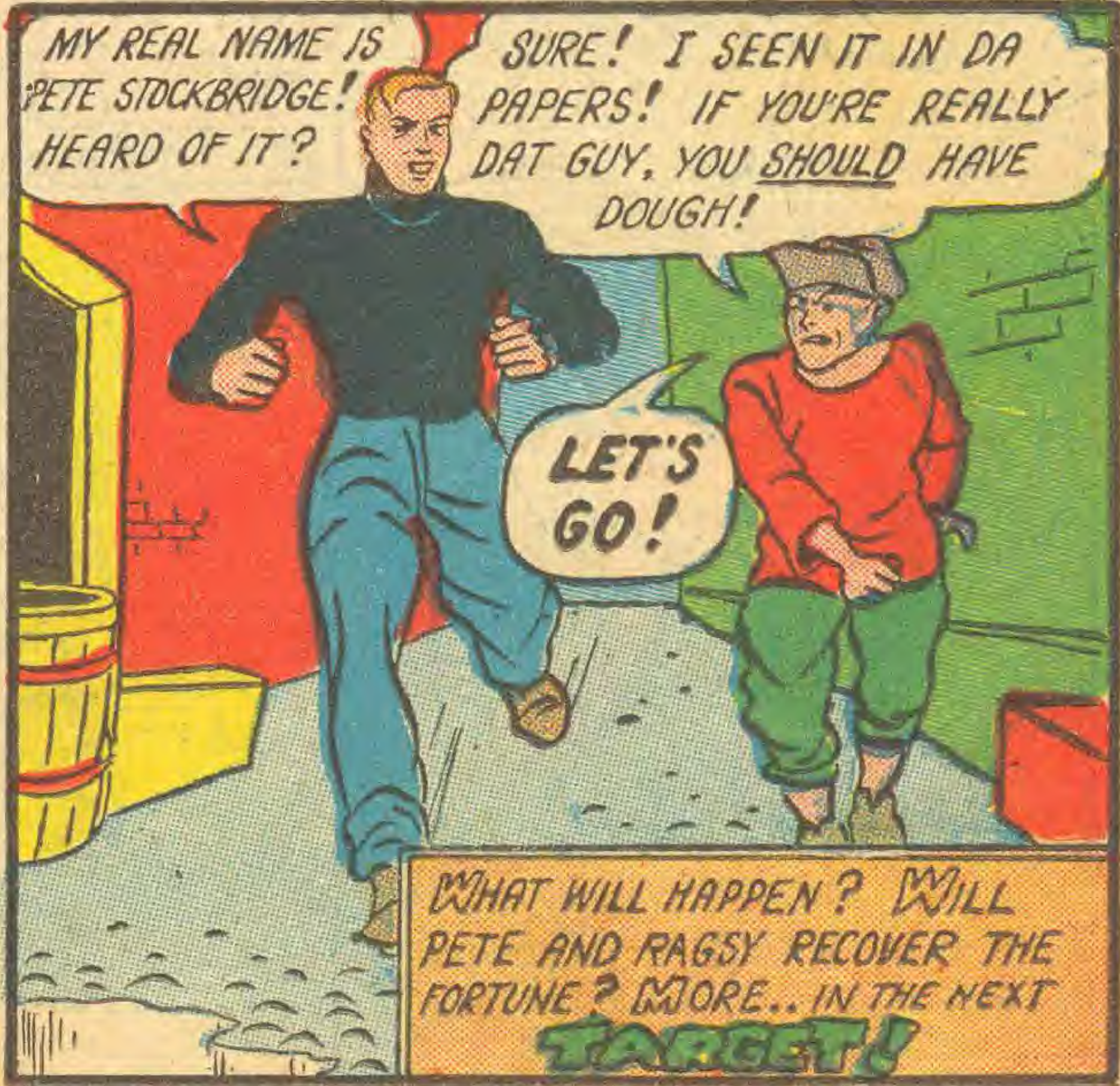
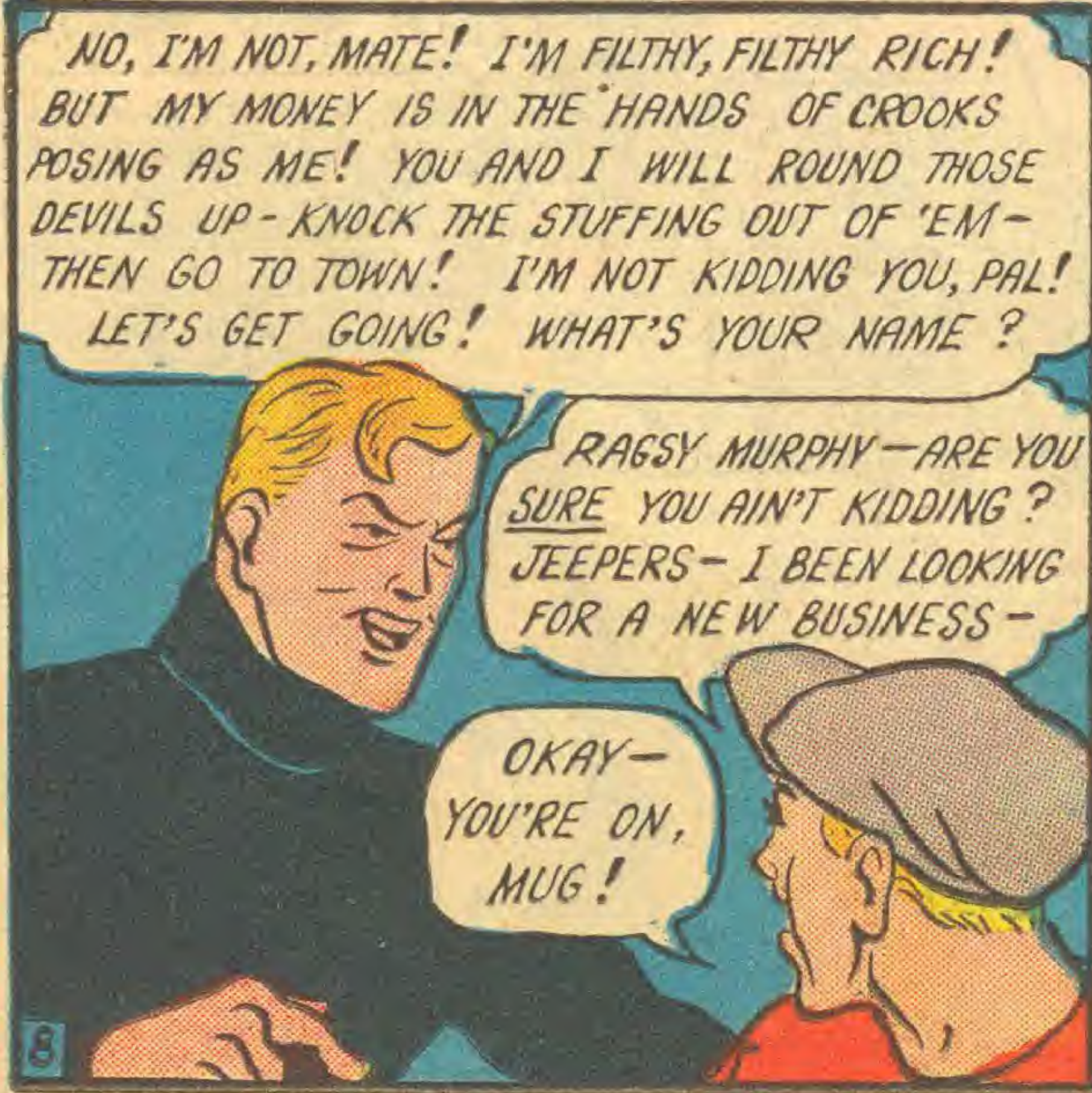
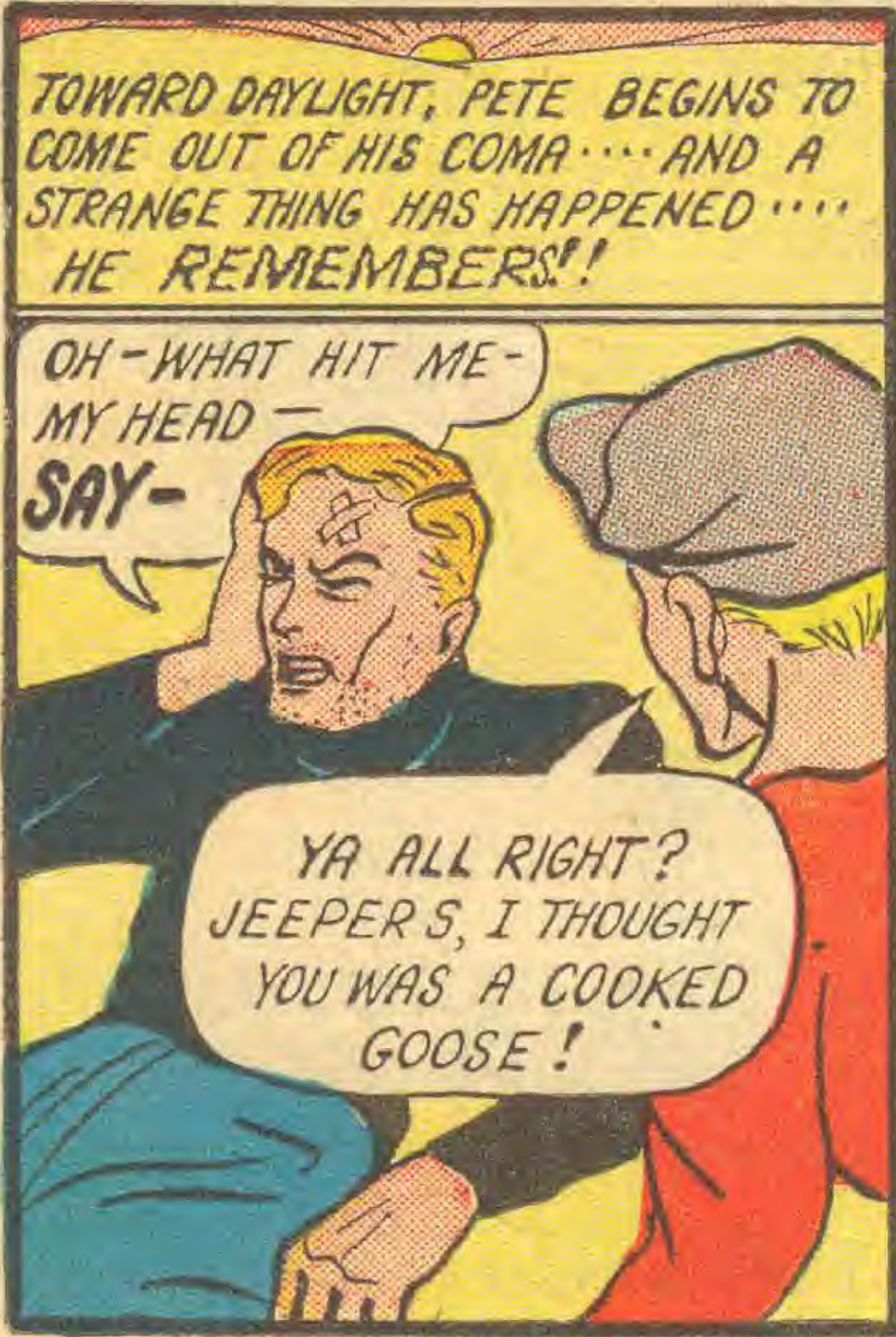
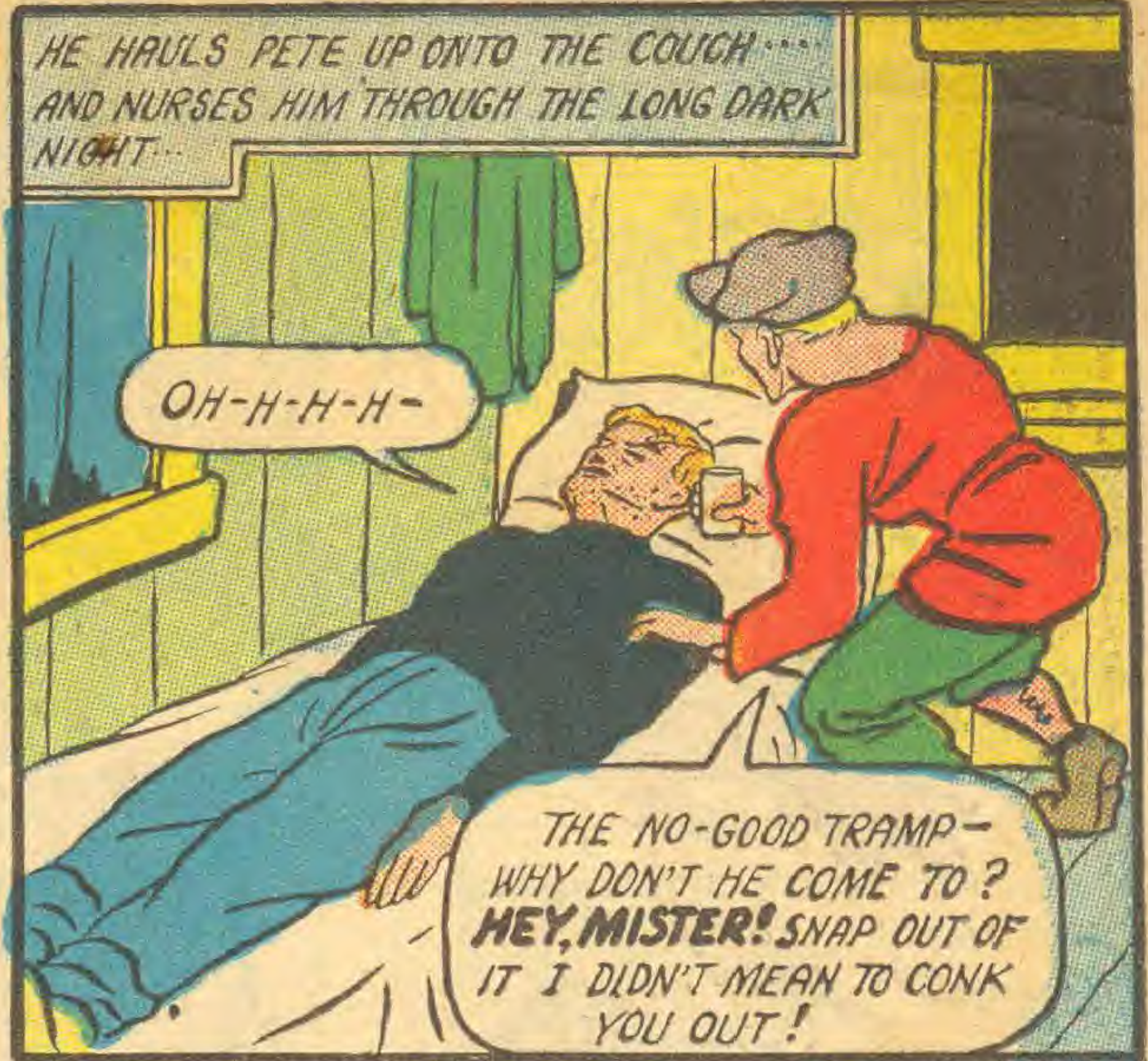
HEY!



BY CRIMMINY! DROP DAT GRUB!

YOU POKY PALOOKA!

SOCK!!



A Fantastic Feature Film in Comicolor

Part VII.

By Robert
Louis
Stevenson

Treasure Island

THE SCHOONER, HISPANIOLA, ARRIVED AT ITS DESTINATION—TREASURE ISLAND. THE CREW, MOSTLY EX-PIRATES, MUTINIED. THE OWNER TRELAWNEY, CAPTAIN SMOLLETT, DOCTOR LIVESEY AND A FEW OTHERS HELD A BLOCK HOUSE ON THE ISLAND AGAINST THE PIRATES, WHO DEMANDED THE MAP SHOWING THE LOCATION OF THE TREASURE. JIM HAWKINS, CABIN BOY, WHO IS RELAYING THIS STORY, STEALS OFF, AND IN A SMALL BOAT, REACHES AND BOARDS THE HISPANIOLA.

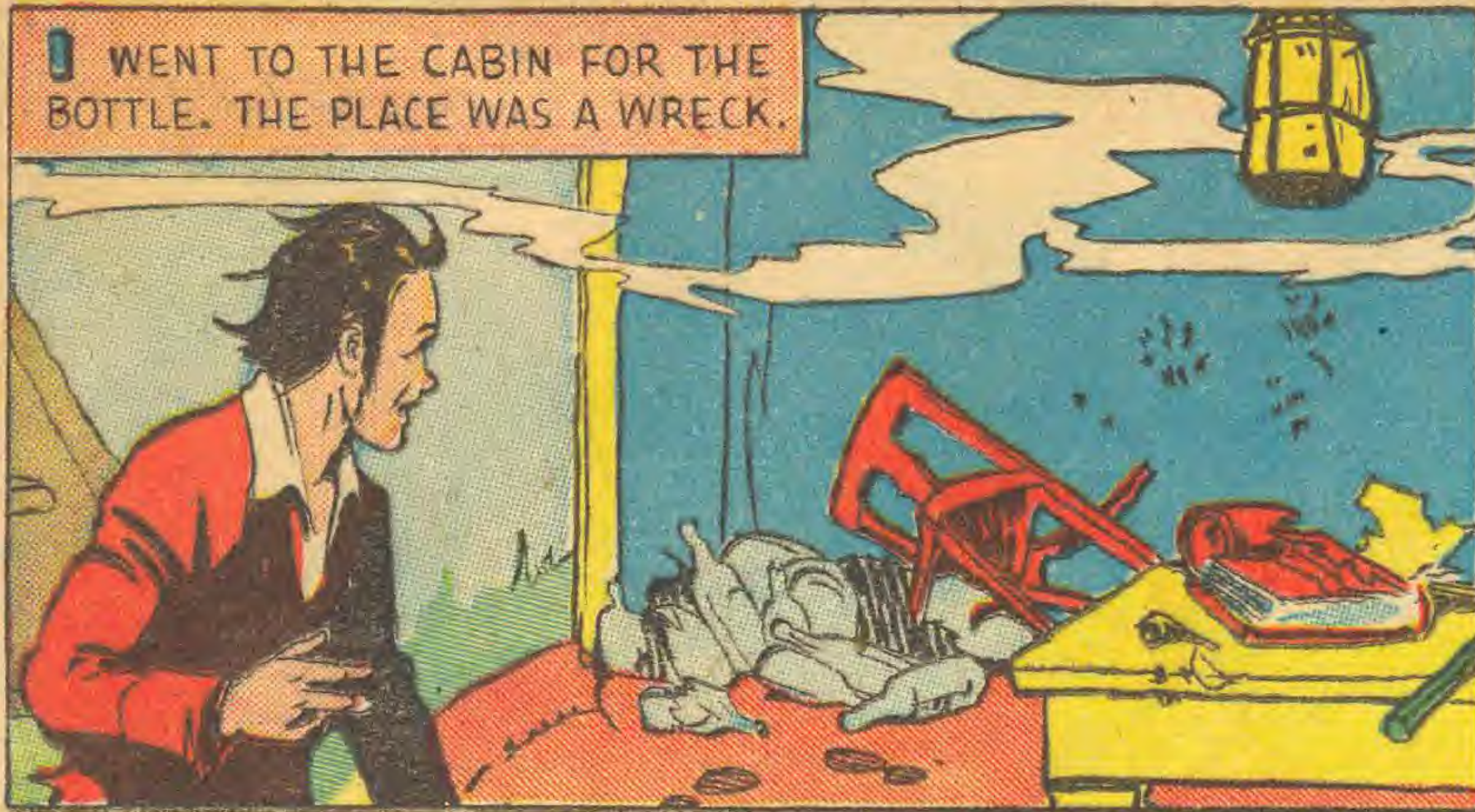
Retold in
Pictures
by
HAROLD
DE LAY

I CRAWLED ALONG THE BOWSPRIT, AND TUMBLED HEAD FOREMOST ON THE DECK.

THERE WERE THE TWO WATCHMEN, ONE ON HIS BACK—THE OTHER, ISRAEL HANDS, WAS PROPPED AGAINST THE BULWARK.

"COME ABOARD," I SAID IRONICALLY. HE UTTERED ONE WORD: "BRANDY."

I WENT TO THE CABIN FOR THE BOTTLE. THE PLACE WAS A WRECK.



I FOUND THE BRANDY HANDS WANTED, AND FOOD FOR MYSELF, THEN RETURNED TO HIM.

"AYE," SAID HE, "BY THUNDER, BUT I WANTED SOME OF THAT!"



"GOOD! NOW YOU'LL PLEASE REGARD ME AS YOUR CAPTAIN UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE."



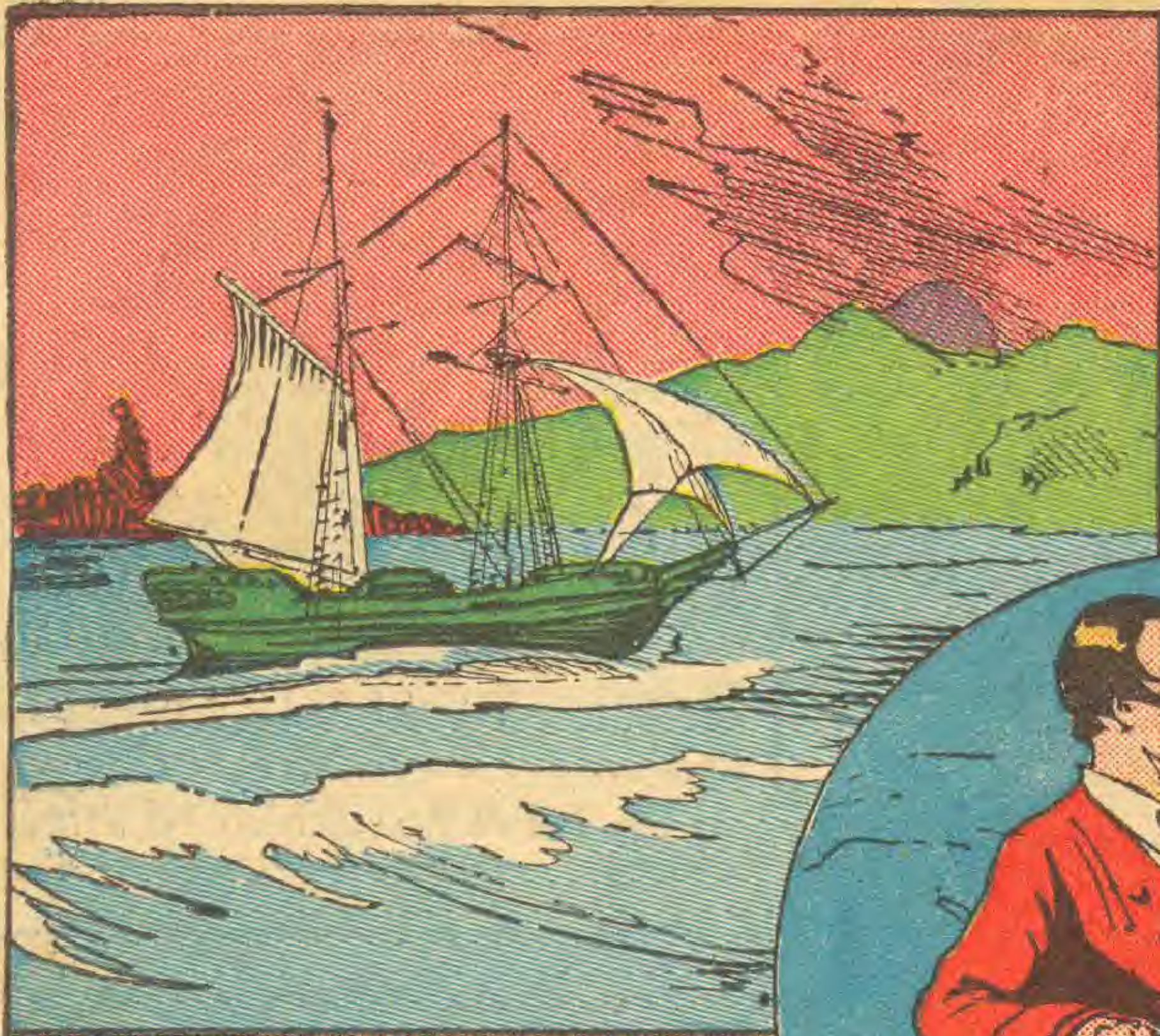
"I CAN'T HAVE THESE COLOURS, MR. HANDS," I SAID, "AND BY YOUR LEAVE, I'LL STRIKE THEM!"

"GOD SAVE THE KING, AND THERE'S AN END TO CAPTAIN SILVER!"

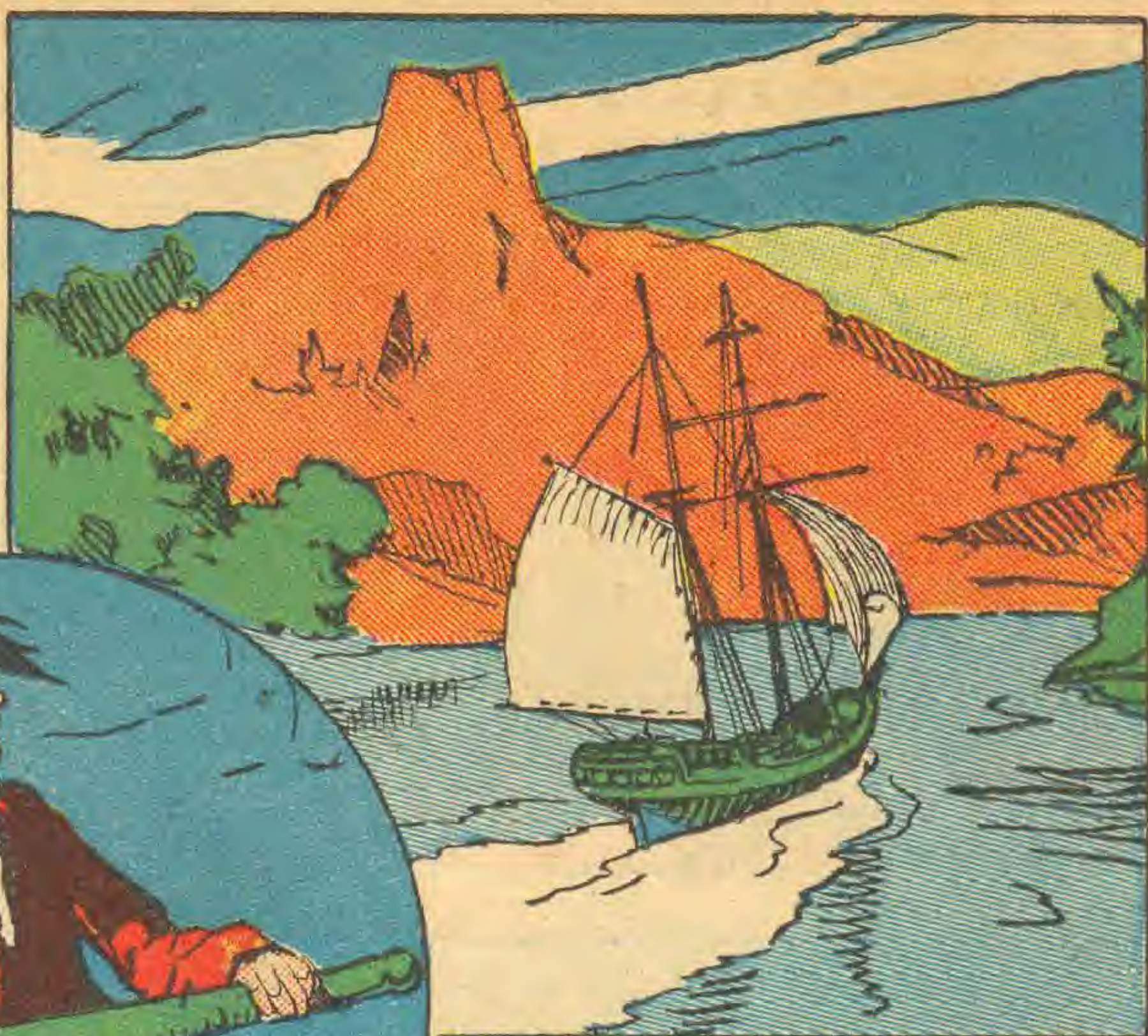


"YOU GIVE ME FOOD AND DRINK," HANDS PROPOSED, "AND I'LL TELL YOU HOW TO SAIL HER!" WE STRUCK OUR BARGAIN, ON THE SPOT!





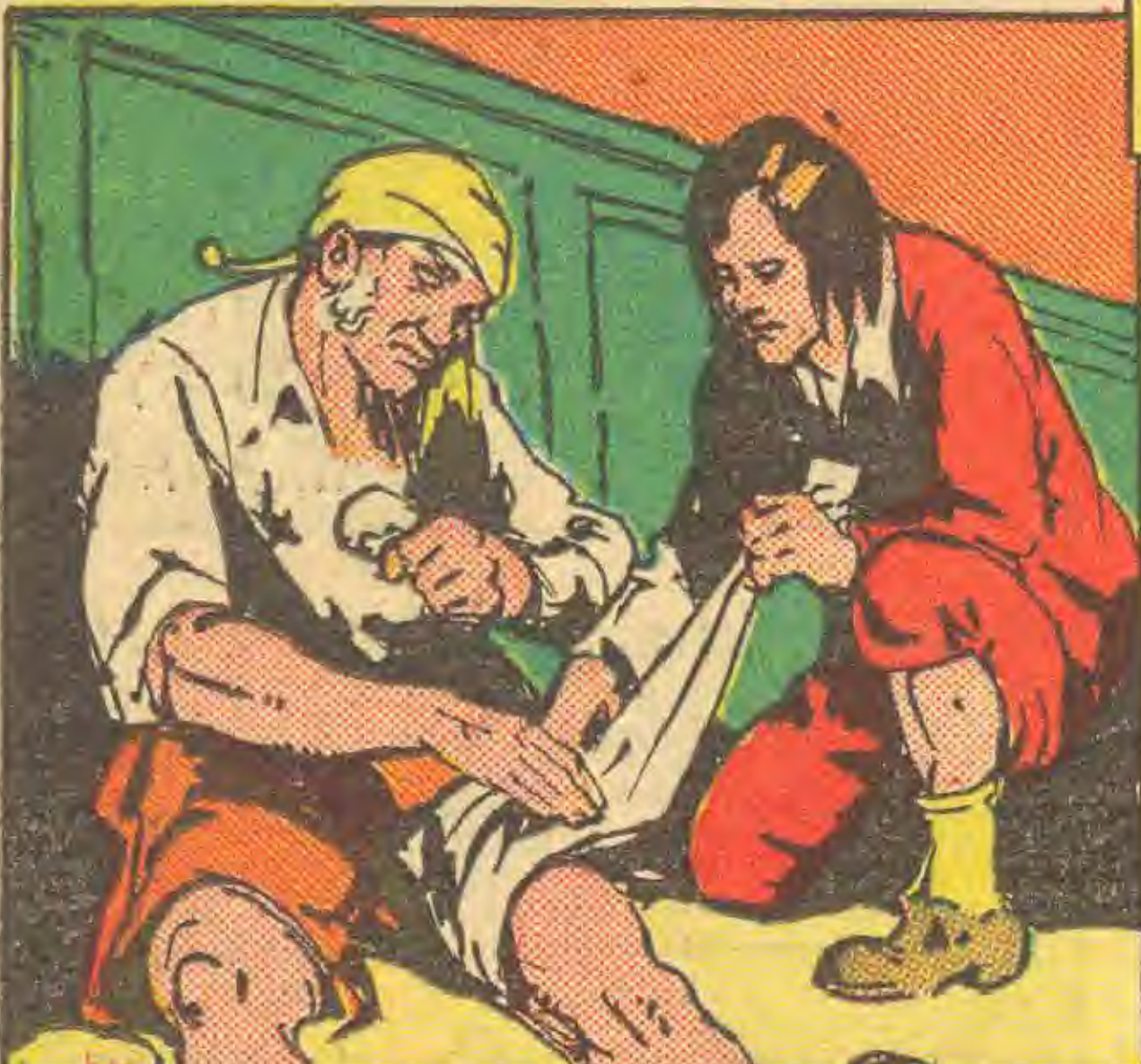
IN THREE MINUTES I HAD THE HISPANIOLA SAILING EASILY BEFORE THE WIND, ALONG THE COAST OF TREASURE ISLAND.



THE BREEZE SERVED US ADMIRABLY. WE SKIMMED BEFORE IT LIKE A BIRD, THE VIEW CHANGING EVERY MINUTE.



I WAS GREATLY ELATED WITH MY NEW COMMAND.

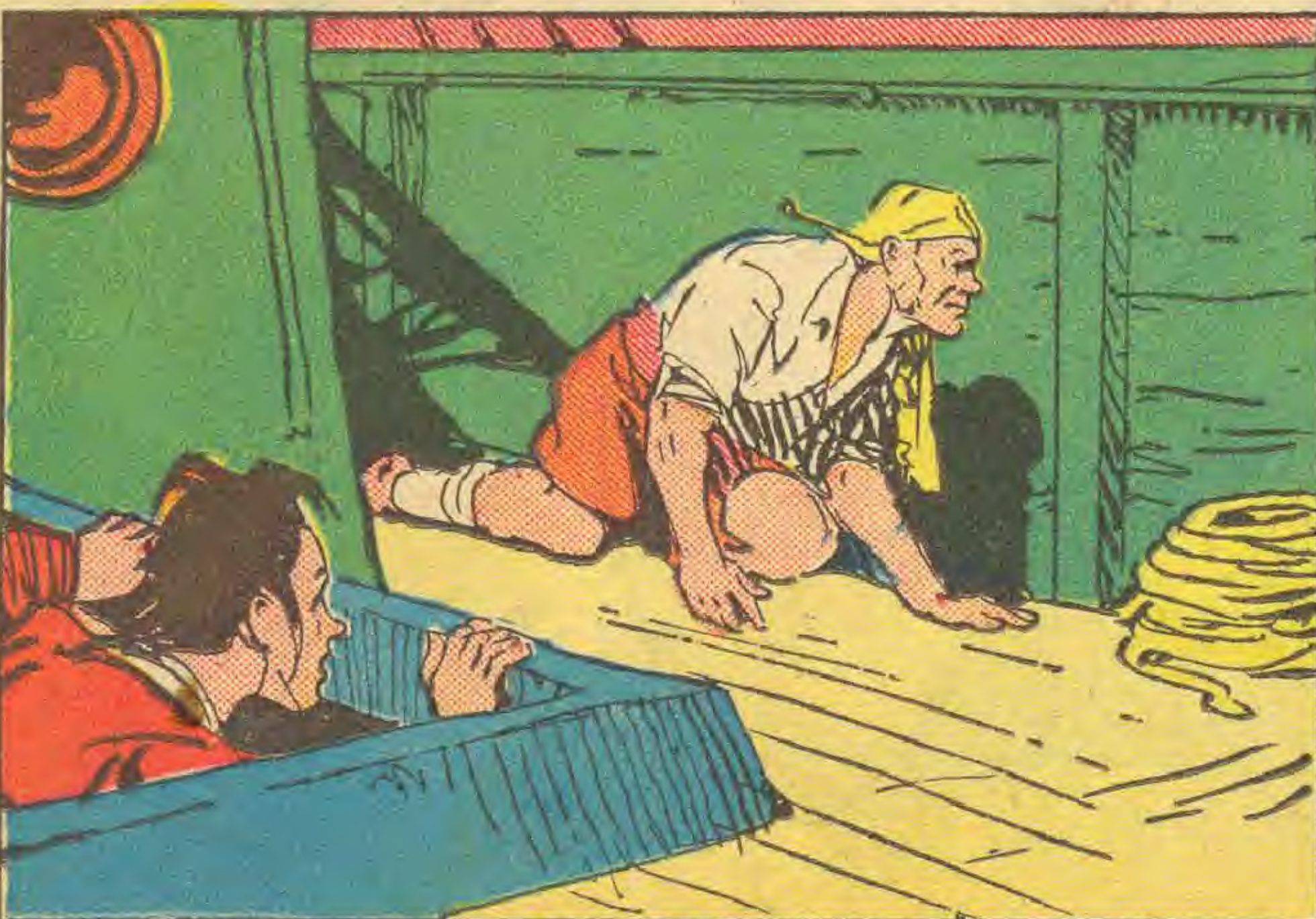


WITH MY AID, HANDS BOUND UP THE WOUND HE HAD RECEIVED IN HIS THIGH.



THERE WAS A SHADOW OF TREACHERY IN HIS EXPRESSION, AS HE WATCHED AND WATCHED ME AT MY WORK.

GET ME A BOTTLE OF WINE, JIM, THIS BRANDY'S TOO STRONG FOR MY HEAD!



I QUICKLY RAN FOR THE WINE, BUT I WENT BELOW, MOUNTED THE FORECASTLE AND POPPED MY HEAD OUT OF THE FORE COMPANION.

IN HALF A MINUTE HE HAD SEARCHED A COIL OF ROPE, PICKED OUT A LONG KNIFE AND TRIED THE POINT ON HIS HAND!



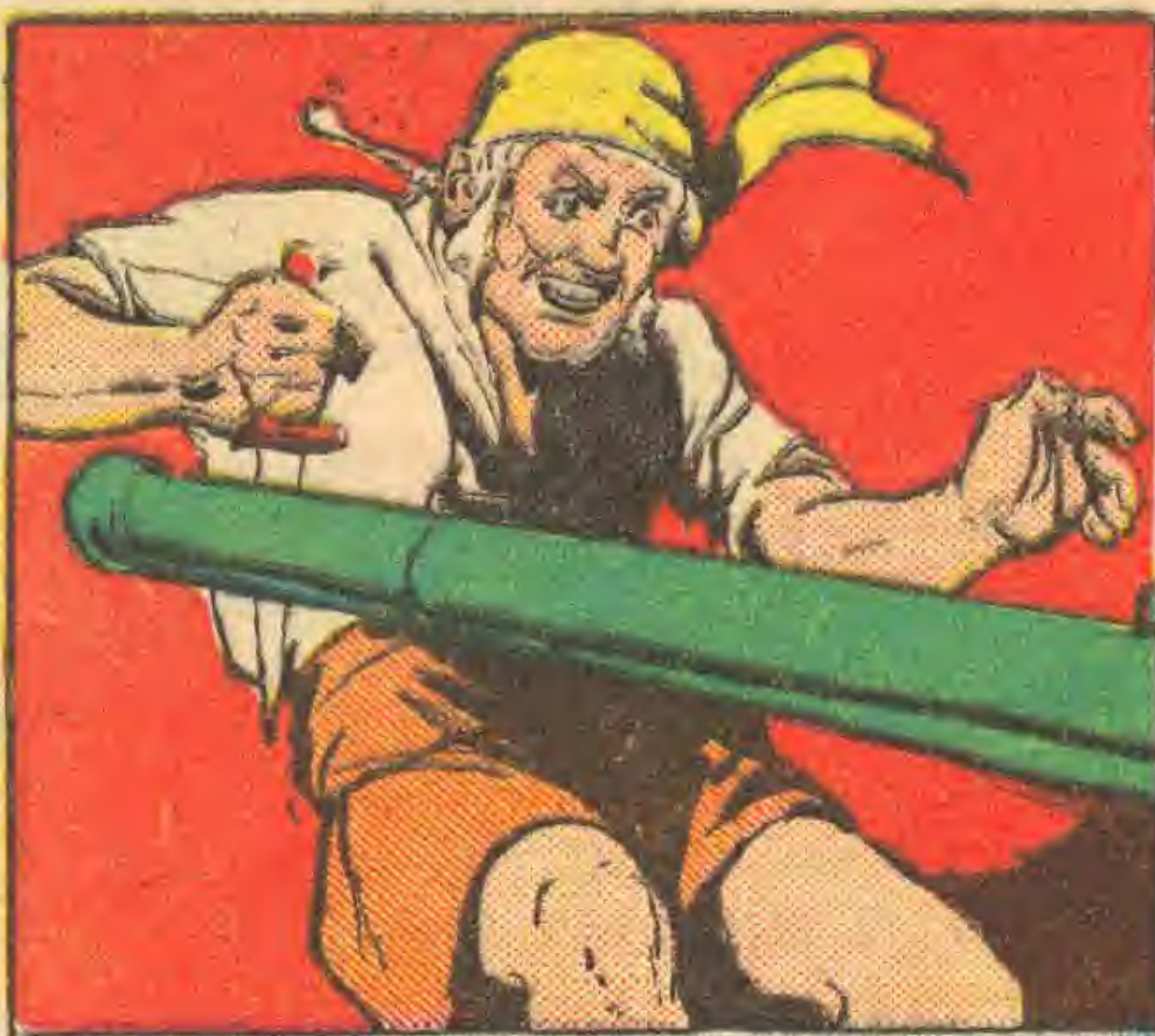
SUDDENLY BEFORE US WE SAW THE WRECK OF A SHIP, HUNG WITH WEBS OF SEAWEED--NOW FLOURISHED THICK WITH FLOWERS.



"LOOK THERE; THERE'S A PET BIT FOR TO BEACH A SHIP IN!" HE SAID.



I LOOKED AROUND AND, THERE WAS HANDS, WITH THE DIRK IN HIS RIGHT HAND.

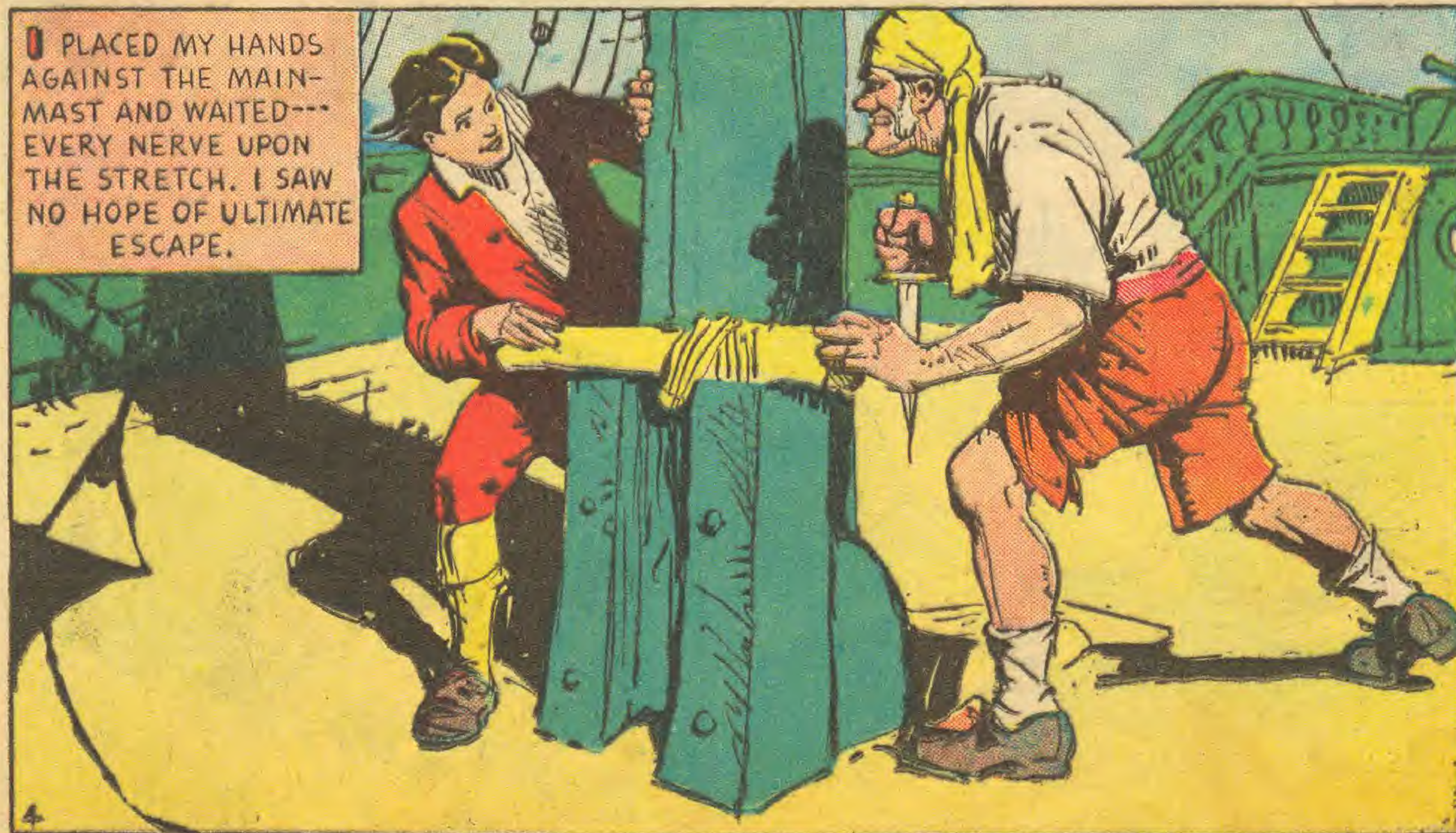


I LET GO THE TILLER AND IT STRUCK HANDS ACROSS THE CHEST AND STOPPED HIM!



I DREW A PISTOL, AIMED AND DREW THE TRIGGER, BUT THE PRIMING WAS USELESS WITH SEAWATER!

I PLACED MY HANDS AGAINST THE MAIN-MAST AND WAITED--- EVERY NERVE UPON THE STRETCH. I SAW NO HOPE OF ULTIMATE ESCAPE.

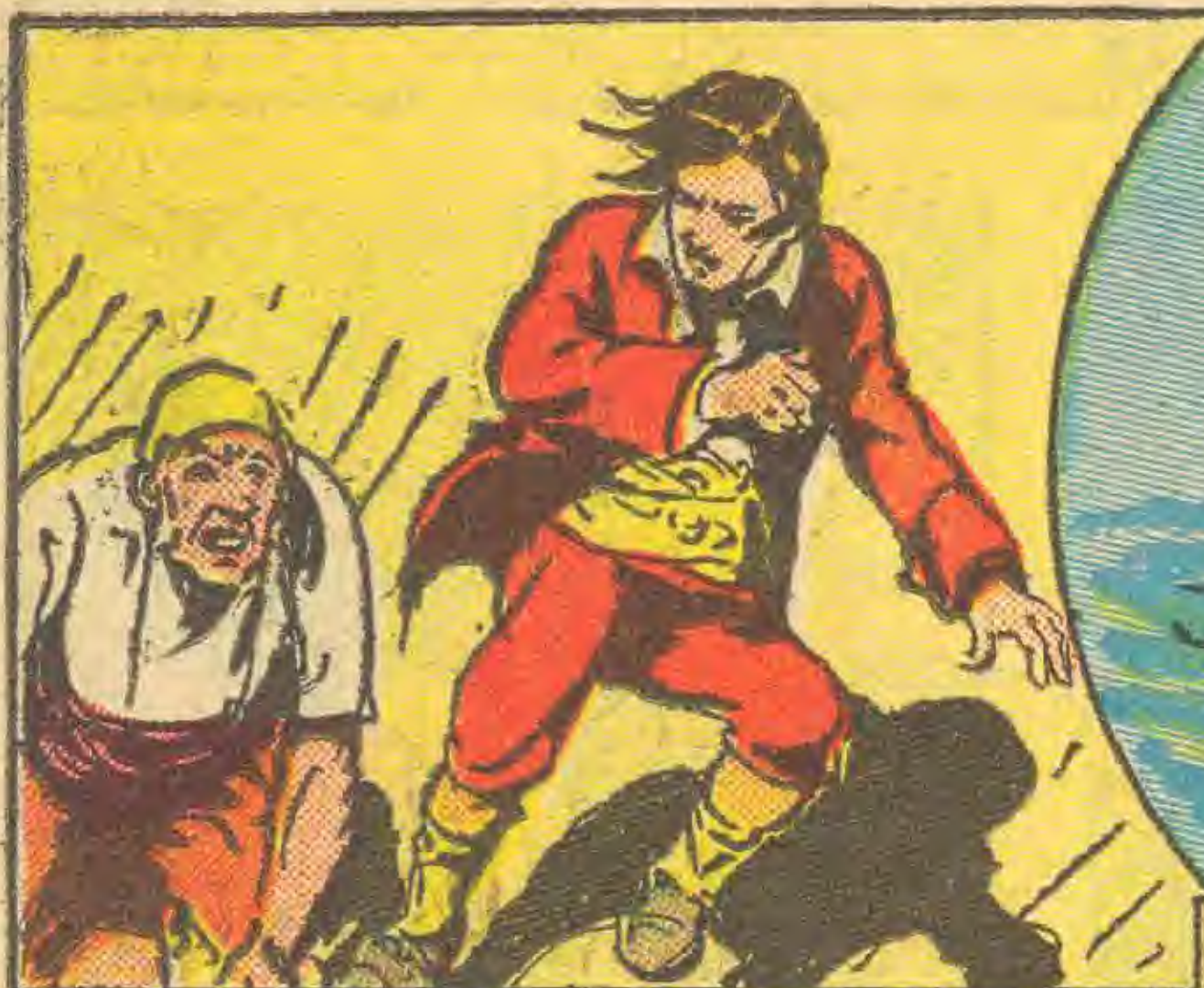




SUDDENLY THE HISPANIOLA STRUCK, CANTED OVER, TILL THE DECK STOOD AT AN ANGLE OF FORTY-FIVE DEGREES.



WE WERE BOTH OF US CAPSIZED IN A SECOND, AND ROLLED INTO THE SCUPPERS.



I WAS THE FIRST AFOOT; I HAD TO FIND SOME NEW WAY OF ESCAPE



QUICK AS THOUGHT, I SPRANG INTO THE MIZZEN SHROUDS AND RAT-TLED UP HAND OVER HAND.



I DID NOT DRAW BREATH TILL I WAS SEATED ON THE CROSS-TREES PRIMING MY PISTOLS.



HANDS STOOD WITH HIS MOUTH OPEN AND FACE UPTURN-ED TO MINE.

HE HAULED HIMSELF INTO THE SHROUDS, DIRK IN HIS TEETH.



"ONE MORE STEP MR. HANDS, SAID I, AND I'LL FIRE."



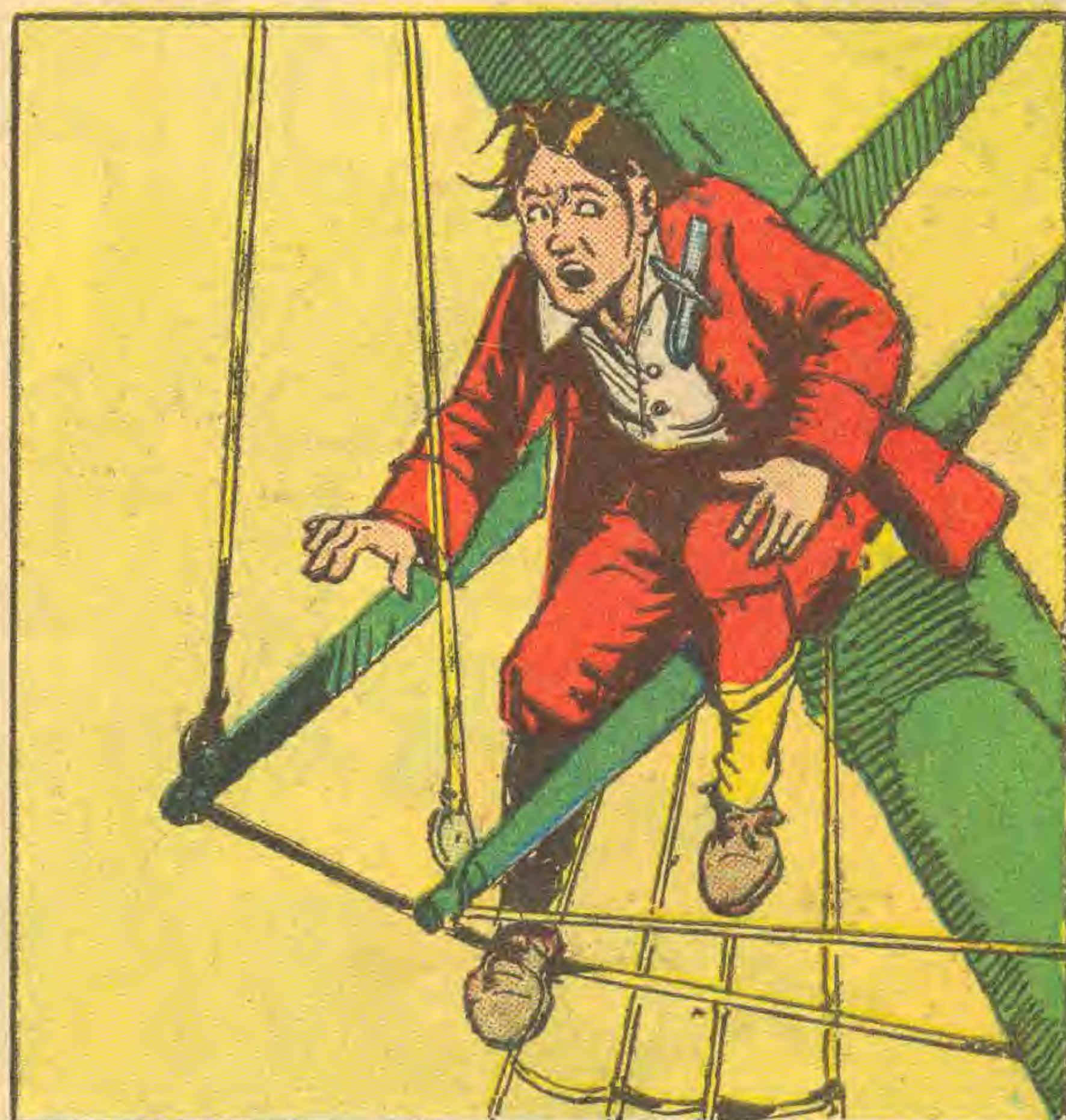
BACK WENT HIS RIGHT HAND---- THEN, SOMETHING SANG THROUGH THE AIR.



OVER THE SIDE I COULD SEE THE BODY OF HANDS-- THE QUICK FISHES STEERING TO AND FRO OVER HIM.



BOTH PISTOLS WENT OFF! HANDS LOOSED HIS GRASP AND PLUNGED HEADFIRST INTO THE WATER.



I WAS PINNED BY MY COAT TO THE MAST. I FREED MYSELF WITH A JERK AND WENT BELOW.

I WAS NOW ALONE UPON THE SHIP.



FOLLOW THIS TALE OF TREASURE AND TERROR IN THE NEXT ISSUE
TARGET!

SPACEHAWK

SPACEHAWK, MAN FROM SPACE, IS CERTAIN THAT HIS SCIENTIST ENEMY, DR. GORE, HAS BEEN KILLED WHEN SPACEHAWK BLASTS DOWN THE DOCTOR'S LABORATORY IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. BUT WHEN DR. GORE FEELS THE MOUNTAIN TOP BEGINNING TO TOPPLE, HE LEAPS TO SAFETY IN A SECRET PASSAGE DOWN THRU THE INSIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN!

BLAST DOWN MY LABORATORY, WILL HE? WELL — HE WON'T GET ME!

CRASH!

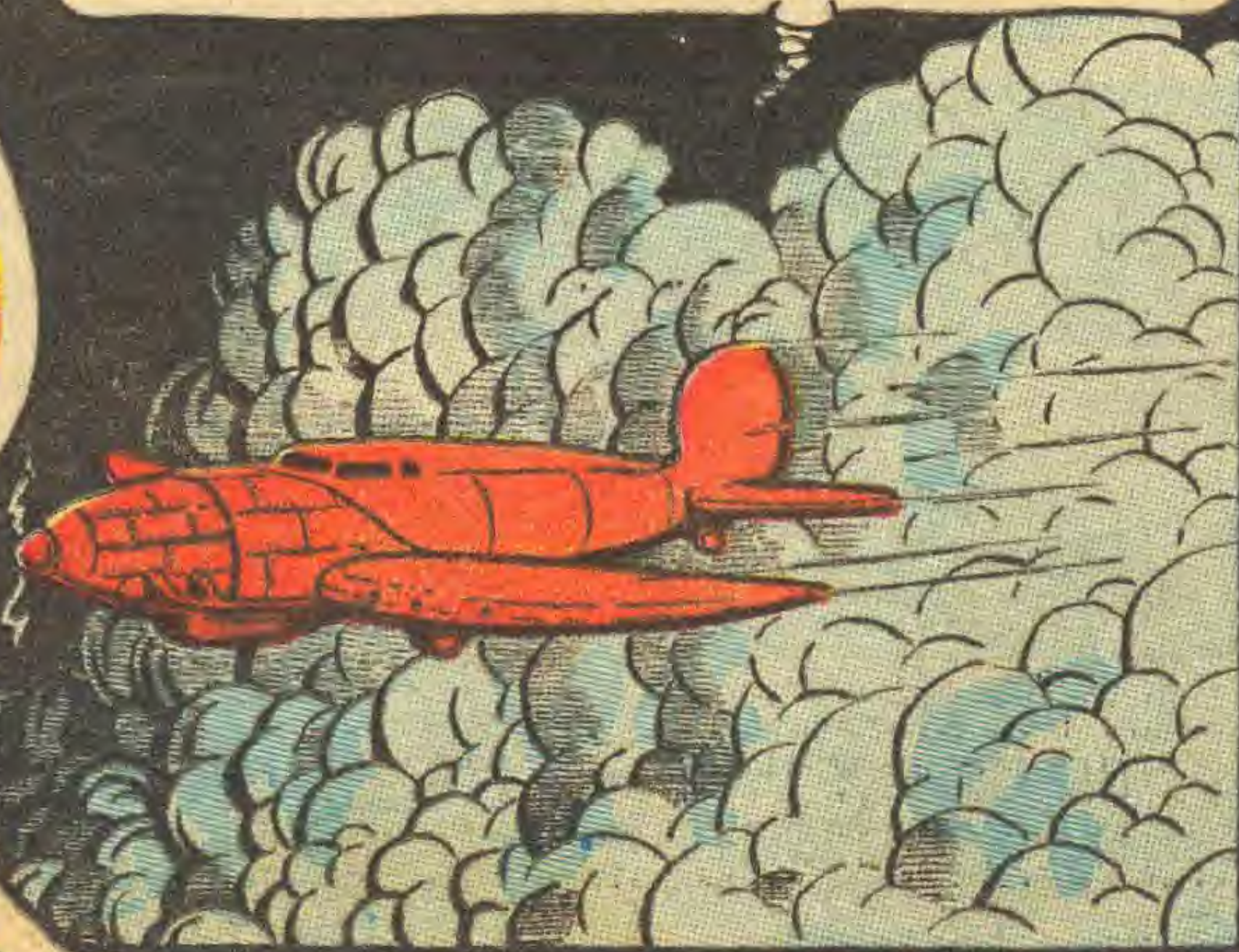
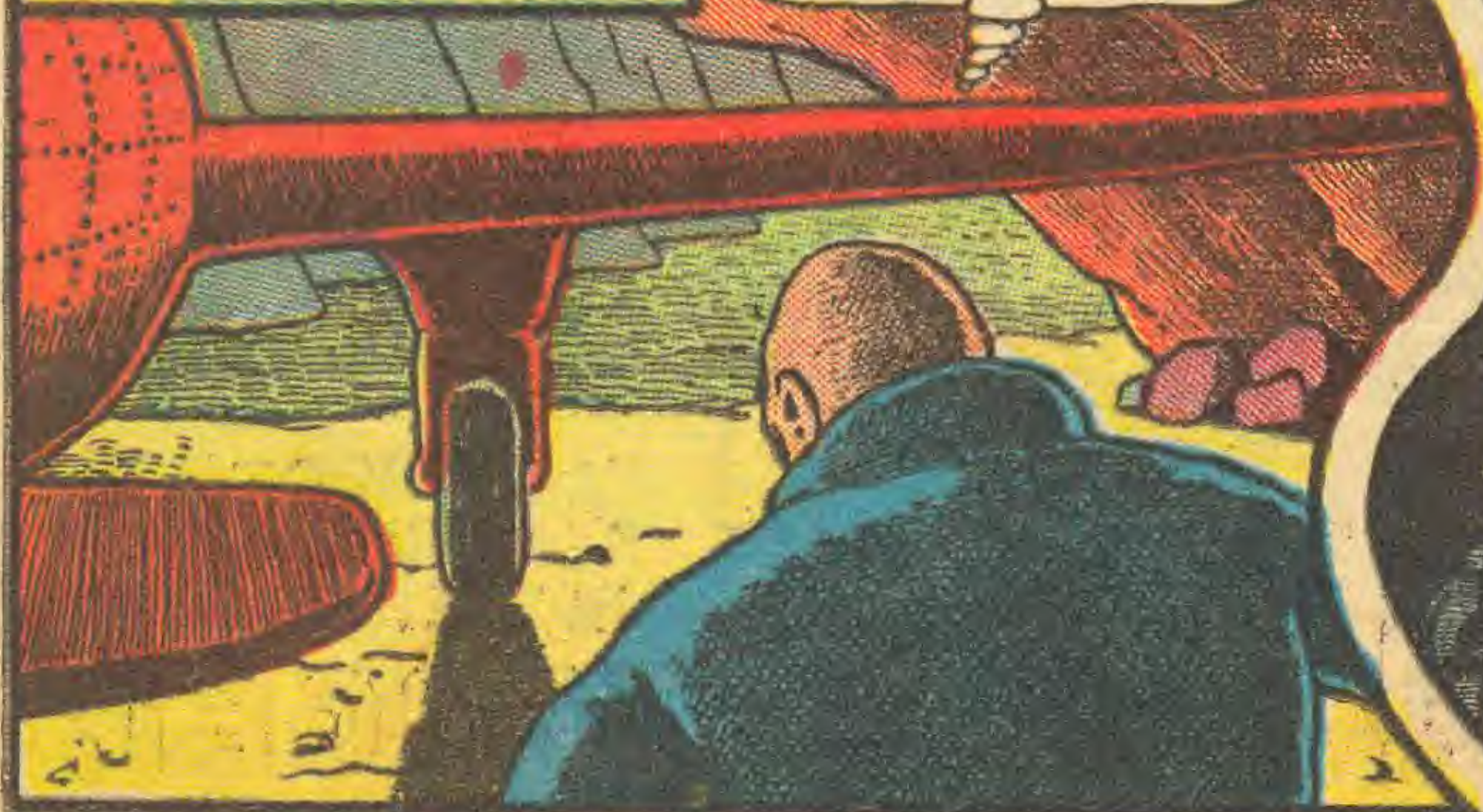
A CLOSE SHAVE, BUT I'M STILL ALIVE — AND I STILL HAVE SPACEHAWK'S SECRET OF ANTI-GRAVITY POWER, TUCKED AWAY IN MY BRAIN!

BASIL WOLVERTON

THE PASSAGE LEADS TO A CAVE FACING OUT ON A SMALL VALLEY — A NATURAL LANDING FIELD.....

LITTLE DOES SPACEHAWK KNOW THAT I HAVE A PLANE HIDDEN HERE!

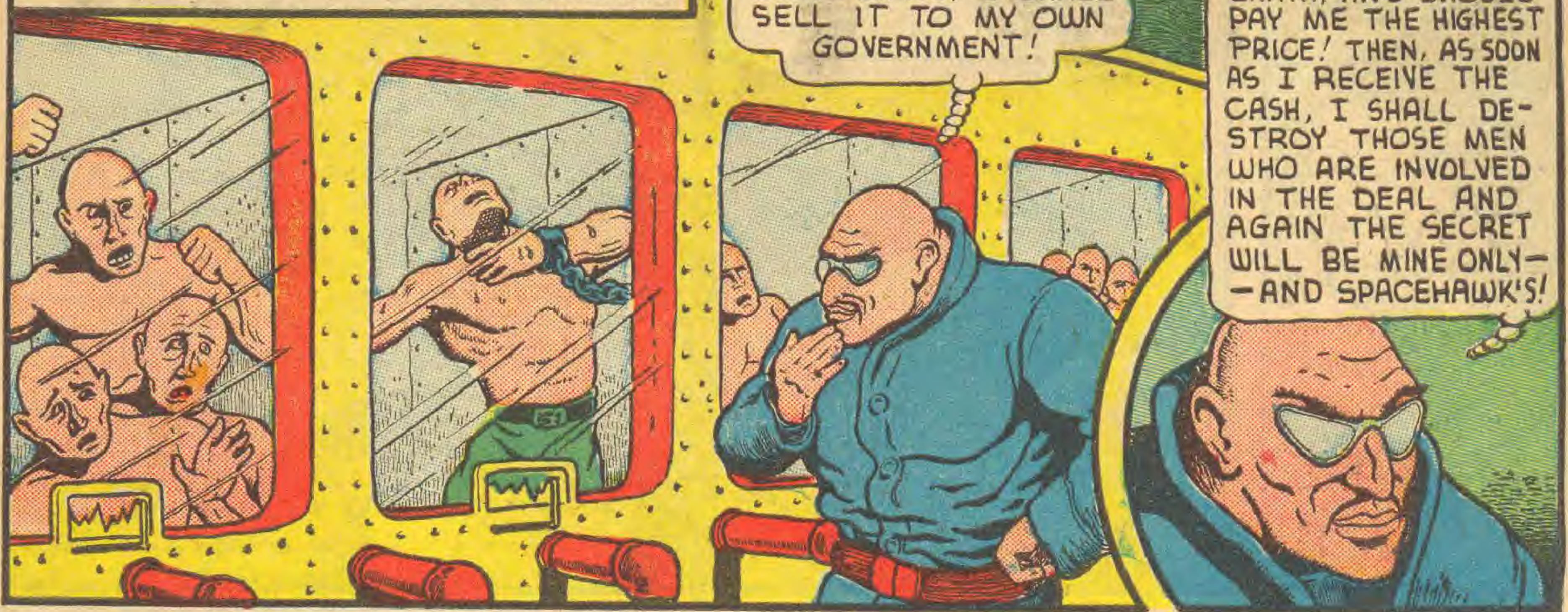
NOW TO GET TO MY LABORATORY IN EUROPE AND PLAN MY NEXT STEP!



IN HIS HIDDEN EUROPEAN LABORATORY, WHERE HE CONDUCTS DIABOLIC EXPERIMENTS WITH UNFORTUNATE HUMAN BEINGS, DR. GORE MAKES A DECISION.....

INSTEAD OF IMMEDIATELY USING THE ANTI-GRAVITY SECRET IN A FLEET OF MY OWN PLANES, I SHALL SELL IT TO MY OWN GOVERNMENT!

MY OWN COUNTRY IS THE MOST DESPERATE NATION ON EARTH, AND SHOULD PAY ME THE HIGHEST PRICE! THEN, AS SOON AS I RECEIVE THE CASH, I SHALL DESTROY THOSE MEN WHO ARE INVOLVED IN THE DEAL AND AGAIN THE SECRET WILL BE MINE ONLY—AND SPACEHAWK'S!



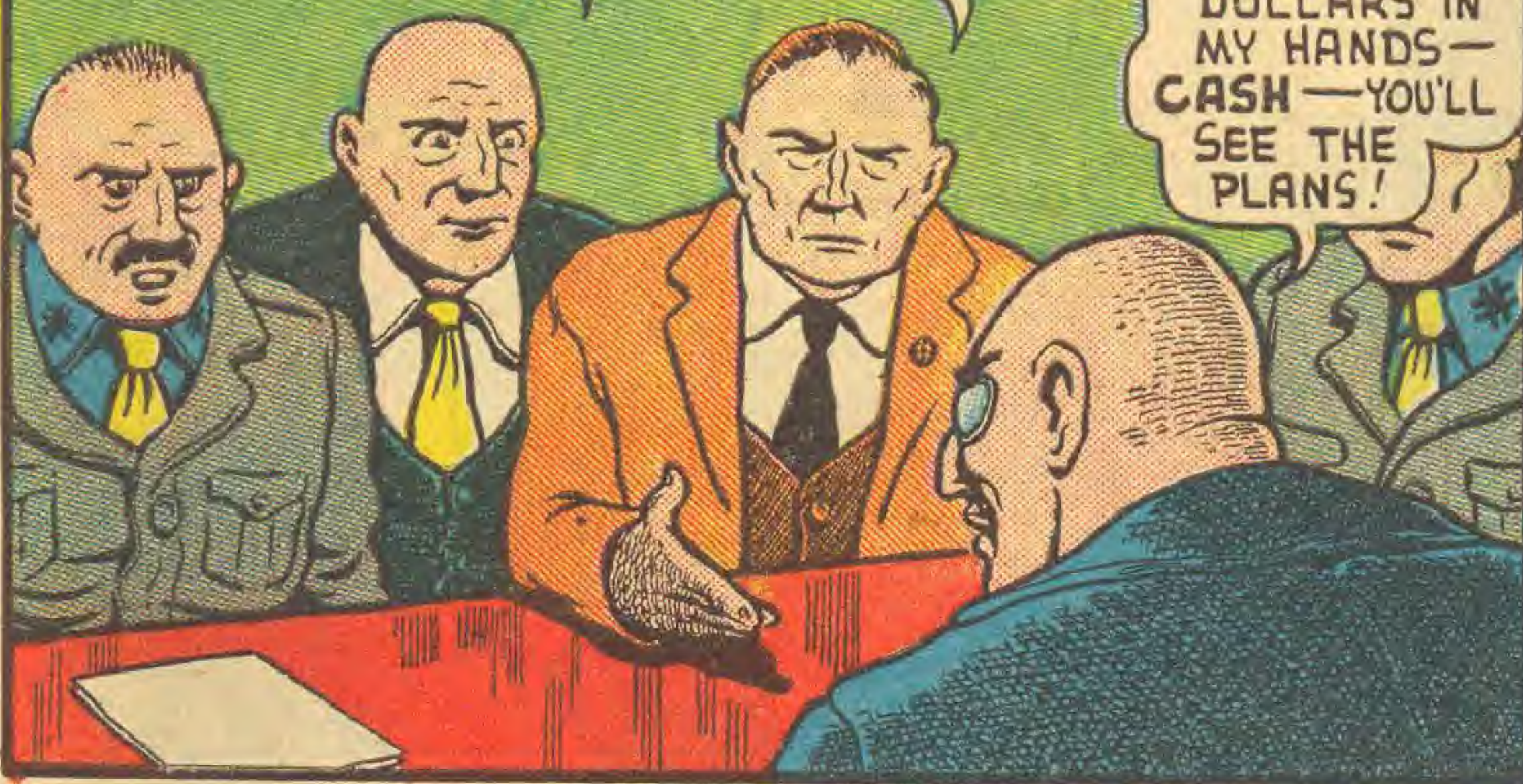
A FEW HOURS LATER, DR. GORE MEETS WITH OFFICIALS.

AMAZING!

SUCH A THING WOULD SURELY WIN THE WAR FOR US!

LET US SEE YOUR PLANS FOR THIS ANTI-GRAVITY UNIT, DR. GORE!

GENTLEMEN, WHEN YOU PLACE ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS IN MY HANDS—CASH—YOU'LL SEE THE PLANS!



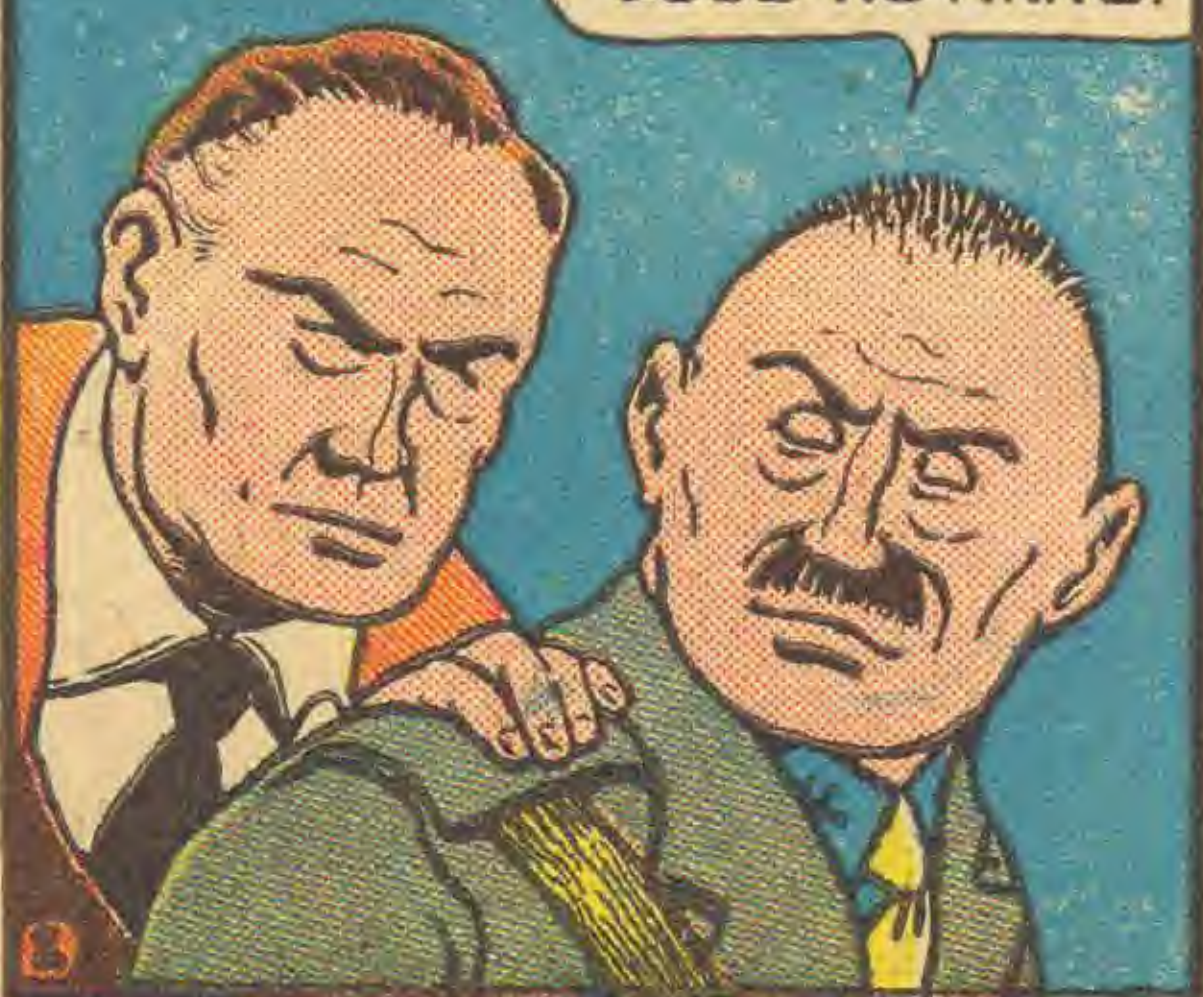
WHAT? YOU ASK A PRICE FOR A DEVICE TO DEFEND YOUR OWN NATION? YOU'LL FACE A FIRING SQUAD FOR THIS!

DON'T BE A FOOL! THE PLANS ARE ONLY IN MY BRAIN! THE OUTCOME OF THE WAR DEPENDS ON ME!



LET US USE TACT! I CAN HAVE THAT MONEY HERE WITHIN A FEW MINUTES! AFTER WE ARE IN POSSESSION OF HIS SECRET, WE'LL HAVE HIM SEIZED!

GOOD! THEN IF THIS IS A HOAX, WE'LL LOSE NOTHING!



LATER

WE HAVE DECIDED YOUR DISCOVERY IS WORTH THE PRICE, DR. GORE! HERE YOU ARE! NOW, WHAT HAVE YOU TO OFFER?

IT'S COMPARATIVELY SIMPLE! I'LL SKETCH IT OUT, AND GIVE YOU THE LIST OF MATERIALS YOU'LL NEED!



EXCUSE ME NOW, GENTLEMEN! I MUST GO. THANK YOU, AND GOOD LUCK!



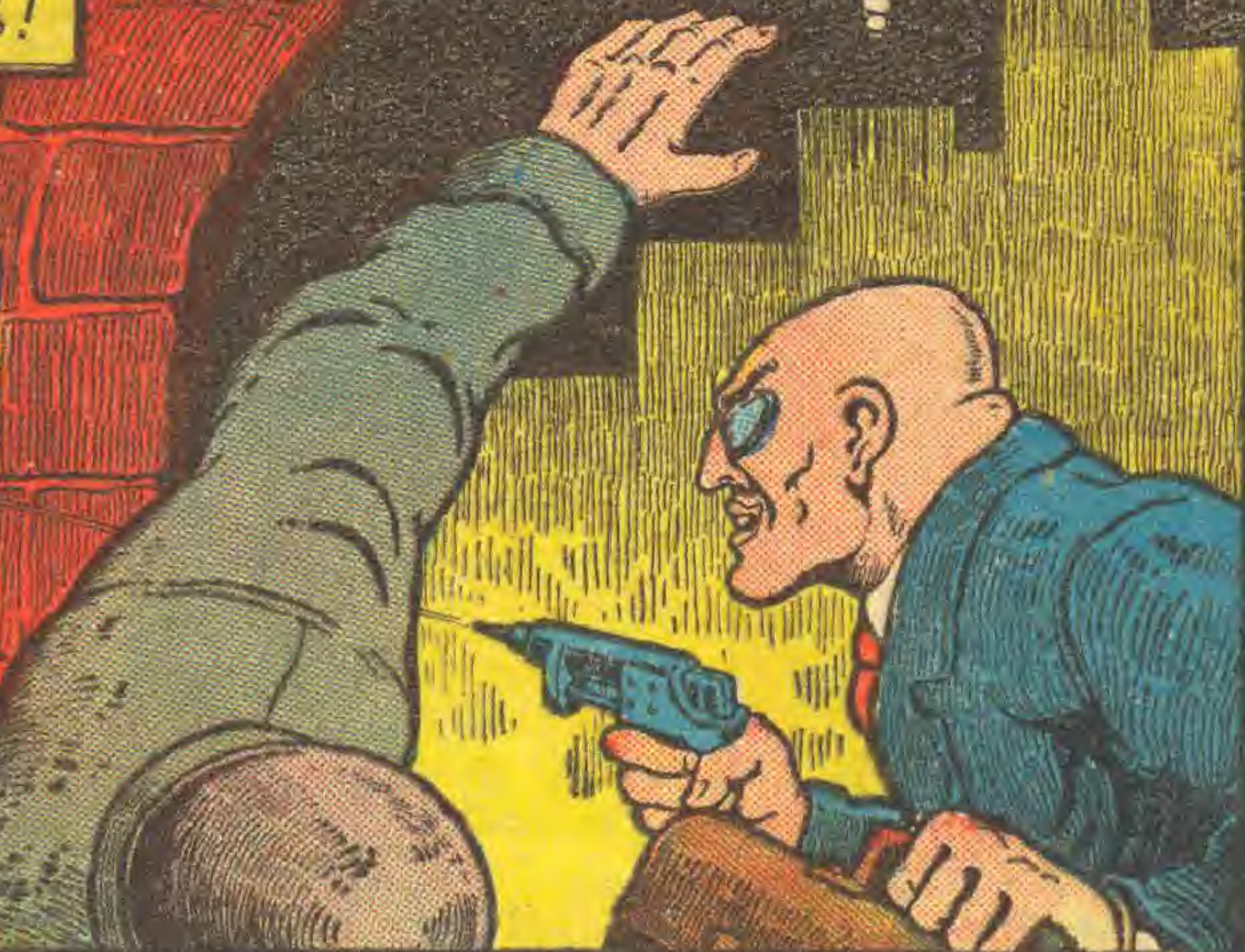
HE WON'T GO FAR! GUARDS ARE AWAITING HIM!



AS DR. GORE PASSES THRU A DARKENED CORRIDOR, ARMED GUARDS LEAP OUT AT HIM, BUT THE SCIENTIST'S NEEDLE GUN SPITS SILENT DEATH INTO THEIR BODIES!

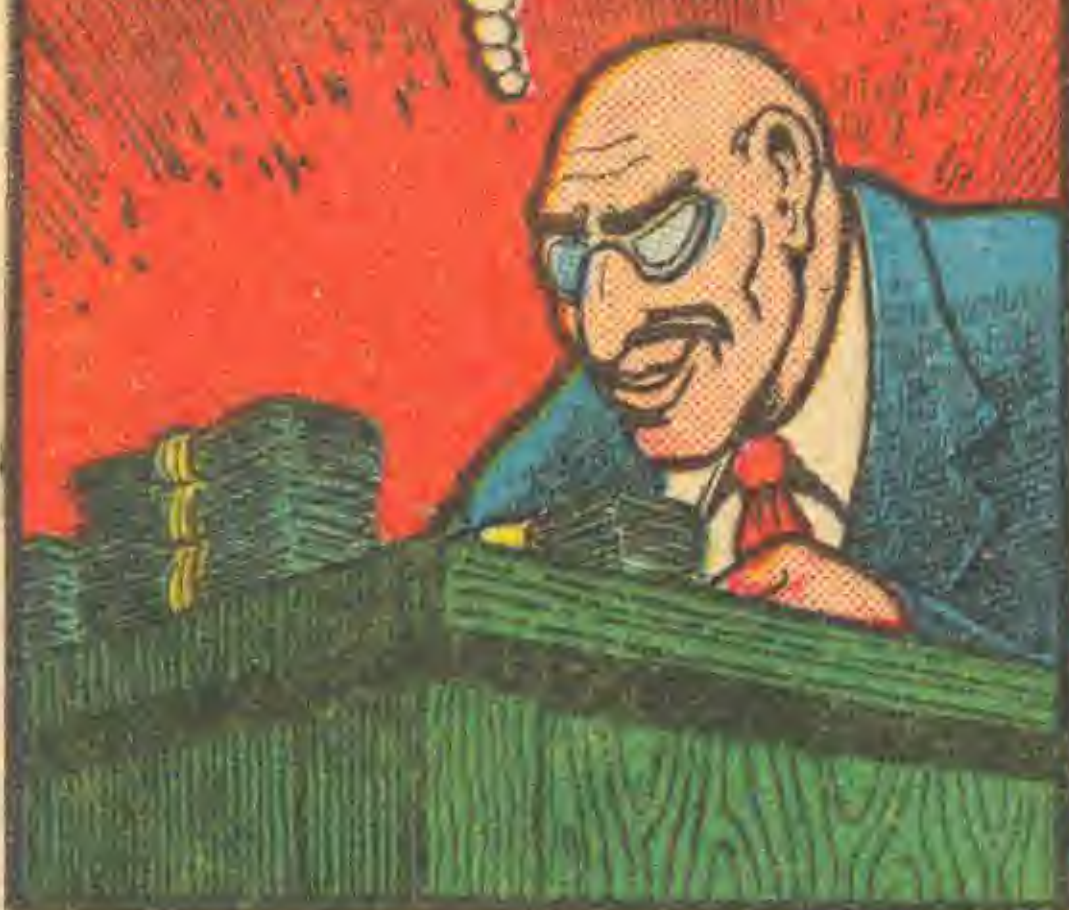


WHAT STUPIDITY TO THINK THAT I SHOULD FALL INTO SUCH AN OBVIOUS TRAP!



HE SAFELY REACHES HIS LABORATORY....

ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS! THEY NEVER GUESSED THERE WAS THE REMOTEST CHANCE OF ACTUALLY LOSING IT! WHAT A DEAL!



NOW, TO DISGUISE MYSELF AS A GUARD AND RETURN TO GET MY SKETCHES — AND TO ERASE EVERY MAN WHO HAS SEEN THEM! AGAIN I SHALL PROVE HOW FUTILE IT IS TO TRY TO DOUBLECROSS ME!



MEANWHILE, AS SPACEHAWK CRUISES THRU THE STRATOSPHERE....

WHAT'S THIS? — A SHIP COMING IN OUT OF SPACE! I MUST STOP IT!



HALT AND IDENTIFY YOURSELF!

I COME IN PEACE, A STRANGER FROM A DISTANT SOLAR SYSTEM! I WISH TO VISIT THIS PLANET!

NOT WITHOUT INSPECTION! PULL ALONGSIDE AND OPEN YOUR AIRLOCK DOORS!

DEFYING THE SEMI-VACUUM OF THE STRATOSPHERE, SPACEHAWK LEAPS ABOARD THE OTHER SHIP....



SPACEHAWK RUSHES IN...



THE ANSWER COMES BACK...



INSIDE THE
STRANGE CRAFT—

DORK! WHY
YOU OLD
ROCKET-RIDER!
WHERE'D YOU
COME FROM?

SPACEHAWK!
I NEVER
EXPECTED TO
SEE YOU
AGAIN!



WHAT
BRINGS
YOU
SO FAR
FROM
HOME?

I HEARD RUMORS THAT
THE PLANET EARTH IS
ENGULFED IN WAR, AND
I CAME TO SEE HOW
OTHER WORLDS WAGE
THEIR BATTLES!

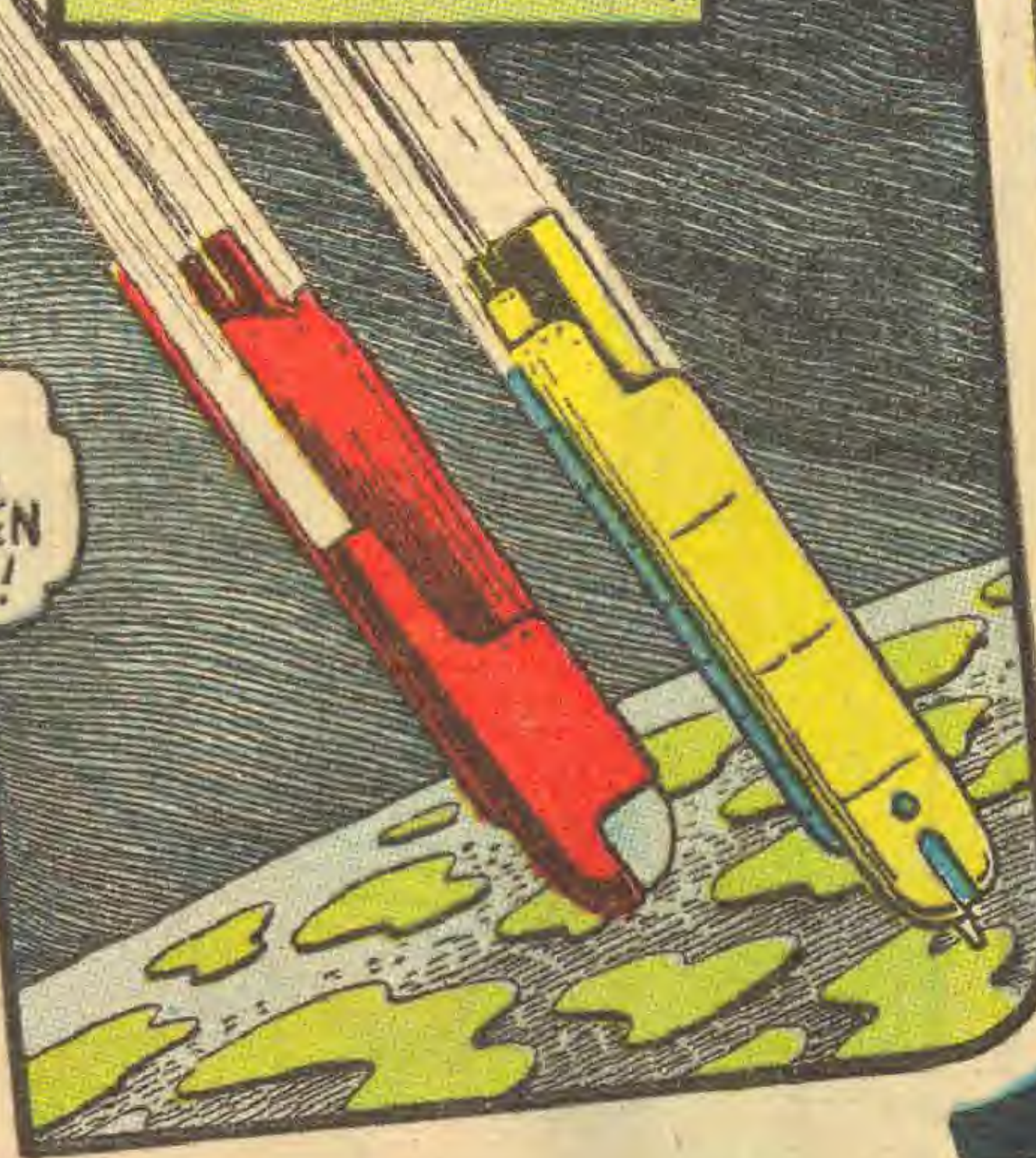


IT'S NOT PLEASANT.
GREEDY DICTATORS ARE
KILLING THOUSANDS IN
THEIR DRIVES TO CONQUER
PEACE-LOVING NATIONS!
IF YOU'D LIKE TO SEE HOW
A DICTATOR-NATION
FUNCTIONS, I'LL TAKE YOU
TO A RINGSIDE SEAT!

LET'S GO! AND
WHILE WE'RE ON THE WAY,
TELL ME WHAT YOU'VE BEEN
DOING ALL THESE YEARS!



THE TWO SHIPS
DIVE EARTHWARD...



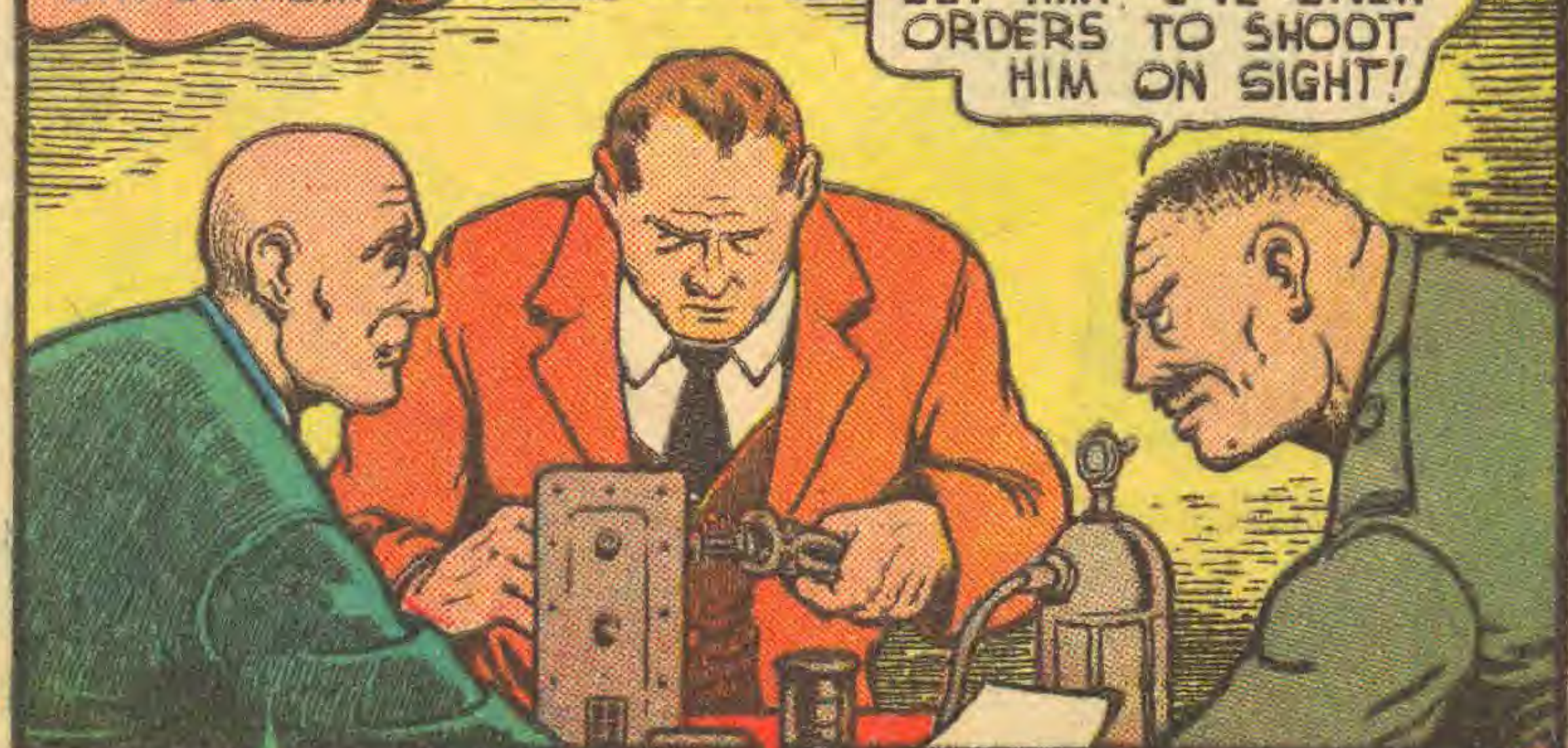
EQUIPPED WITH ANTI-
GRAVITY BELTS, SPACEHAWK
AND DORK FLOAT DOWN
OVER A DARKENED CITY...



THIS IS ONE OF THE PLACES
WHERE WAR PLANS ARE
MADE! WE'LL SEE WHAT
GOES ON INSIDE!

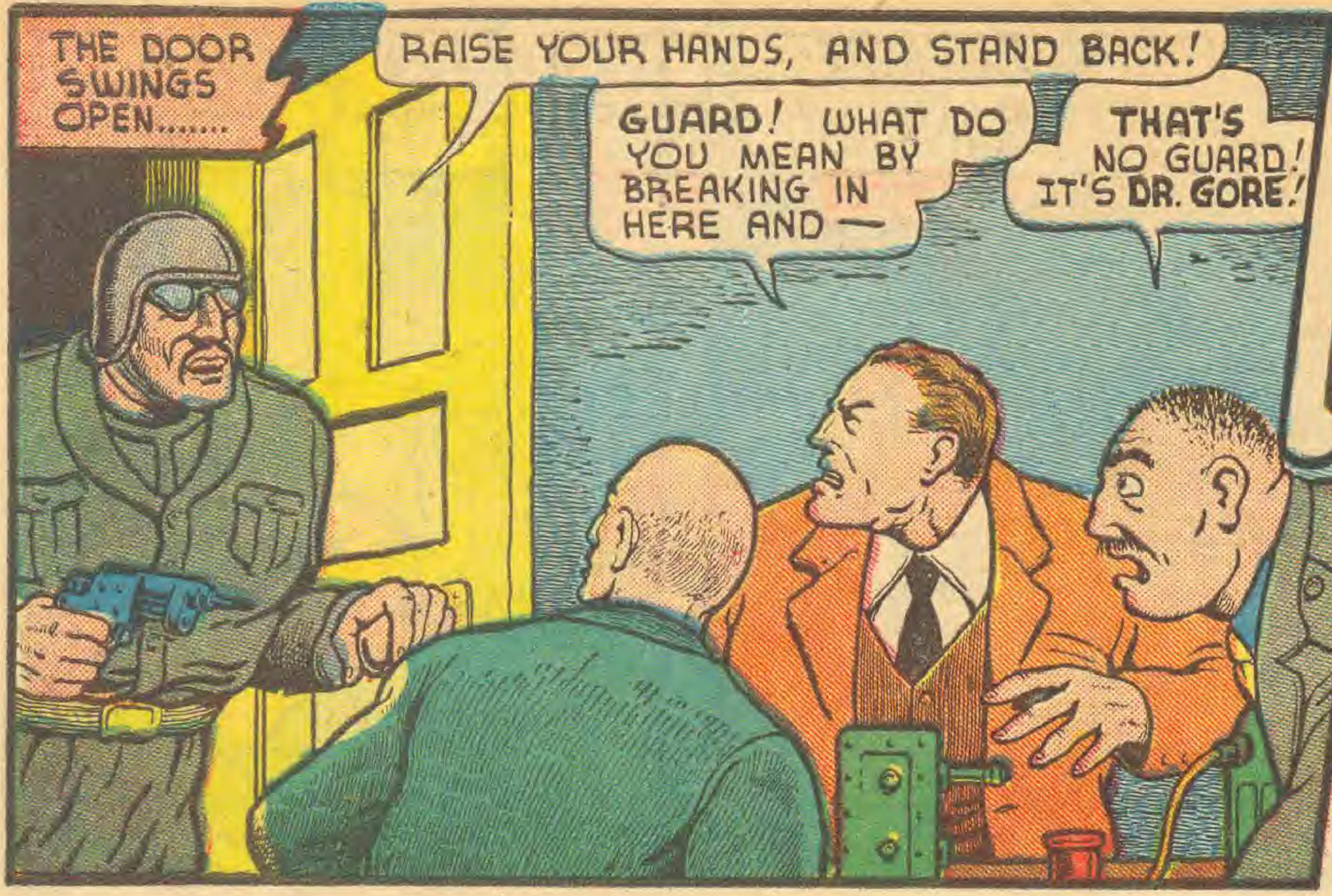


INSIDE, EXCITED
OFFICIALS ARE
CONSTRUCTING
A WORKING
MODEL, FROM
THE SKETCHES
OBTAINED FROM
DR. GORE...



THIS ANTI-GRAVITY DEVICE HAD
BETTER WORK, OR WE'RE OUT
AN ENORMOUS SUM! I CAN'T
UNDERSTAND HOW THAT CROOKED
SCIENTIST ESCAPED!

DON'T WORRY! WE'LL
GET HIM! I'VE GIVEN
ORDERS TO SHOOT
HIM ON SIGHT!



THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN.....

RAISE YOUR HANDS, AND STAND BACK!

GUARD! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY BREAKING IN HERE AND —

THAT'S NO GUARD! IT'S DR. GORE!



YES, GENTLEMEN — DR. GORE! I'VE SILENCED YOUR GUARDS WITH THIS NEEDLE PISTOL! NOW, I'M GOING TO SILENCE YOU THREE WITH THIS CAPSULE OF DEADLY LETHANE GAS!



FIRST, HOWEVER, I'LL PUT ON THIS MASK! THEN I'LL BURN THESE SKETCHES YOU SO OBLIGINGLY PURCHASED FROM ME!



SPACEHAWK IS AMAZED AT WHAT HE SEES....

DR. GORE — ALIVE! AND ALREADY HE'S SOLD THE ANTI-GRAVITY SECRET HE STOLE FROM MY SHIP!

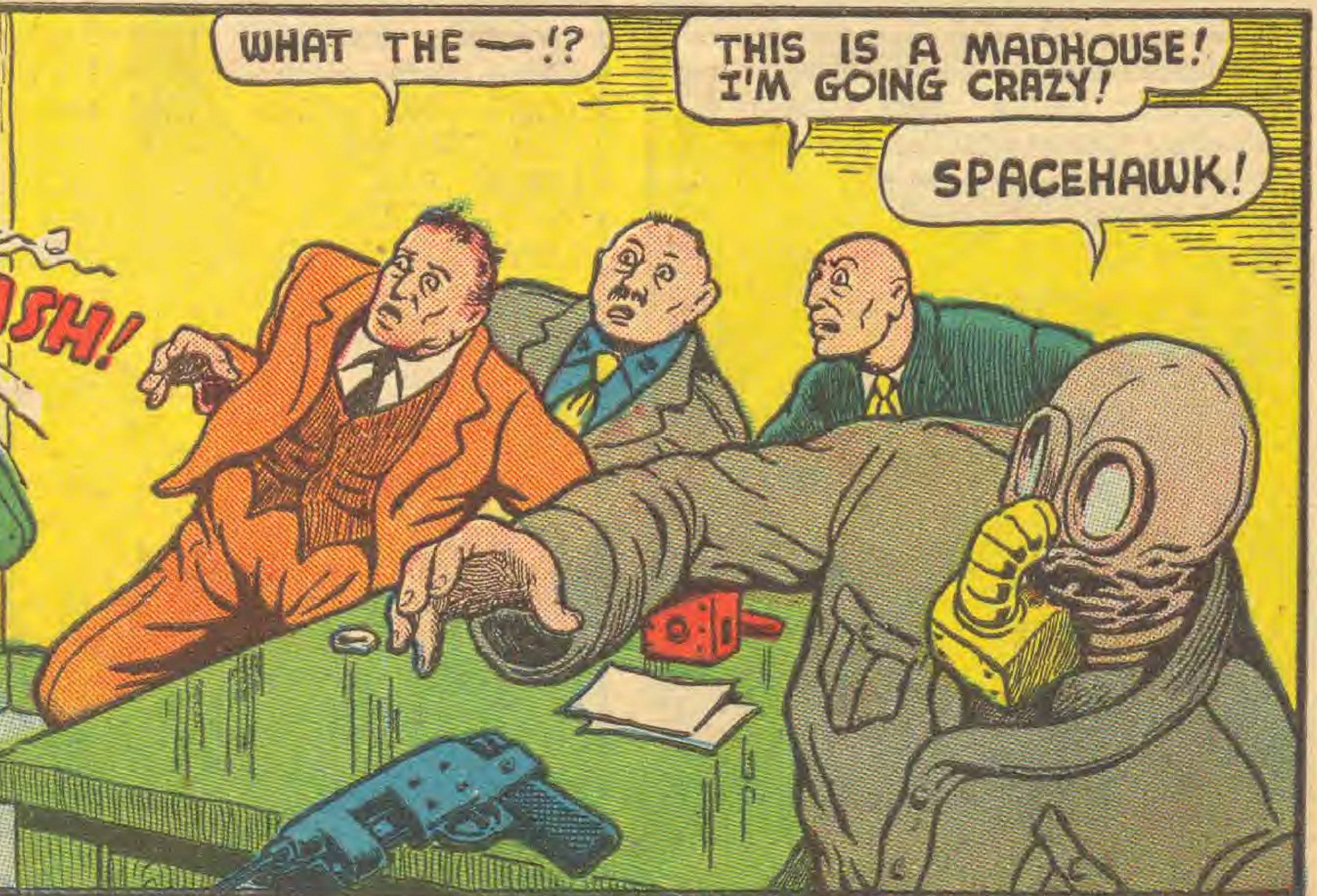
YOU MEAN EARTHLINGS DON'T KNOW HOW TO OFFSET GRAVITY?



NO, AND FOR THEIR OWN WELFARE THEY MUST NOT FIND OUT! THEIR AIR WARFARE IS ALREADY HORRIBLE ENOUGH! WAIT HERE, DORK! I'M GOING AFTER THAT MAN!



SPACEHAWK COMES CRASHING THRU THE WINDOW!



WHAT THE — !?

THIS IS A MADHOUSE! I'M GOING CRAZY!

SPACEHAWK!

CRASH!

NOW I'M GOING TO SETTLE WITH YOU!

STAND BACK, OR I'LL FLING THIS GAS CAPSULE RIGHT IN YOUR FACE!

THIS IS OUR CHANCE! SHOOT THEM BOTH!

THE RAT! I'LL FIX HIM!

PARDON ME, BROTHER, BUT I HAVE A MANIA FOR LEAPING ON PEOPLE I DON'T LIKE!

GOOD WORK, DORK!

YES — GOOD INDEED! THE MORE THE MERRIER WHEN I SQUEEZE, OPEN THIS CAPSULE! HERE GOES!

ANOTHER ONE! WHAT IS ALL THIS?

OUTSIDE, DORK SEES THE OFFICER RAISE HIS PISTOL...

THUD!

SWIFT AS A BULLET SPACEHAWK'S HAND FLASHES OUT AND SNATCHES THE CONTAINER OF GAS...

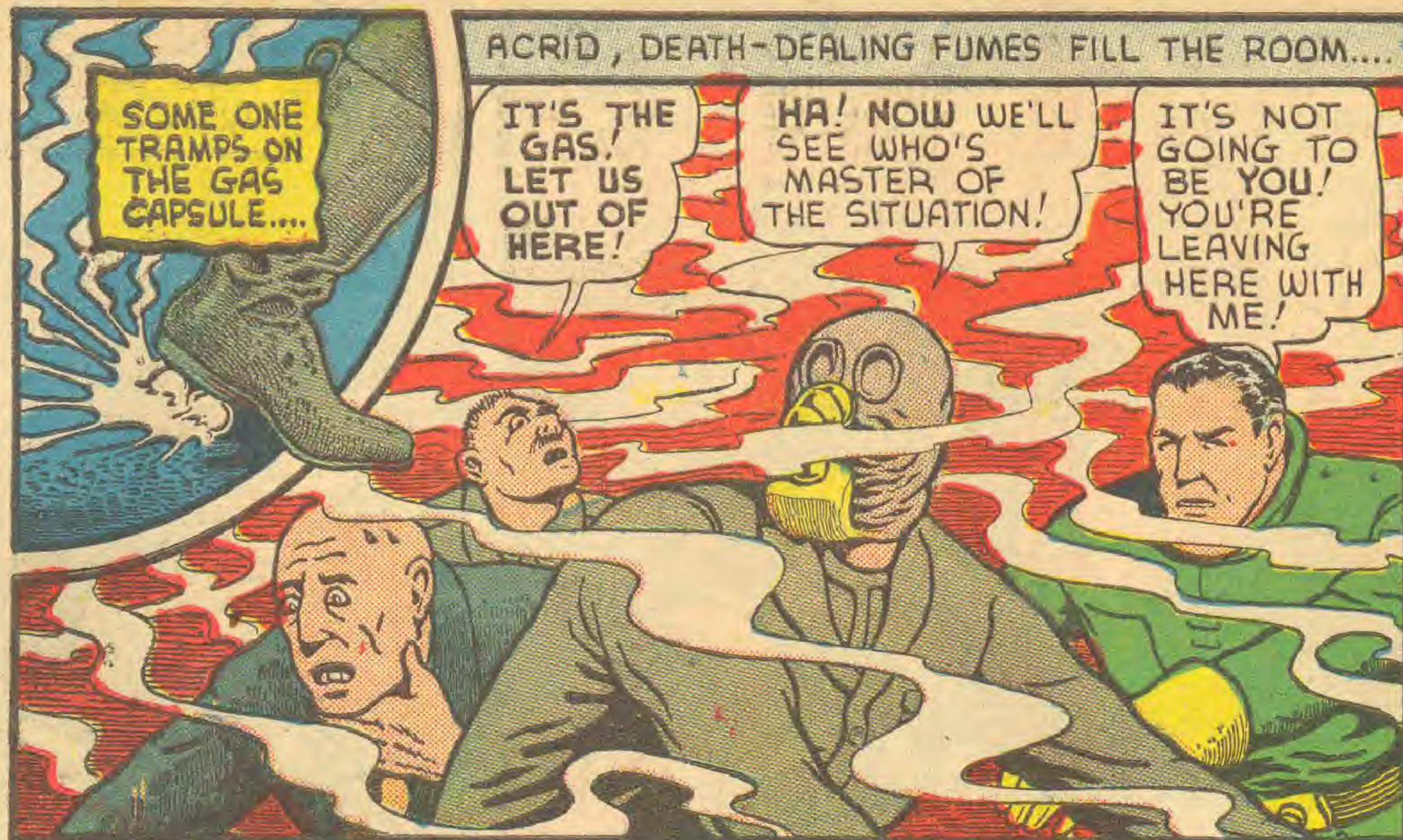
FURIOUS, DR. GORE LUNGES, AND IN THE MELEE THAT FOLLOWS, THE CAPSULE FALLS TO THE FLOOR.....

TAKE CARE OF THE OTHERS, DORK — IF YOU CAN!

I'LL PUT YOU OUT LIKE A LIGHT!

YOU'LL HAVE TO MOVE FASTER THAN THAT!

WHO SAYS I CAN'T?



SOME ONE TRAMPS ON THE GAS CAPSULE....

IT'S THE GAS! LET US OUT OF HERE!

HA! NOW WE'LL SEE WHO'S MASTER OF THE SITUATION!

IT'S NOT GOING TO BE YOU! YOU'RE LEAVING HERE WITH ME!

ACRID, DEATH-DEALING FUMES FILL THE ROOM....



HOLD YOUR BREATH, DORK, AND GET OUTSIDE-QUICK!



OUTSIDE...

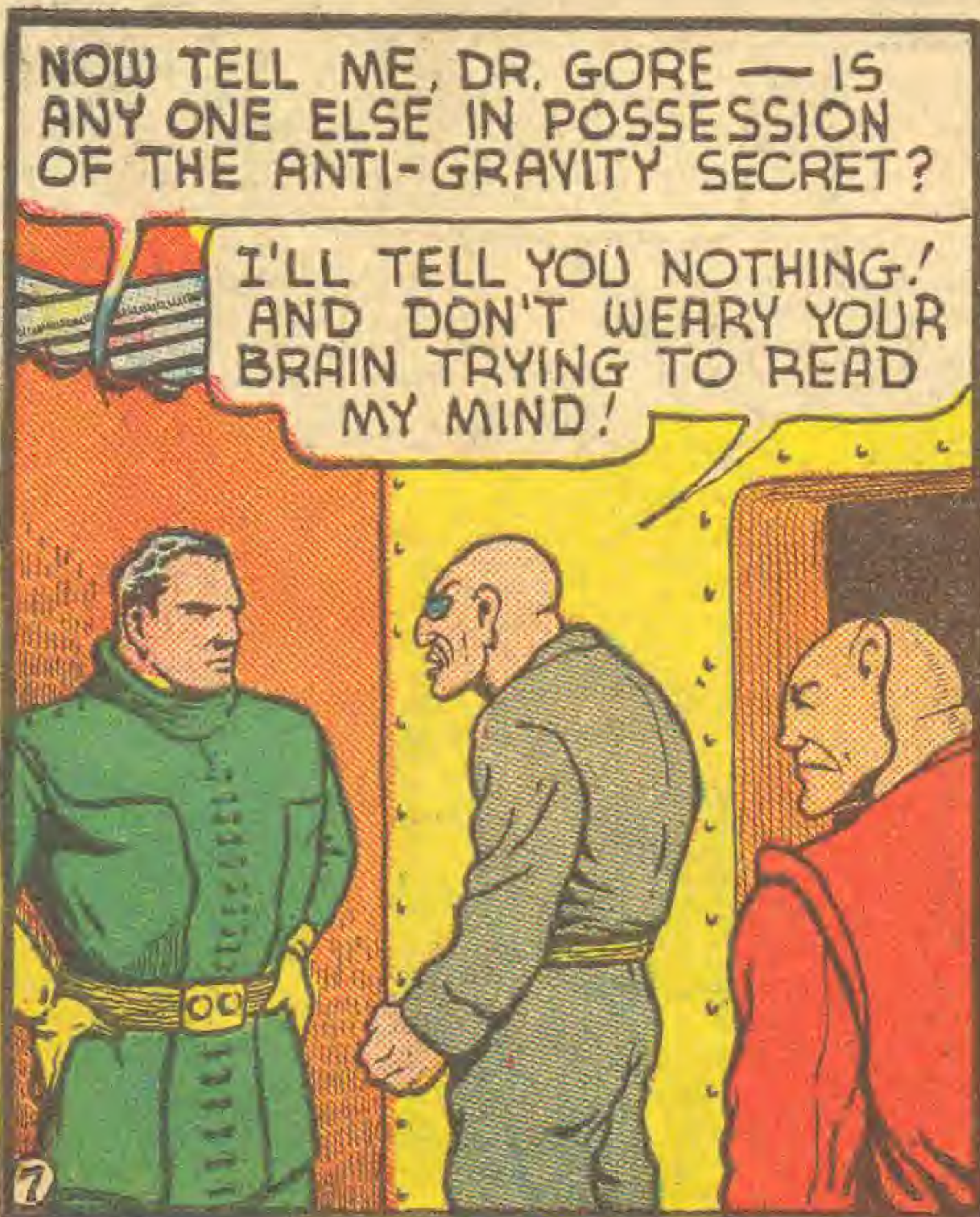
MAN! THAT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH HIM?

I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT IF HE'S SOLD THE ANTI-GRAVITY SECRET TO ANY OTHER NATION!

LET GO OF ME!



THE TWO MEN CARRY DR. GORE TO SPACEHAWK'S SHIP....



NOW TELL ME, DR. GORE — IS ANY ONE ELSE IN POSSESSION OF THE ANTI-GRAVITY SECRET?

I'LL TELL YOU NOTHING! AND DON'T WEARY YOUR BRAIN TRYING TO READ MY MIND!



LET ME BEAT IT OUT OF HIM, SPACEHAWK!

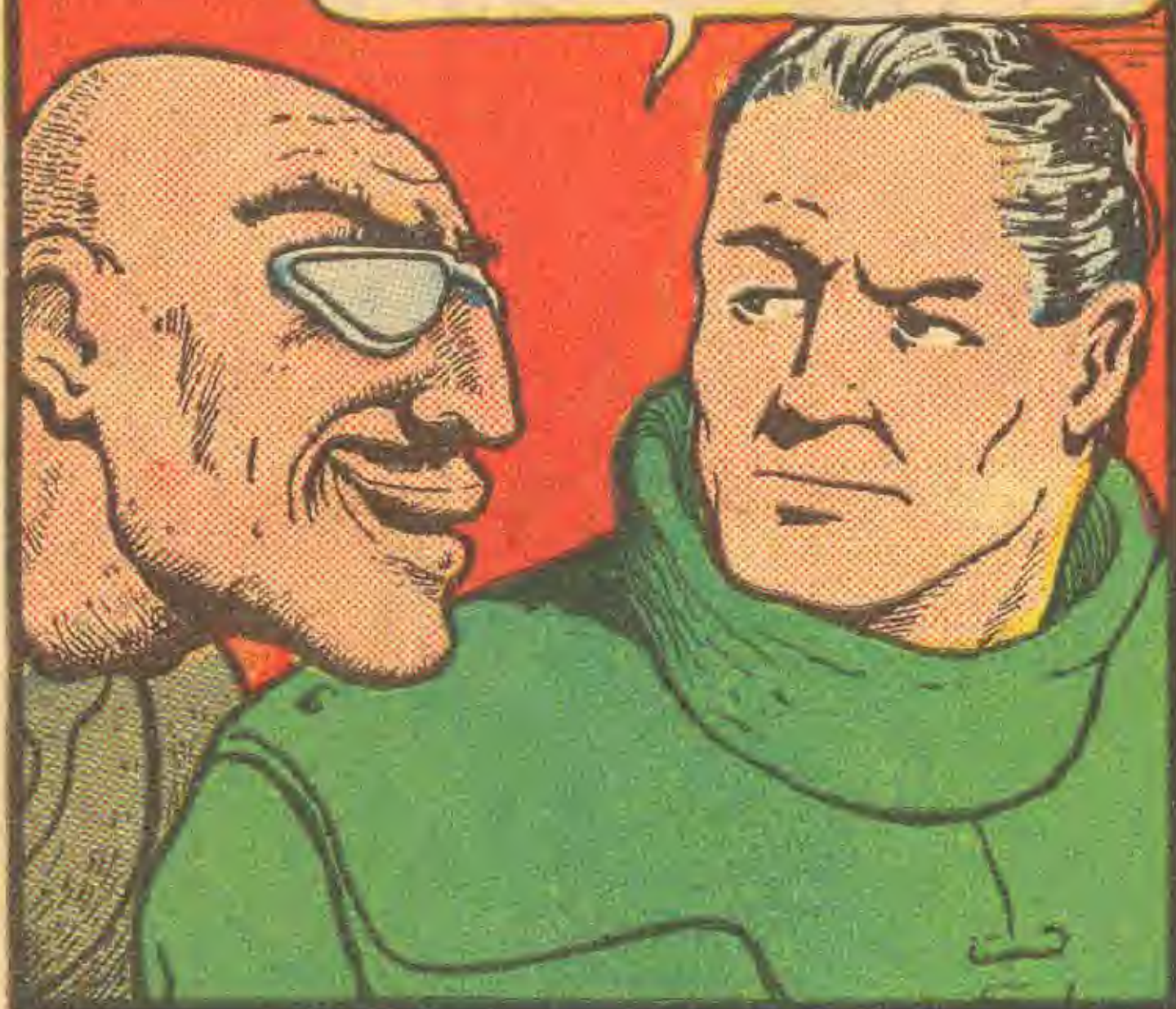


THAT'S NOT NECESSARY, DORK! HE HAS A STRONG MIND, BUT I CAN READ IT ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT THE SECRET STILL REMAINS WITH HIM!

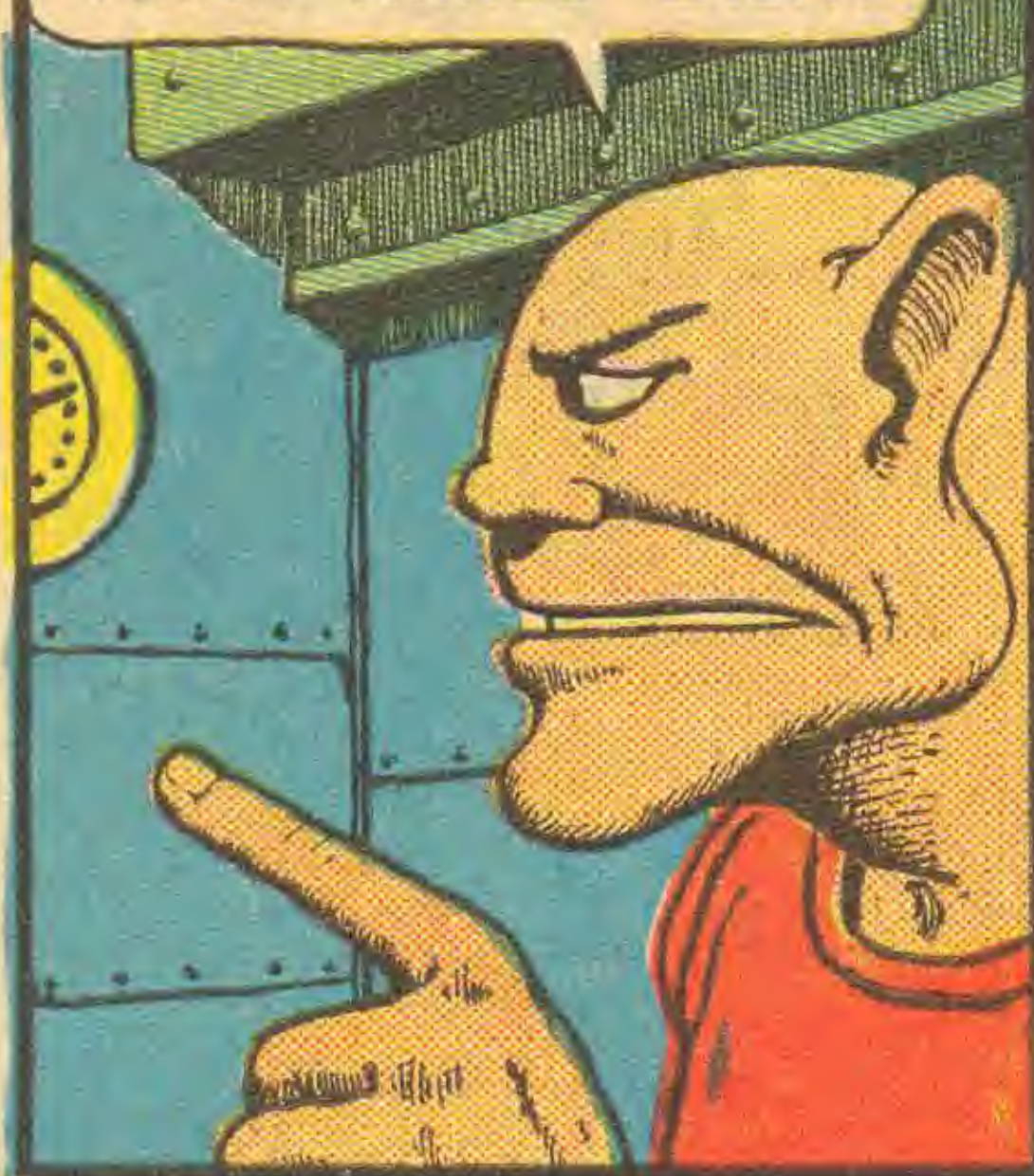
GOOD!

WELL, MASTER-MIND, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW?

SHOOTING IS TOO GOOD FOR YOU! YOU DESERVE SOMETHING A BIT MORE DRAWN OUT!



I HAVE IT, SPACEHAWK! LET ME TAKE HIM TO MARS, AND LEAVE HIM IN THE DESERT OF THE LIZARD DUNES! THAT'LL GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO THINK THINGS OVER!



WHAT? YOU MEAN YOU'D ATTEMPT TO TRAVEL THRU SPACE? THAT'S RIDICULOUS!



BROTHER, YOU'RE DUE FOR A TERRIFIC SURPRISE! INSIDE OF TEN EARTH DAYS YOU'LL BE CRAWLING ACROSS THE WORST PART OF MARS, YOUR TONGUE HANGING OUT A FOOT FOR LACK OF WATER!

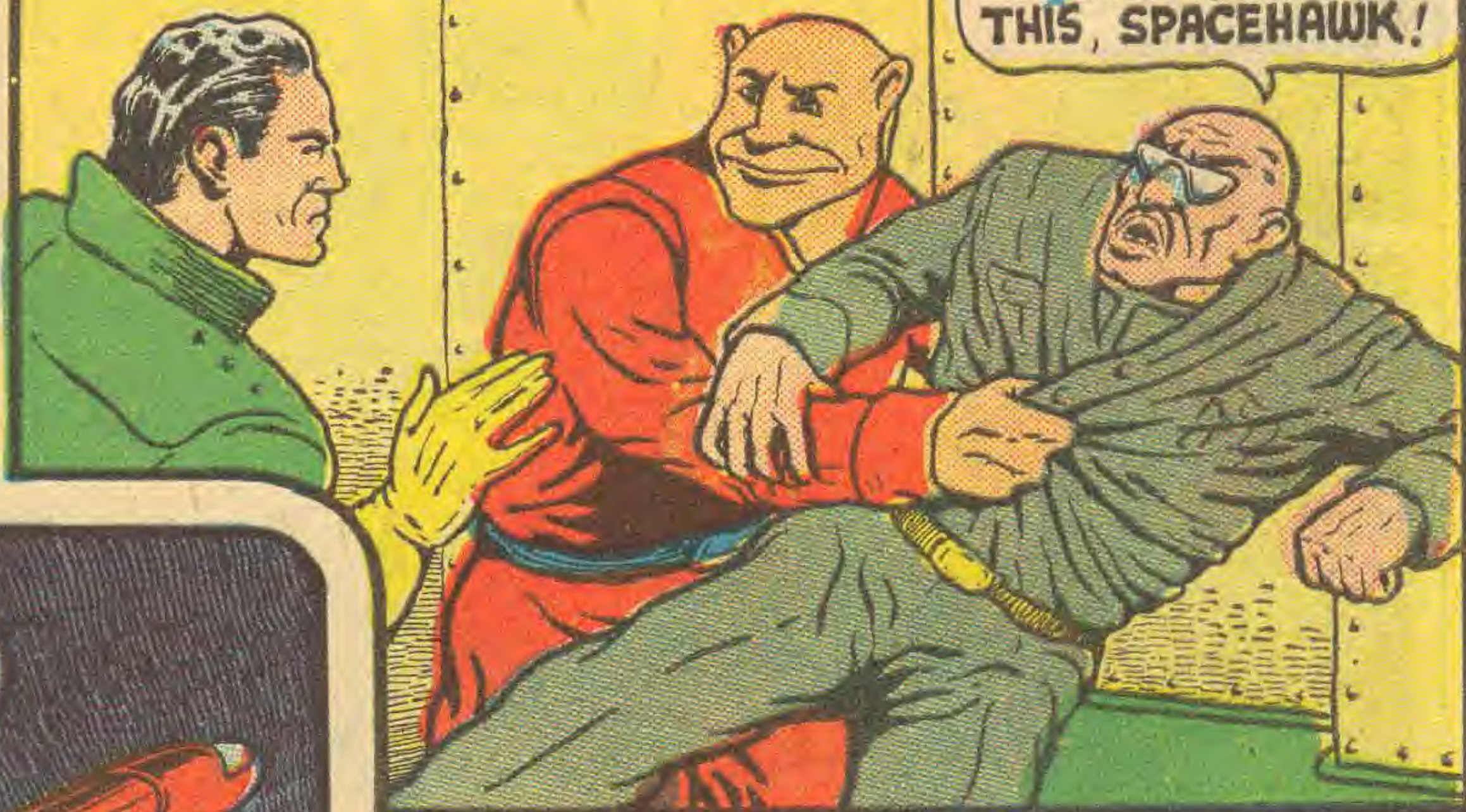
NO! NO! YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO ME!



THAT'S YOUR OPINION, DR. GORE. TAKE HIM AWAY, DORK! THANKS FOR THE HELP!

I'LL SEE YOU LATER, SPACEHAWK!

MARK MY WORDS, YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, SPACEHAWK!



DORK CARRIES DR. GORE TO HIS SHIP, AND ROARS OFF INTO THE YAWNING VOID...



STRANGE I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! MARS IS JUST THE PLACE FOR SEVERAL MEN ON EARTH I KNOW!



SPACEHAWK GOES AFTER INVADERS FROM THE STRATOSPHERE in **TARGET COMICS**

THE

WHITE STREAK

AND THE RED SEAL

after A SMASHING ADVENTURE AGAINST SABOTEURS IN THE ARMY, RED SEAL PLUNGES INTO A SPECTACULAR INCIDENT WHICH REVEALS THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING WHITE STREAK!



ABOARD THE CRACK STREAM-LINER, WASHINGTON BOUND, BRITISH COLONEL GEORGE BARTON IS ON A MISSION OF UTMOST SECRECY...



SUDDENLY... DISASTER OVERTAKES THE TRAIN...

GOOD LORD! WE'RE OFF THE TRACK!



SWELL JOB OF TRAINWRECKING!

NOW, TO FIND BARTON!



HERE HE IS!

GOOD! LET'S GET HIM!

GIVE US THOSE PAPERS CONCERNING THE METHOD YOU BRITISH RECENTLY DEVELOPED TO COMBAT AIR RAIDS!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

ONE OF THE MEN STARTS TWISTING BARTON'S SERIOUSLY INJURED LEG...

NO! DON'T! EOW!

PERHAPS THIS WILL CHANGE YOUR MIND!

TWIST IT MORE... MORE, MORE!

NO, STOP! I'LL TELL! I'LL TELL!

HERE THEY ARE, DOGS!

HAH! SO YOU'RE REASONABLE NOW!

A SLIGHT COMMOTION INVADERS THE CAR!

WHO'S THAT?

LOOK!

YOU'D TWIST LEGS. EH?

RED SEAL INTRUDES!

OOF!

SO...GONE! AND WITH THE PAPERS! WELL, ONE OF THEM DIDN'T GET AWAY!

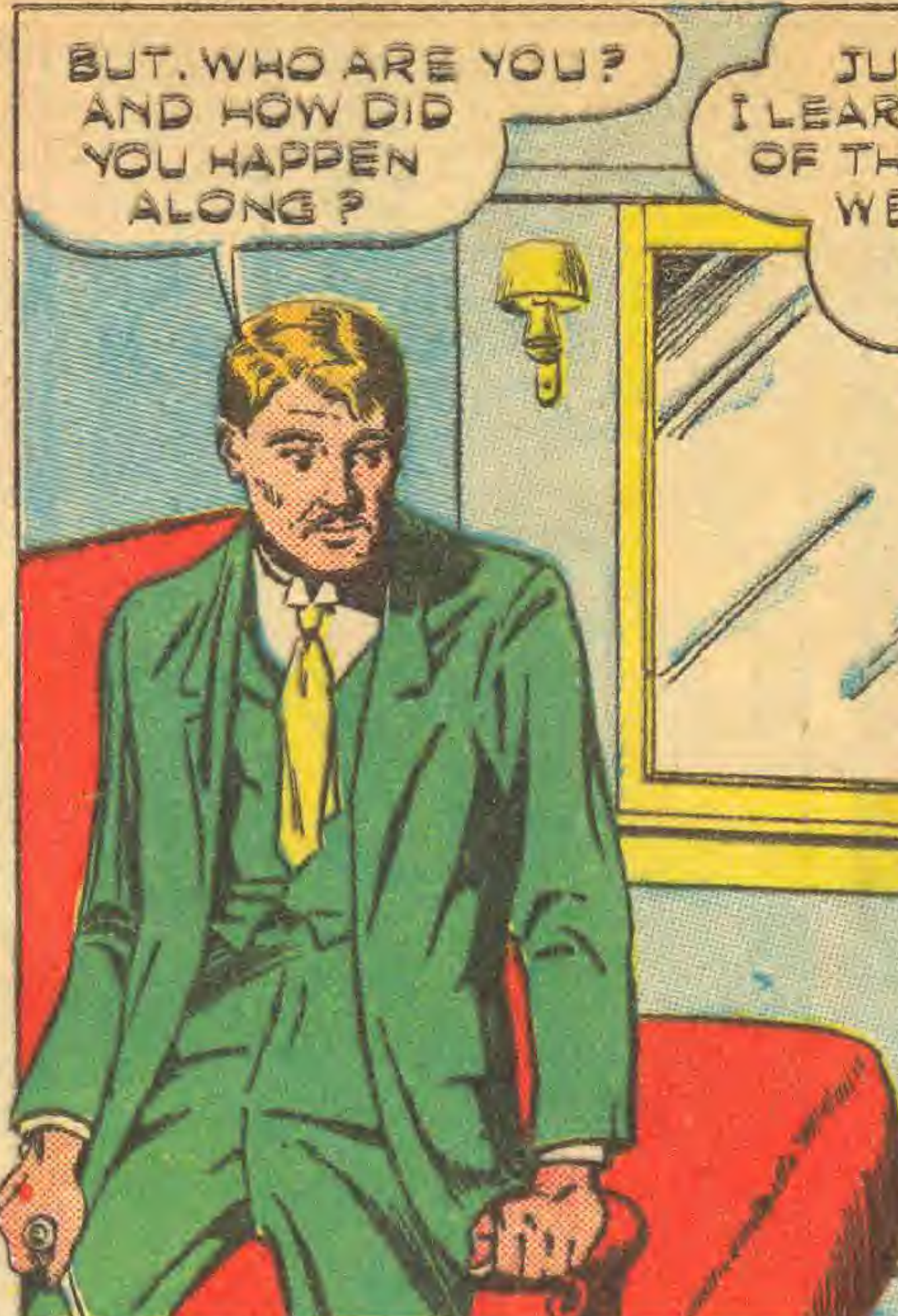
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

O-O-O-OH!



EASY THERE!
HOW DO YOU FEEL?

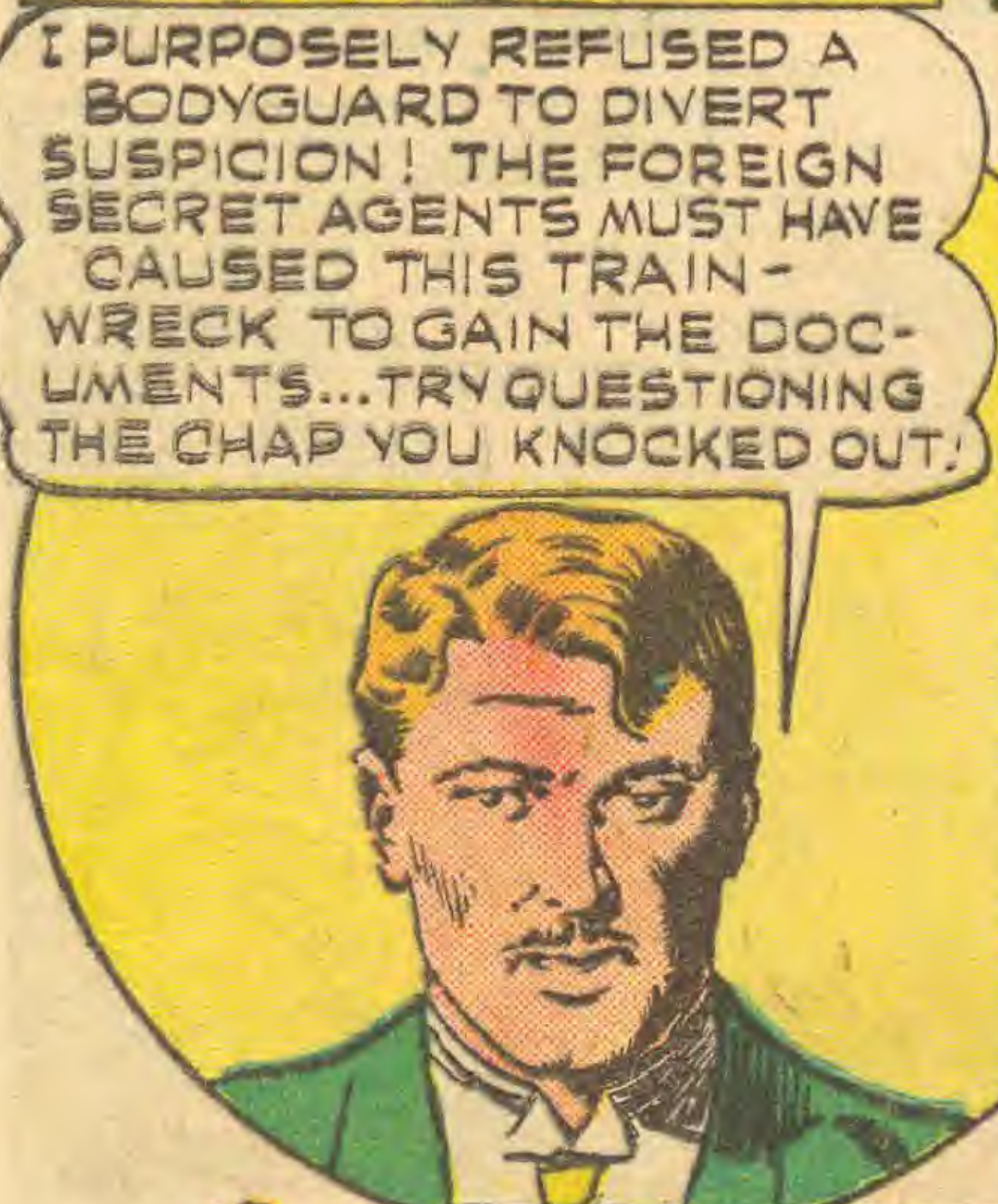
BETTER, SINCE
YOU CAME!



BUT, WHO ARE YOU?
AND HOW DID
YOU HAPPEN
ALONG?



JUST CALL ME A FRIEND!
I LEARNED OF THE IMPORTANCE
OF THE SECRET PAPERS YOU
WERE CARRYING... AND
SPIRTED MYSELF
ABOARD AS YOUR
BODYGUARD,
INCOGNITO!



I PURPOSELY REFUSED A
BODYGUARD TO DIVERT
SUSPICION! THE FOREIGN
SECRET AGENTS MUST HAVE
CAUSED THIS TRAIN-
WRECK TO GAIN THE DOC-
UMENTS... TRY QUESTIONING
THE CHAP YOU KNOCKED OUT!



GOOD IDEA! GET UP, YOU!

UH-OH-
WHERE
AM I?



WHERE ARE YOUR
BUDDIES
HEADED
FOR?

I-I
WON'T
TELL
YOU!



PERHAPS THIS
WILL "ENCOURAGE" YOU!

SPLAT!

PERSUASION
TRIUMPHS!

T-THEY'RE
GOING TO
NEW YORK...
PIER 40 ...
A SMALL BOAT
WILL TAKE THEM
TO OUR SUBMARINE
OUTSIDE HARBOR...
THEN THE PAPERS
WILL BE BROUGHT
TO BERLIN!

THAT'S
ALL I
WANT
TO
KNOW!

WITH THE TRAIN WRECK CLEARED UP, AND THE FOREIGN AGENT PROPERLY TAKEN CARE OF... RED SEAL GOES TO NEW YORK TO FERRET OUT THE SPIES.



AT PIER THIRTY NINE.

HERE IS WHERE WHITE STREAK PERISHED IN THE LINE OF DUTY!

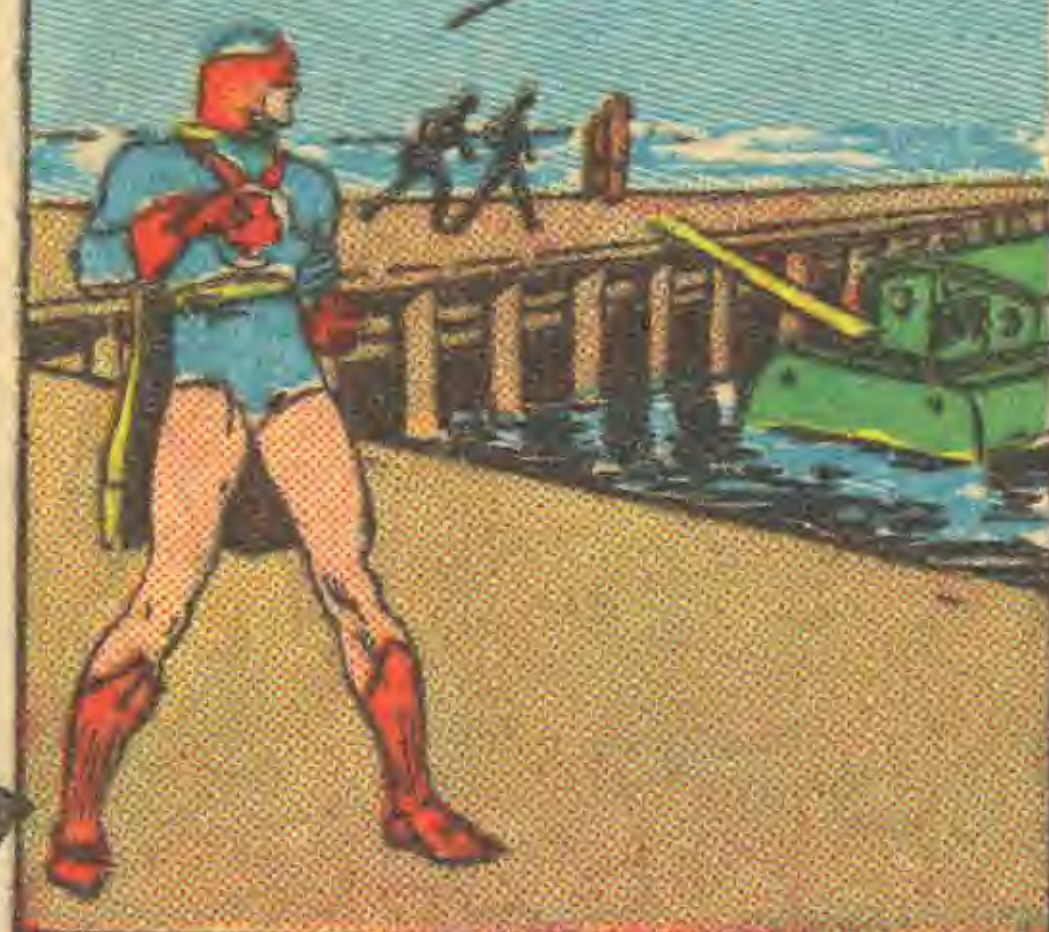


ON SOLEMN TRIBUTE, RED SEAL SALLUTES A TRUE PATRIOT... WHITE STREAK!



Then

HMM... THERE THEY ARE!



THE PAPERS MUST BE IN THAT BAG, SO...



HERE I COME!

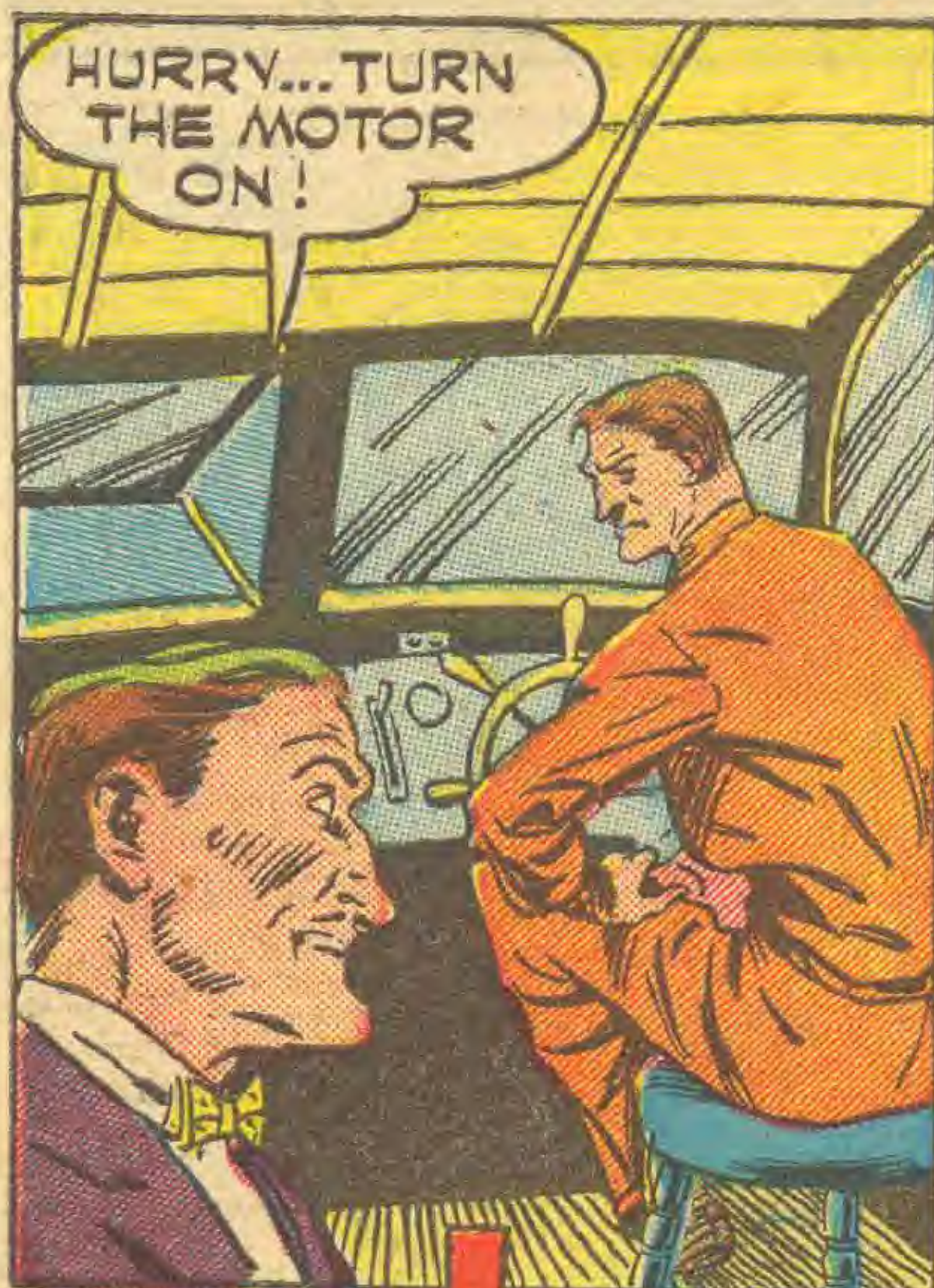
NO YOU DON'T!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

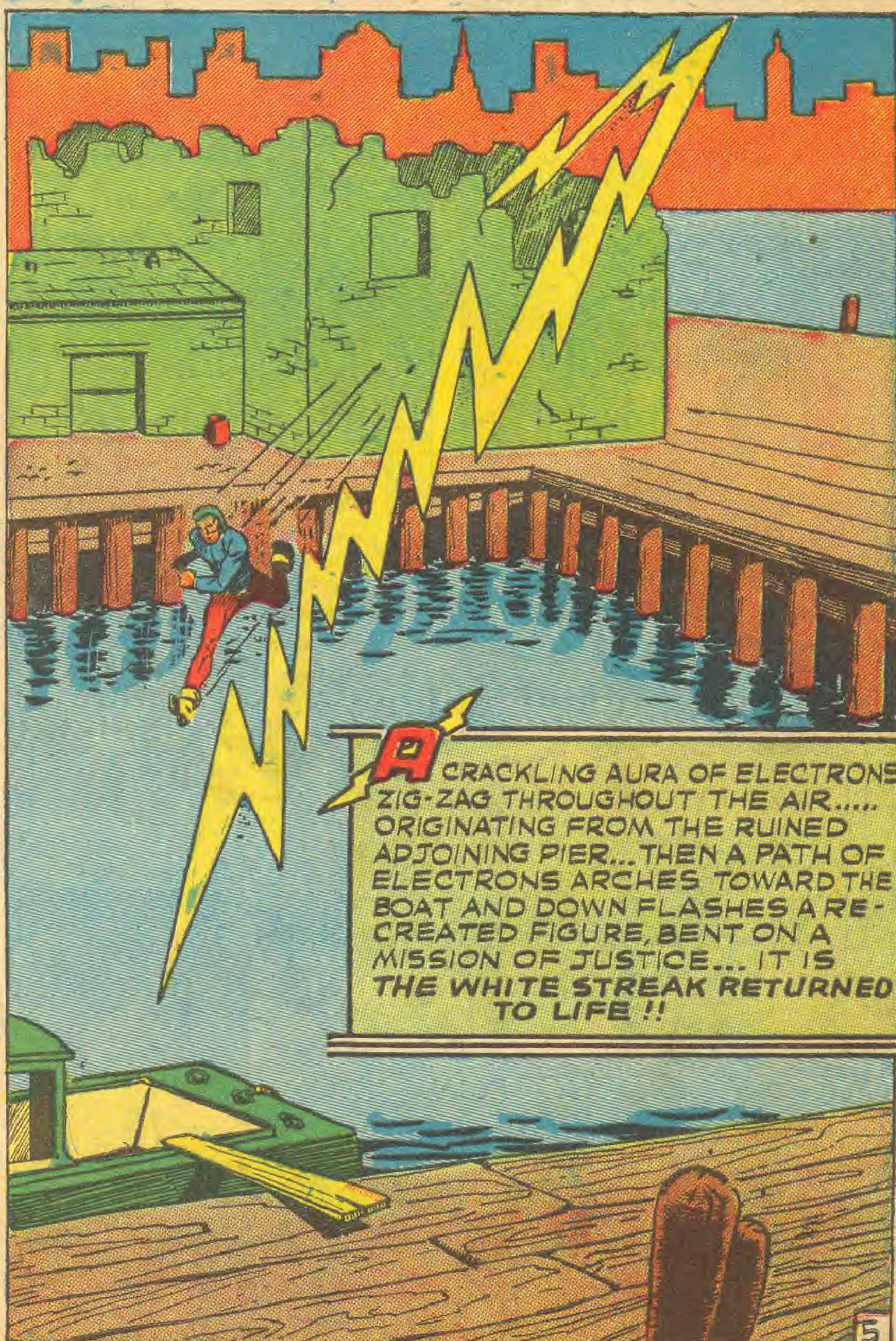
YOU AGAIN?

SP-L-AT!





AS A HAND CLAMPS ON THE IGNITION SWITCH...A THUNDER-CLAP SLAMS THRU THE AIR!



AN ELECTRON BLAST
FROM HIS EYES AND...

HEY!
THE MOTOR'S
DISAPPEARED!

WHAT THE...!

... ANOTHER ONE PRESSES
RED SEAL...

THANKS,
PAL!

I'M NOT
STAYING
HERE!

ME
NEITHER!

NOR
ME!

SO...
HIDING
UNDER
THE PIER!

A TORRENT OF EL-
ECTRONS CHURN THE
WATER NEAR THE SPIES.

THIS WILL WARM
THINGS UP
AROUND HERE!

WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

OW! WE'RE
BOILING
ALIVE!

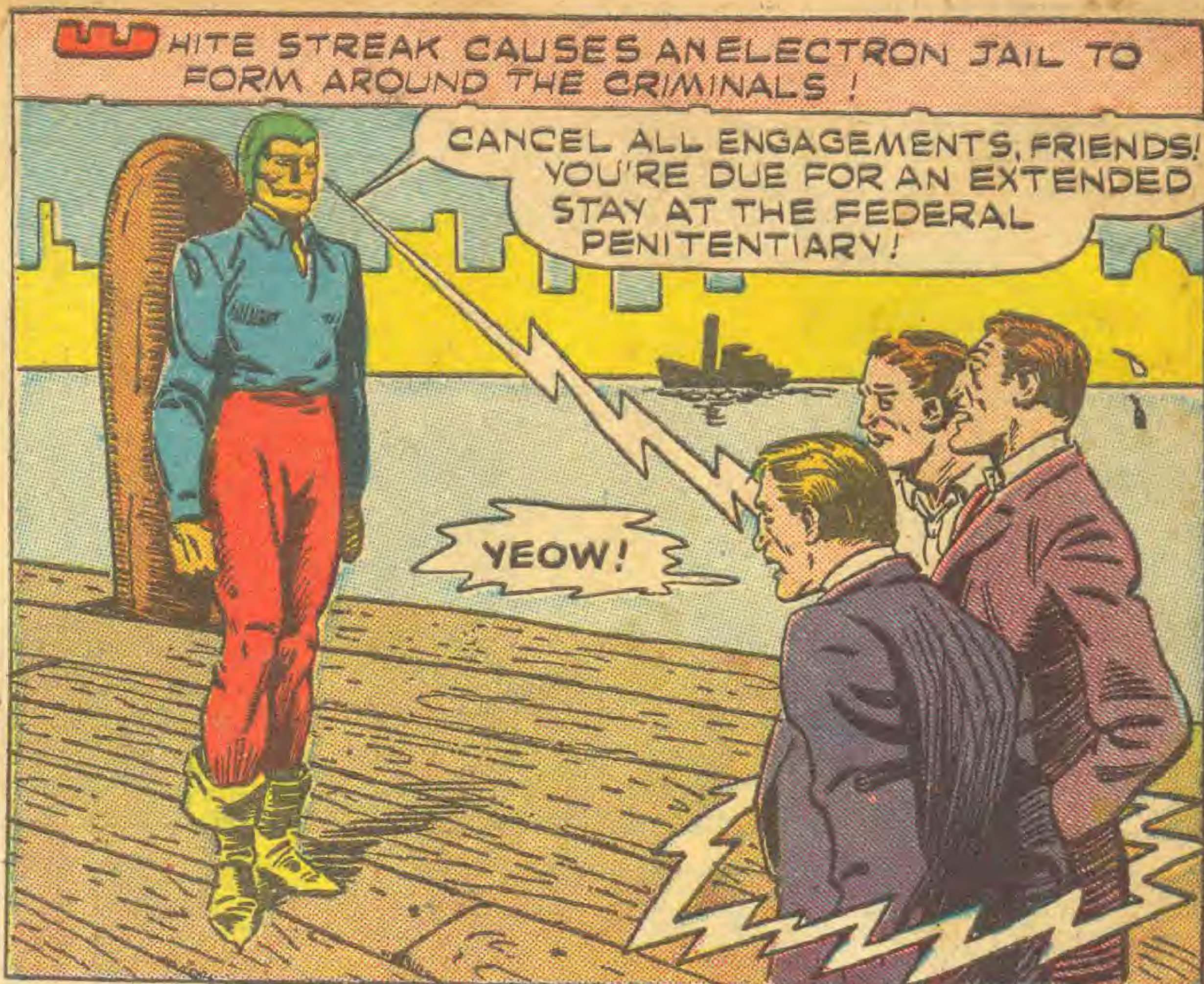
WHEW!
LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE!

THE SUPER-HEATED WATER
IS MORE THAN THE MEN
CAN STAND...SO THEY
SCRAMBLE FOR 'SAFETY'...



SORT OF
WARM DOWN
THERE, EH?

?



WHITE STREAK CAUSES AN ELECTRON JAIL TO
FORM AROUND THE CRIMINALS!

CANCEL ALL ENGAGEMENTS, FRIENDS!
YOU'RE DUE FOR AN EXTENDED
STAY AT THE FEDERAL
PENITENTIARY!

YEOW!



WHITE STREAK!
I THOUGHT YOU
WERE...

NOT QUITE...
AS YOU
CAN
SEE!



**WHITE STREAK DOES A
LITTLE EXPLAINING...**

YOU CERTAINLY HAD
ME WEeping
FOR YOU!

THANKS, SEAL! IT'S
A QUEER INCIDENT
IF YOU REMEMBER, I
WAS TRAPPED IN THE PIER
BY THOSE SABO-
TEURS AFTER
THEY HAD
LIGHTED
THE FUSE!



THAT'S
RIGHT... I
ROUNDED
THEM UP
AFTER
THE
EXPLOSION!

THE EXPLOSION
MUST HAVE
THROWN A LIVE
WIRE ACROSS
MY BODY AND THE
ELECTRICITY
CONVERTED ME
INTO AN ELEC-
TRICAL MASS, KEEP-
ING ME IN SUSPENDED
ANIMATION UNTIL
NOW! SO HERE
I AM IN MY
ORIGINAL
FORM!



WOW! SOME
EXPERIENCE!
HOW ABOUT
THEM?

YOU TURN
THEM IN! I
WANT MY
RESURRECTION
KEPT SECRET.
THERE'S A LITTLE
MATTER I
WANT TO CLEAR
UP, WITH YOUR
HELP....



**THE
ORIGINAL
WHITE STREAK**
HAS RETURNED!
★ ★ ★
FASCINATING ADVENTURES
with the **RED SEAL**
★ ★ ★
AWAIT YOU....
IN THE NEXT ISSUE!!!

G-BOY AUTOMATIC MODEL

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

DUAL RAPID FIRING TOY PAPER CAP PISTOL

*Type Prescribed by U. S. Regulations
for Army, Navy, Marines, Aviation.*

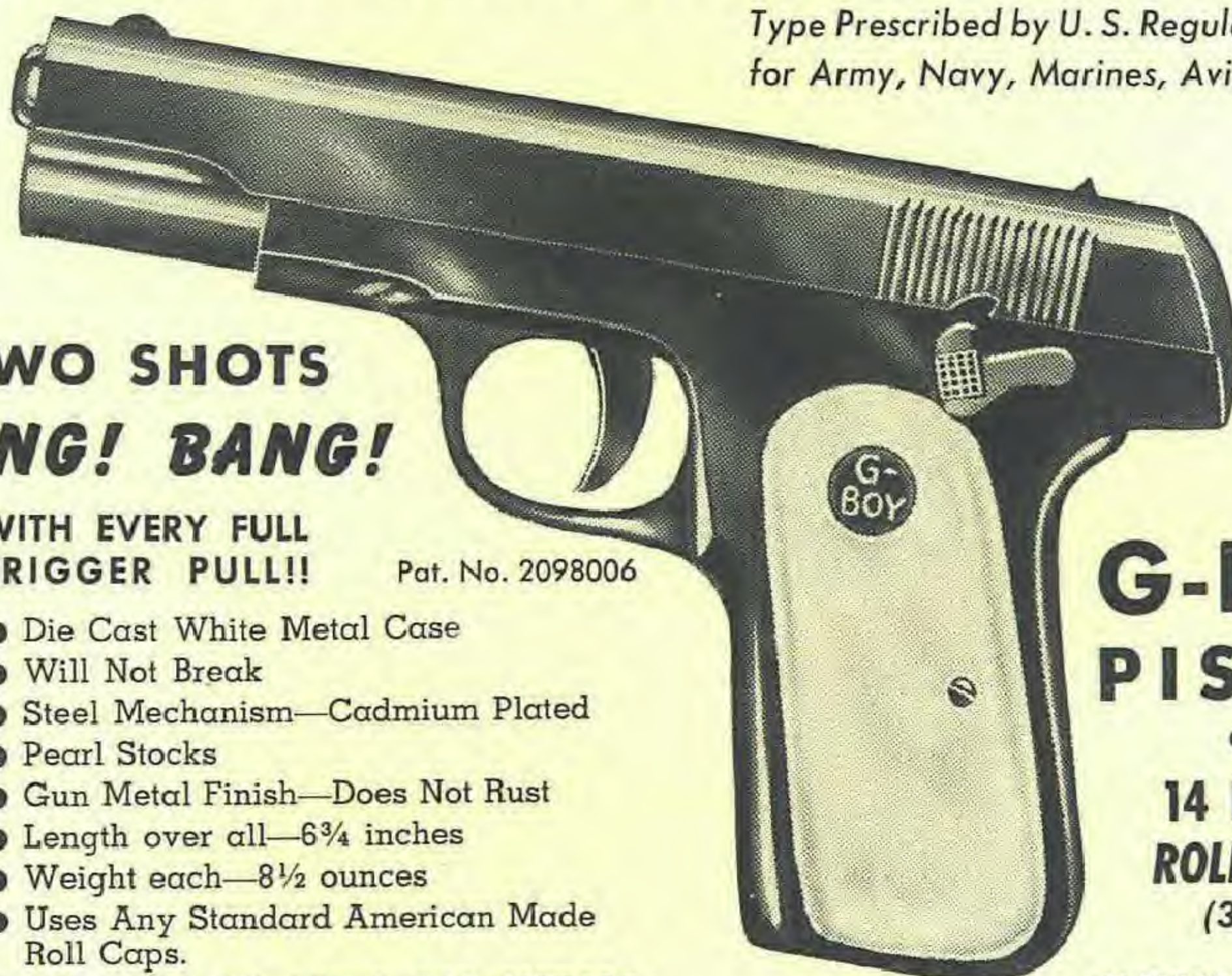
**TWO SHOTS
BANG! BANG!**

**WITH EVERY FULL
TRIGGER PULL!!**

Pat. No. 2098006

- Die Cast White Metal Case
- Will Not Break
- Steel Mechanism—Cadmium Plated
- Pearl Stocks
- Gun Metal Finish—Does Not Rust
- Length over all—6¾ inches
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WHEN A BOY AND WILL TELL YOU THEY
ARE HARMLESS ASK DAD!



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ROLL CAPS
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